JULY 1989 • $2.95 CANADA $3.50

RIP

T.M.

WINGER

METAL'S NEW STUD

PLUS

VIXEN

BON JOVI

BULLETBOYS

MOTORHEAD

METAL CHURCH

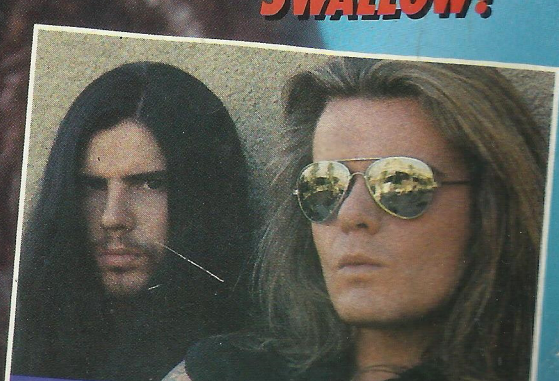
MASTERS OF REALITY

STARTING THIS ISSUE!

SHREDDING THE NEW VIDEO GAMES

DEAR MAMA FORD

FORBIDDEN PIX! THE DANZIG VIDEO MTV COULDN'T SWALLOW!



THE CULT RETURNS WITH THEIR BEST LP *EVER!*

FDC 83480

07

0 74369 63480 0

THE FASTEST, THE HIGHEST, THE LOUDEST.
ON MAY 30, 1989 NITRO UNLEASES

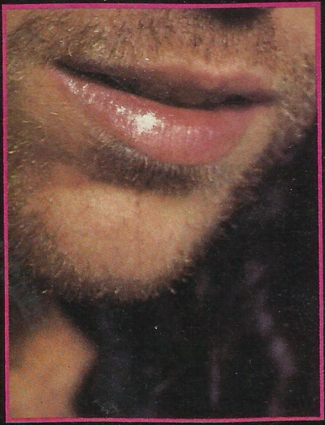
O.F.R.

ONE LISTEN AND YOU'LL KNOW
WHAT IT MEANS.

HOWIE H. MANAGEMENT
7404 SUNSET BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90046

RAMP
Manufactured & Marke
Rhino Records Inc.
©1989 Rhino Records

PLAYLIST



8
THE RESURRECTION OF METAL CHURCH
by Elianne Halbersberg

20
BULLETBOYS: HIGH-CALIBER ROCK 'N' ROLL
by Judy Wieder

35
DANZIG: TALES FROM THE DARK SIDE
by Jon Sutherland

42
BON JOVI DOES DALLAS
by Adrianne Stone

47
WINGER STRIKES GOLD. . .AND MORE!
by Katherine Turman

61
ANNIHILATOR: CANUCK CRUNCH
by Mike Gitter

72
MASTERS OF REALITY: BIG BEAT AND BLACKLIGHT
by Chris Morris

85
THE SONIC TEMPLE OF THE CULT
by Del James

93
VIXEN IN STOCKHOLM: HOW SWEDE IT IS!
by Adrianne Stone

5 **STATIC**
Hot Air Mail

13 **KILLER KWOTES**
Band Banter/Edited by Adrianne Stone

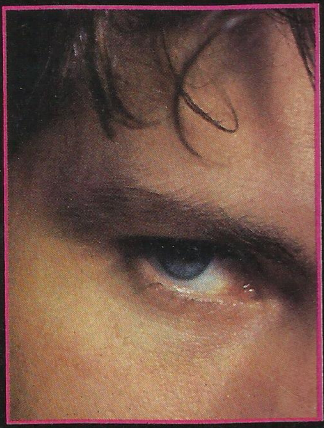
15 **EAR CANDY**
Groovy Grooves/Edited by Stella

29 **FRESH BLOOD**
Comin' at Ya

32 **BUZZZ. . .**
Hot and Hungry/Edited by Shari Sloane

53 **DEAR MAMA FORD**
New! Advice From Lita Ford's Mom

54 **RIP RAP**
The Walls Have Ears



57 **GAME SHRED**
New! Team RIP Rates the Games

65 **POTSHOTS**
Chumps and Cheesecake

69 **SOUND REPORT**
Gadgets Galore/Edited by Jeff Moses

77 **ROCK VAULT**
Kiss Quiz/Edited by S.L. Duff

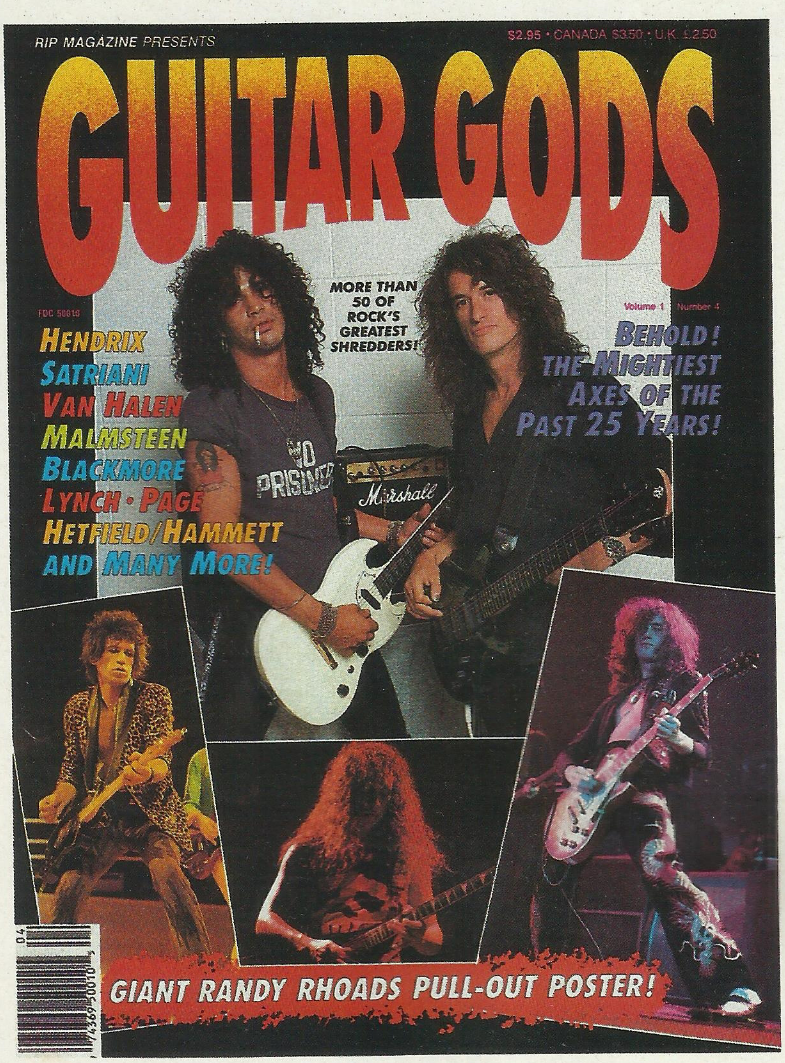
79 **SKATE OF MIND**
Red Necks

83 **FREEZE FRAME**
Video Verite/Edited by Barton Randall

89 **IDOL CHATTER**
Lemmy/Edited by Charnie Foglio

Cover Photo: Mark Weiss/MWA
Inset: Robert John

THE AXE


RIP MAGAZINE PRESENTS
$2.95 • CANADA $3.50 • U.K. £2.50
GUITAR GODS
MORE THAN 50 OF ROCK'S GREATEST SHREDDERS!
Volume 1 Number 4
HENDRIX
SATRIANI
VAN HALEN
MALMSTEEN
BLACKMORE
LYNCH • PAGE
HETFIELD/HAMMETT
AND MANY MORE!
BEHOLD! THE MIGHTIEST AXES OF THE PAST 25 YEARS!
NO PRISONERS
Marshall
GIANT RANDY RHOADS PULL-OUT POSTER!

HAS FALLEN!

ON SALE AT

NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE!

RIP T.M.

JIM KOHLS
publisher
LONN M. FRIEND
executive editor
CRAIG JONES
art director
RICHARD LANGE
features editor
RICK WOODS
managing editor
JIM VAN TYNE
associate art director
STELLA
senior editor
DEL JAMES
associate editor
RUTH WAYTZ
research director

TYLER MARTIN, CURTIS YORK, *researchers;* LISA FLYNT, CATRINA MASON, ROBIN THOMPSON, *editorial assistants;* BARTON RANDALL, JEFF MOSES, SHARI SLOANE, STEFFAN CHIRAZI, S.L. DUFF, CHARRIE FOGLIO, *contributing editors*

TYPOGRAPHY

KLARISSA CURTIS, *chief typographer;* JUDY VILLANUEVA, DAVID BUCHANAN, B. MIRO JR., *typographers*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MICHAEL GREENBERG, *studio administrator*

PRODUCTION

DONNA HAHNER, *vice president, production;* STEVE HOPKINS, *production assistant*

ADVERTISING

RON ROSSI, *national advertising director;* 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210, (213) 858-7100; MICHAEL W. MATHIESON, *East Coast advertising director,* P.O. Box 445, Commack, NY 11725, (516) 493-0134; JANICE ROSENBLUM, *advertising production director;* KIMBERLY SANDERSON, *advertising coordinator*

MAIL ORDER REPRESENTATIVE

J.E. Publishers (213) 467-2266

SUBSCRIPTIONS

IRENE GRADSTEIN, *subscriptions director*
For customer service call (818) 760-8983

RIP is published monthly by **L.F.P. INC.,** 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Advertising inquiries: 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Copyright © 1989 by **L.F.P. INC.** Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photos, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to **RIP** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **RIP's** right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher.

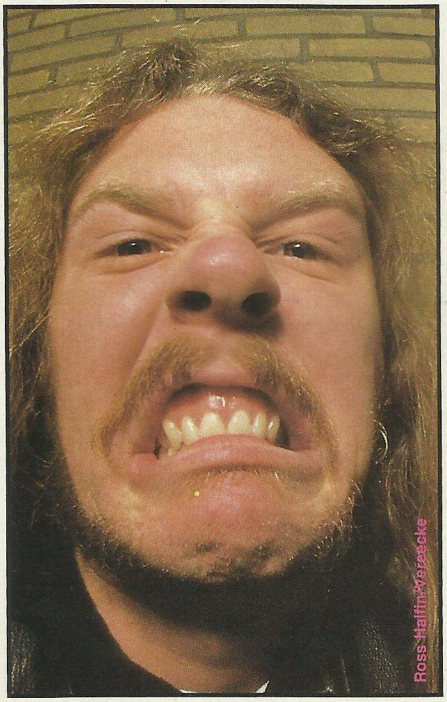
JULY 1989 VOLUME 3 NUMBER 8

Single copy, U.S. Edition $2.95, Canadian Edition $3.50. U.S. subscriptions $22.25 for one year (12 issues). Foreign subscriptions add $10.00 per year. These prices represent **RIP's** *standard* subscription rate and should be not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. Change of Address: Six weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. Printed in U.S.A. **RIP** is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office by **L.F.P. INC.** The International Edition of **RIP** is published monthly by **L.F.P. INC. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to RIP,** P.O. Box 16598, North Hollywood, CA 91615. Application to mail or second-class postage rates is pending at Beverly Hills, CA and additional mailing offices.

STATIC

HOT AIR MAIL

LETTER OF THE MONTH


Ross Halfin/Werecke

I am really pissed off at what may have been the biggest blow in Grammy history. The 31st Annual Grammy Awards were held on February 22, 1989, in Los Angeles, and finally there was a genre of music that was going to get honored and recognized: heavy metal. Iggy Pop's *Cold Metal*, Jane's Addiction's *Nothing's Shocking*, *Crest of a Knave* by Jethro Tull, AC/DC's *Blow Up Your Video* and Metallica's *. . . And Justice for All* were the albums nominated in the category of Best Hard Rock/Heavy Metal Performance. Two or three of the nominees seemed out of place (i.e., being neither metal nor hard rock). My choice was Metallica, and the hype was saying that they were the band to win. Out of all the albums, *. . . And Justice for All* had excellent playing, killer lyrics, and the overall performance was superb.

It came as a shock when Alice Cooper and Lita Ford (who looked utterly good) announced that Jethro Tull's *Crest of a Knave* won the Grammy. Even my mom was flabbergasted.

I have nothing against the band, but that LP is far from being hard rock, considering the main instruments seem to be synthesizers. Pop/Rock Album, yes, but no hard-rock material can be found on their LPs from 1968 to 1975.

Ranking *Crest of a Knave* with *. . . And Justice for All* is like comparing the taste of fresh strawberries with the amputation of both legs. Out of all the albums, Metallica's was the best, no question about it. Even if you didn't like heavy metal, Metallica would've been the obvious choice, hands down. This choice was wrong, and everybody knows it. I'd like to know the committee that voted in the category, because it's evident that their ears were up their asses! The honor of winning the first metal Grammy would have been appropriate for Metallica, but a major screwup was done. I was so damned pissed off that I turned the TV off, leaving the Grammys behind for the first time.

If you don't believe me, just take a look back at the metal segment. After it was announced, before they faded to commercials, an angry crowd was heard booing the decision. Death to the f?!k-heads of the Grammys! —John Book

Pasco, Washington

METALLICA MUSINGS

Came home late one Saturday night,
Cotton mouth required another
Coors Light.
Didn't want to go to bed
So I hopped in the recliner and
laid down my head.
Hit the remote to see what's on the tube.
There stood this long blond-haired dude,
A familiar image, bold and tall.
Cool, a world premiere on
Headbanger's Ball.
No way, it couldn't be, this has gotta
be a joke,
I thought as I pulled out a smoke,
But I was still confused, I did not know.
As the frames passed through,
there was Hetfield in a video.
Kirk glided through the strings
as Lars pounded away.
I thought I was dreaming,
never thought I'd see the day.
I was going crazy, about to flip my lid,
But then on the mind-scrambler bashed
the New Kid.
So full-speed ahead, foot to the pedal,
Long live Metallica and heavy metal.
And, dudes, it's about time,
'Cause making videos ain't no crime.

—Paul W.
Baltimore, Maryland

MA, WE'LL MISS YA

I was just listening to WDVE on the radio, and the deejay said that Ma Nuge passed away today. It really upset me to hear this, and I know how Ted must feel. I really enjoyed her column and knew what a great person she was. Me and all the other Nugent fans back here will miss her. I just wanted to tell Ted I'm sorry and that his fans are (and always will be) with him through everything.

—Becky A.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

KNOW-IT-ALL

In the April *Rock Vault,* question seven, you mentioned that Black 'N Blue debuted on *Metal Massacre*. I'm sorry, but the record I have (which I purchased in early 1982) does not have BNB on it. In fact, to my knowledge, BNB has never appeared on a *Metal Massacre* album and has never, ever dealt with Metal Blade Records. Am I wrong? Do I have a rare album? Let me know! —Scott C.

Belleville, Illinois

According to Metal Blade, the Black 'N Blue song "Chains Around Heaven" has appeared on every pressing of Metal Mas-

sacre—*except for the first few thousand copies. So, yeah, you've got a rare one.*
—S.L. Duff

OVER THE LINE?

This is in regard to your interview "Shooting the Breeze With Slash" in your March '89 issue. For the most part I found the interview really great and the pictures by Kirkland perfect—real keepers. But I believe that Charrie Foglio ended the interview with an edged, difficult and better-left-unasked question. "RIP: Heroin—what's the big deal?" Come on. What kind of question is that? Not only was the answer obvious, but it puts the answerer in a position where he has to—no matter how reluctantly—praise the poison before putting it down. On the other hand, Slash, using obvious yet seldom seen common sense and good judgment, told the interviewer that he'd rather not get into it. But Foglio pushed, and Slash answered, "It's a great drug, but. . . ." As wrong as it was in my opinion, what else could he say? Any other opinion of the drug would have been a lie, or else how could you explain the users' obvious obsession with it? My major point is that I feel a reader who doesn't have it clear in his head that heroin is a killer is going to hear "great drug" before he hears the "but" part. After all, Slash used it and Nikki used it, and they lived. Get my meaning? I don't pretend to know what it takes to make a great interview, but I do believe I'm sensitive enough to know where not to tread. I believe the question left Slash uncomfortable, and part of his answer is just what the PMRC is waiting to jump on.

I'm no prude or anything, but I do think that some questions should be better phrased and some answers better thought out before being spoken, if spoken at all.
—Jessie
Pleasantville, New Jersey

Why do people find it necessary to delve into musicians' inner thoughts and feelings so much? A lot of the interviews I've read are total bullshit. I think you should know about the people who perform the music you like, but come on, leave their personal lives alone. If someone is so worried about their favorite musician's problems, they must not have a life of their own to worry about. This letter is mainly referring to the Axl Rose interview (April '89). I've always liked GN'R and Axl, but I don't know what to think after reading that. —Youth Gone Wild
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

I'm a rock fan, and I love Steven Tyler. However, I was quite taken aback to turn the page and see his bare ass (*Potshots,* March '89). That was really more of him than I ever expected to see. I know he is known for being raunchy, but that was too much. Let his music do the talking. —Mary B.
Munroe Falls, Ohio

IT'S ONLY LOGICAL

Okay, in response to Tom Hunter's letter (*Static,* March '89) about how all the hard rock/heavy metal videos are "smashes" on MTV's *Smash or Trash* and how 1.3 million headbangers crank up *Headbanger's Ball* every Saturday night: If heavy metal is so alive and healthy on MTV, why do they only allow three hours every week especially for heavy metal? That's less than 2% of the total MTV airtime available: 1.78%, to be exact.

If 1.3 million heavy metal fans watch the Ball every Saturday night, why don't they play more heavy metal on MTV? That means 1.3 million fans miss going to dances, going out with their friends and cruisin' around town just to watch *Headbanger's Ball*. Saturday nights are about the only night people can go out because they usually have school or work the next day. Now is that dedication or what?

At least ten out of the 15 songs played on *Dial MTV* every day are hard rock/heavy metal. Therefore, shouldn't two thirds of the videos played on MTV be hard rock/heavy metal, since that's what people want? When was the last time you saw Judas Priest, AC/DC, Iron Maiden, Scorpions, W.A.S.P., Kiss, Stryper, Whitesnake, L.A. Guns or Motley Crue on regular MTV? —Dan E.
Hoquiam, Washington

CRACKING DOWN ON KANDI T.

This is in response to the "Letter of the Month" in your March '89 issue. Kandi, we sympathize with you! My friends and I also had these problems! We were just about to leave the concert, we were so embarrassed! Joe Elliott kept making these waving motions for us to come up onstage and dance with him during "Pour Some Sugar on Me." We just hate it when those things happen, don't you? Of course, you understand.

During "Hysteria," everyone was waving their arms in the air, so we did too, and Phil Collen jumped right to us! We were dancing in the aisles! Steve Clark threw us his leather jacket, but when Rick Allen gave us his room key, we knew things were out of hand! But we're sure you didn't notice, you were lost in Sav's eyes! We were, of course, offered backstage passes, but you know those roadies, they're just sooo horrible! The stuff they make you do! We had to arm wrestle for money just to get past the guard! Honestly!

Hey, Kandi, we hear Bon Jovi is coming to town. Let's sit next to each other—maybe Jon will invite us backstage for a steak dinner.

Well, we'll stop picking on you, dear! Some of us need our imaginations more than others! One more thing before we close: We'd like to thank the Def Leppard crew for helping us to our car after the show. We left with a leather jacket, room keys, the demo tape to the next album, plane tickets, passports, $50,000, three wallets and Phil's guitar! Those English lads just spoil us so!
—The Sheffield Show Girls
Sandy, Utah

This is in response to the March "Letter of the Month" by Kandi T. in Utah: We had the rare opportunity this past Def Leppard tour to receive backstage passes not once, but twice. We did not "take care" of anyone to "earn" these passes, nor did we find it necessary to "flash" Sav or anyone else in order to get attention.

We made it very clear that sex was absolutely out of the question. We, like you, feel that no band or backstage pass is worth blowing some disgusting roadie. To our surprise we found out that not all roadies are disgusting or sex hungry. It's just a few horny bastards who give the rest a bad name. Needless to say, once the crew realized we weren't going to do them any "favors," we gained their respect and friendship, along with backstage passes. We traveled to such places as Worcester, Massachusetts, and to the final show in Tacoma, Washington, met and partied with the band and crew and developed unforgettable memories.

However, we noticed one thing: Girls who dress and act cheap are only slutty "vermin" and are treated as such. Yes, these groupies may get backstage passes, but they almost never meet the band. They get herded into a tiny room and wait, only to get, if lucky, a member of the band to stick his head in the door and perhaps say hello. We've gotten the impression that the band and crew feel that if a girl is willing to stoop low enough to do something sexual for a backstage pass, then she deserves to be treated like the "vermin" she is. She will get no respect, much less be remembered ten minutes after the roadie (or bandmember) is "taken care of." —Chris & Christine
Union, New Jersey

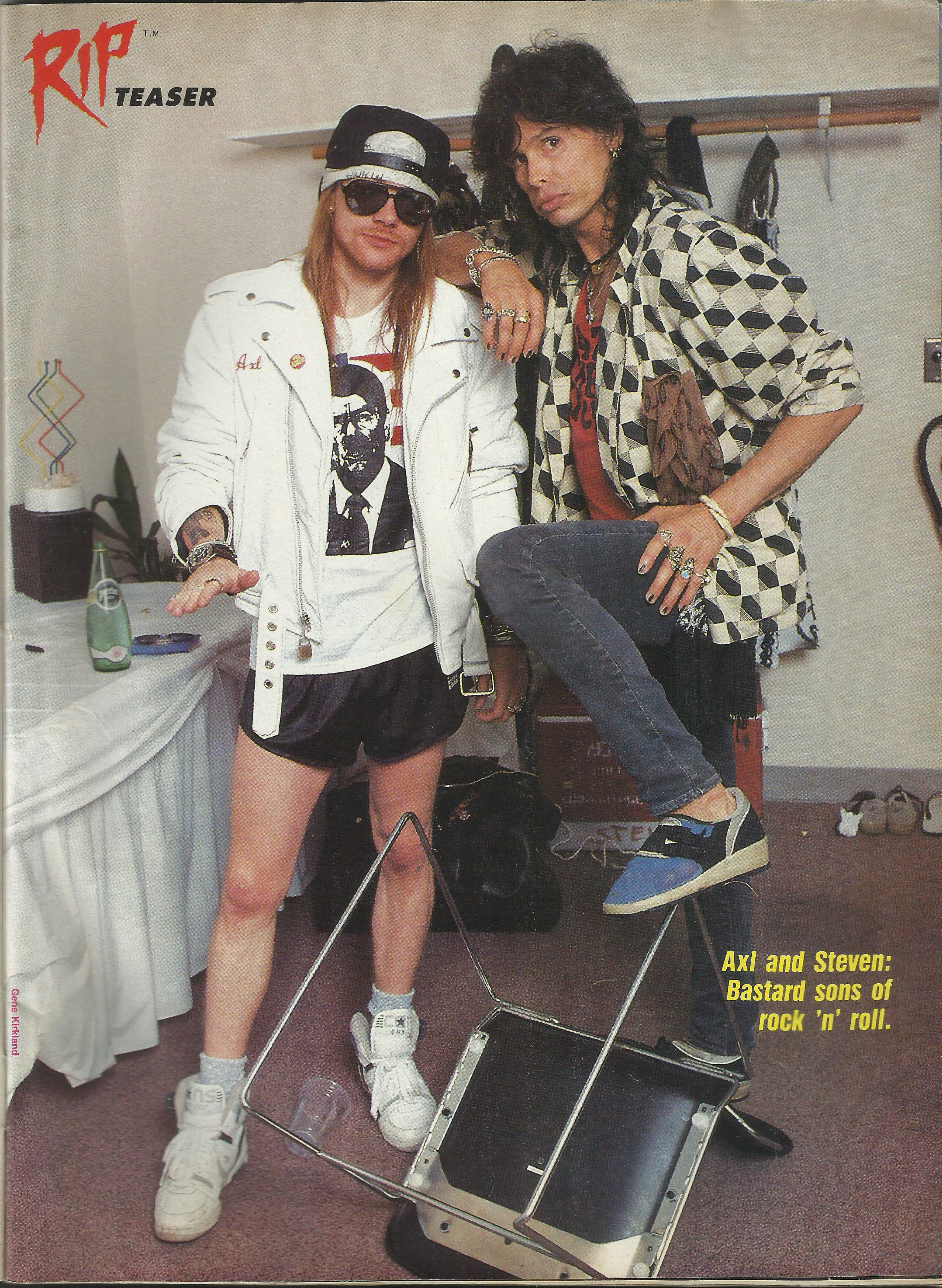
VERY INTERESTING

I was reading an article on rock music, and like 90% of articles on rock, outside of music mags such as RIP, it was dissin' the music. This thing bashed everything from Prince to Slayer. Why don't these people bash these preacher hypocrites who preach chastity and then turn around and pay for some time with a ho? Then I realized something: These conservative types are always attacking music that is, or is derived from, black music.

Yes, rap, soul, pop and even punk and metal are derived from black music. Blues and soul are the basis of the most popular forms of music today. Yet you have country musicians singing songs about sex and drugs and the devil. Some of the songs support racism and sexism. No one gives the country musicians any flak for their subject matter. Coincidentally, country music is white in origin. Subconscious racism or coincidence? Hmm. —George W.
Shalimar, Florida

Send your letters and questions to:
STATIC, *c/o RIP*
9171 Wilshire Blvd., Third Floor
Beverly Hills, CA 90210

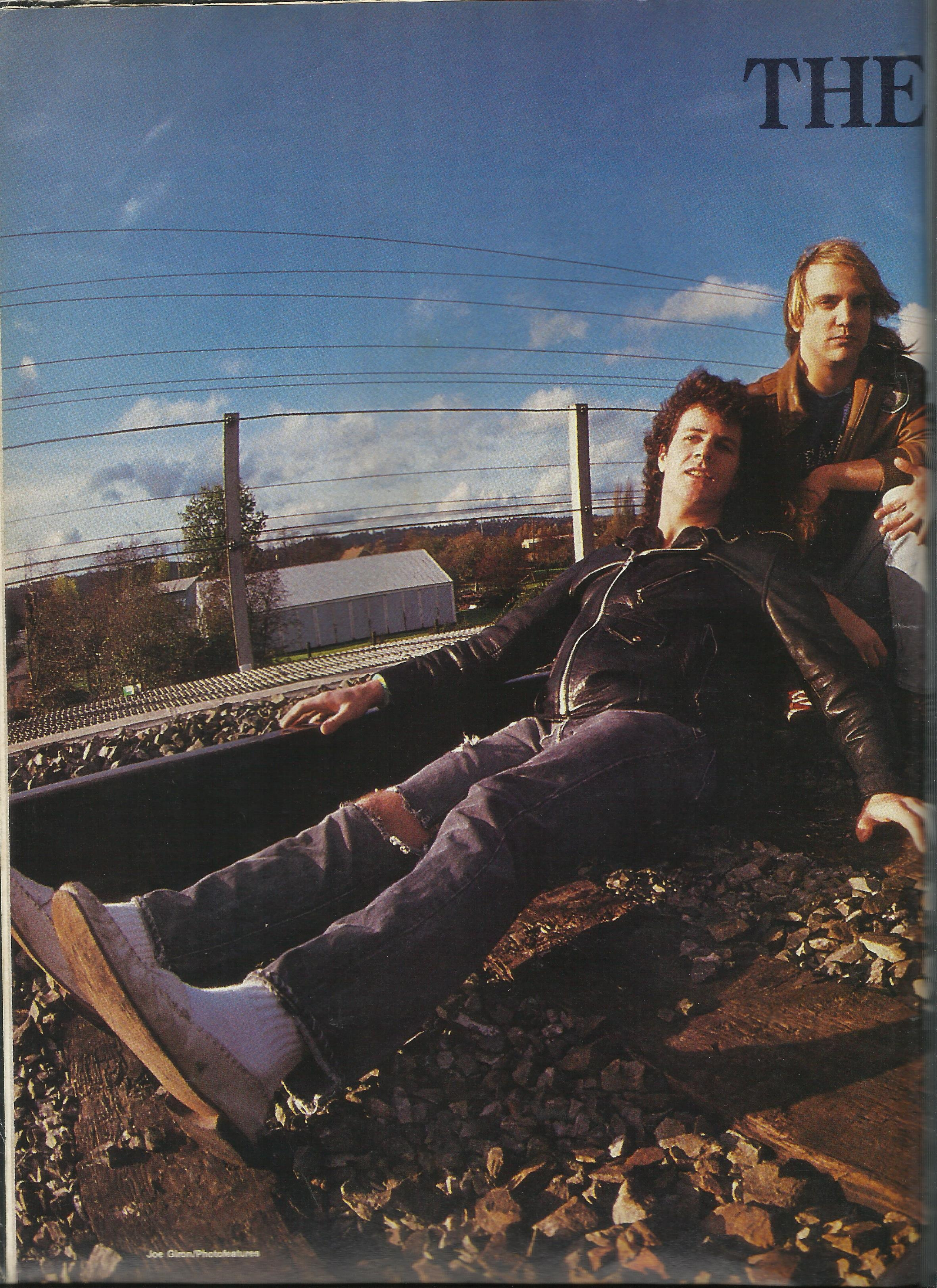
RIP™ TEASER



Axl and Steven: Bastard sons of rock 'n' roll.

Gene Kirkland

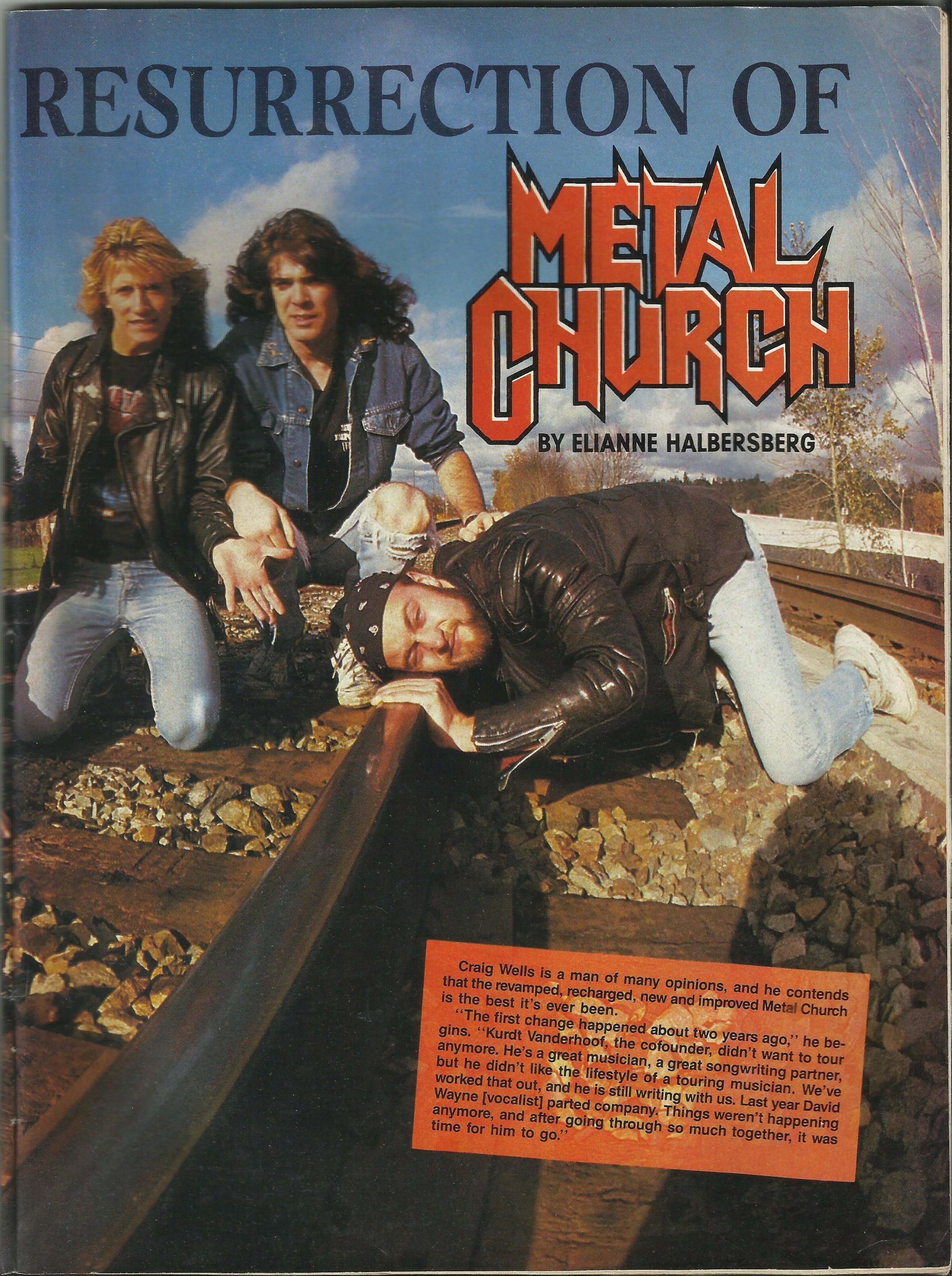
THE



Joe Giron/Photofeatures

RESURRECTION OF METAL CHURCH

BY ELIANNE HALBERSBERG



Craig Wells is a man of many opinions, and he contends that the revamped, recharged, new and improved Metal Church is the best it's ever been.

''The first change happened about two years ago,'' he begins. ''Kurdt Vanderhoof, the cofounder, didn't want to tour anymore. He's a great musician, a great songwriting partner, but he didn't like the lifestyle of a touring musician. We've worked that out, and he is still writing with us. Last year David Wayne [vocalist] parted company. Things weren't happening anymore, and after going through so much together, it was time for him to go.''

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

In the standard rock and roll fashion, Wells, drummer Kirk Arrington and bassist Duke Erickson began "the cattle call of auditions. Seattle, Washington, is not a music industry city, so we didn't know who to tap into. We got the word out and started getting tapes through our managers and some that kids sent from home.

"After listening to all these tapes, we narrowed our choices down. Kurdt had gotten a job producing Heretic for Metal Blade Records, and that's how he met Mike Howe, the band's vocalist. He asked Kurdt if he could audition for us. So he came up, jammed with us, worked on stuff, liked the music and did a real good job. This was in October or November, 1987. We sent him back to Los Angeles and kept auditioning, because we figured we should have all the good people come in and try.

"John Marshall was Metallica's roadie and also worked with them. We found him through Kirk Hammett. Mark Baker was touring with us, and it wasn't working out. We called John, and he came up and played, and it worked really well. John officially joined two months before Mike. David Wayne was still in the band, and we worked on songs that John helped us write." The result became *Blessing in Disguise.*

The album tackles a variety of topics: medical malpractice, destitution, inner strength, social caste systems. Attacking such subject matter is no easy feat in metaldom. "It's tough to do it in the right frame," Craig agrees, "really hard. Sometimes you can't tell if your lyrics are going over people's heads. I know for sure we're not under them! Seriously, you can't tell if you're shooting too high. Some of our songs have more fantasy-based lyrics, but we've grown more that way. Everyone individually has."

Asked if there is a marked difference in the Metal Church sound as a result of the new personnel, he notes, "I'm sure there is, but I can't tell it. Mike picks up perfectly where David was heading, but he opens up the sound, and his writing has musically stayed the same. We searched for people who were on the same ideal as us in what they wanted to do. It was worth spending that time looking for them, because we haven't lost anything. Any changes were for the better.

"The past eight years have gone by so fast, but the downtimes were the longest and dreariest. It was like mentally walking through the North Pole—nothing in sight. Once it was over, we didn't realize how much time had passed. But I'm finally getting my nerves back, and I have confidence in the new band.

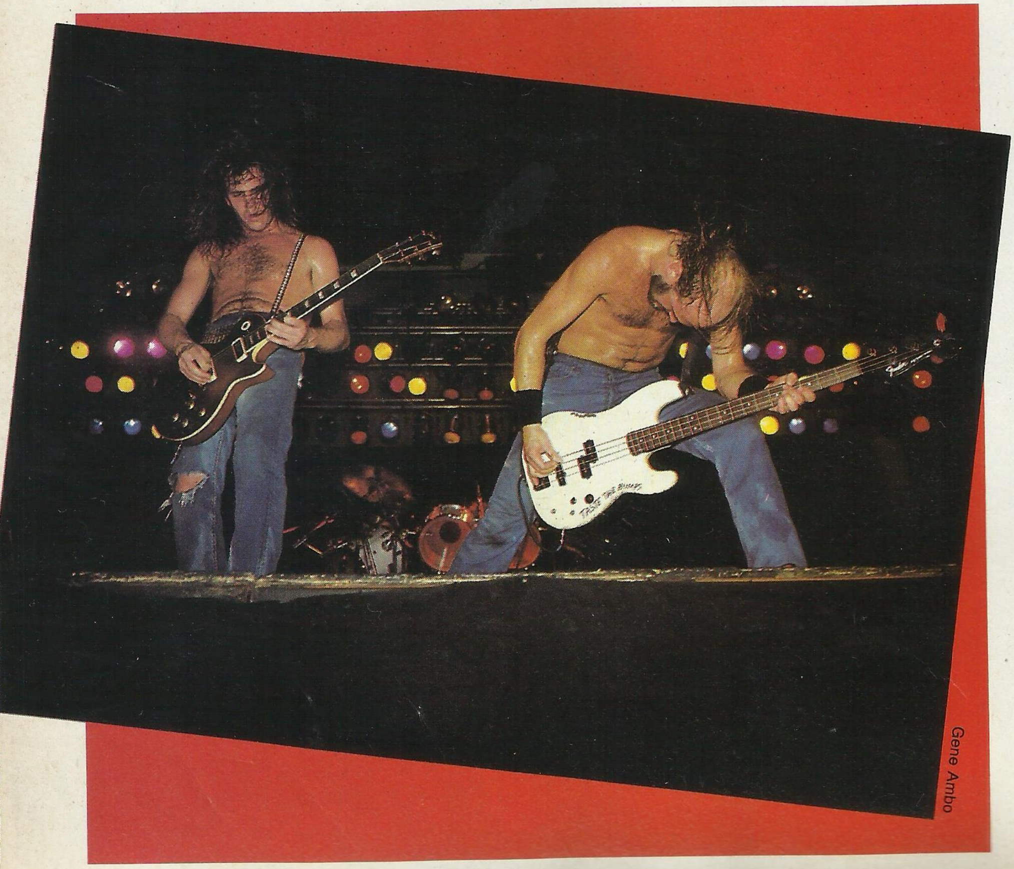
"Creating a solid guitar team is also hard. It takes patience to see things relatively closely but as opposites, so that you feed off of each other. John is a great player, a great guy and a lot of fun. He's been around quite a while, and he's glad now to be a musician instead of a roadie! He and Kirk Hammett were best friends for life. They grew up together."

Metal Church got off the road in fall, 1987, after completing the Anthrax tour. "We took one month off at home, and started writing. We got a new rehearsal place, and Kurdt brought us some lyrics. We wrote until January, 1988.

"In January we started having troubles inside ourselves—personnel and direction. We made the decision to look for a new vocalist. Our band keeps writing all the time, and once we got the basics of the songs, we were ready to begin rehearsals.

"Our process is to contribute riffs together, take the songs apart and put new ones together. Everybody discusses. Everyone's opinion is essential to the band's bloodline. It's not just one person. We like what we do, and the year we spent waiting for everything to heal became a real test of our patience.

"Of course we did worry about losing momentum. We understand the business,



Gene Ambo

and we know what it can do to a band. But we've come back with evidence of our departure: We've got a great vocalist and guitarist, and a new album that presents what we need to present. We will retain our place."

Metal Church had a chance to regain their territory on New Year's Eve, playing Seattle Arena with Queensryche. It was their first show since last summer, when they filled in as special guests to David Lee Roth at his Portland show.

The Queensryche double bill, simulcast live over Z-Rock, "Put a little pressure on us," says Wells. "It's tough warming up for someone as good as Queensryche, and there's a major difference between us and them. But we've been playing so long, who cares if we're rusty? We won't be after the first three songs! Besides, we work better under pressure. It makes me concentrate. . . otherwise, I don't!"

Blessing in Disguise is "a lot more continuous" than its predecessors, says Wells. "It shows the band as a unit of energy again. We set up and recorded simply. The best way for us to grow is to let us go. We have to play live in the studio and do simple overdubs, not spend months at it. Do it and leave—it makes us sound like a real band.

"We've grown. The way we write together is more open. Everyone has more to do with it. You'll see it even more on the next record. These songs were written and laid down more separately than in the past. We'd been playing the songs four to six months before we got in the studio. The next album will be the gel, definitely. There is a goal in sight. We know each other better, know what is expected."

Wells can recognize definite similarities and differences between Metal Church's formative years and their current state. "Eight years after our first demo, that's what we still want to be, because it's what made us happy," he explains. "We wanted to continue and develop. When we did the first record, we actually knew what we were thinking about instead of just trying to create something. Back then it didn't matter. The second one, we tried so hard! The third one, we said, 'F?!k it! Let's just be ourselves.' You can't overthink—that takes too much time!

"We write long songs," he continues, "but they're not overindulgent. We write things that we think are honest. People find that we look at things differently. We do have distinct melodies in our music, and that's what pushes the music along. It's got to have that drive. When people come see us, we make them want to get wild, drink beer and go, 'AAAAAARRRGGGHHH!' But we don't condone ourselves through our own words. We live our lives according to what hits us today. We don't just write party lyrics or what's cool for the rock and roll scene.

"Our music could be listened to by a lot more people. A lot of people shun metal, whether they like rock and roll or not. They listen to stuff that they don't even know can be considered metal!

"I think there's been a lot of growth in this band. We see things better, know what we need to make the band good, how to make it good and what to do to survive. All the ups and downs gave us strong attitudes and made us streetwise to what we want to do. Getting beaten up by the business makes you smarter.

"It's been awhile since we were back in the swing. It's been two years since *The Dark* came out. In a lot of ways that helped us get back on our feet and play together. We resented not being able to play all the time last year. We're looking forward to being a real band again."

Auditioning musicians was probably the greatest challenge of all. After all, consider the, shall we say, "unique" types that probably showed up, flexing their pipes.

"There are a lot of good musicians out there," Wells acknowledges, "but it was relatively hard, because when people audition for Metal Church, they think that because of the name. . . well, everyone who could scream or who loved thrash wanted to audition!

"The tapes that came in—some real mutations, let me tell you! Seattle—it takes a while to get here because everybody's got to hitchhike! So we were getting some really bizarre cases, but a lot of good ones too.

"This one guy showed up dressed all in black with upside-down crosses etched on his head. He walked in and said, 'Satan sent me to Metal Church.' We said, 'Sorry, that's the church down the street!' "

Aleister

New Metal Emerging
From The Murder City...
Featuring *"Sin For Sin"*
"Voo Doo Dust" and
"Die Witch Die"

For Information, Contact:
Hexagram Records
26210 Van Dyke
Centerline, MI 48015

ONCE WAS GOOD. TWICE IS BETTER.

Great White

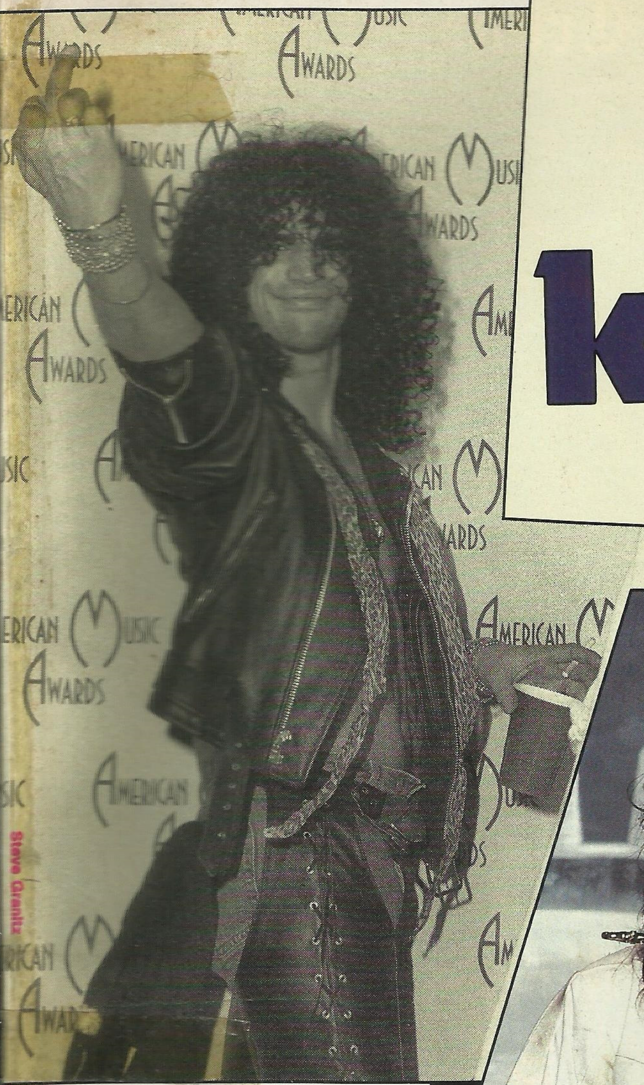
. . . TWICE SHY

THE SMASH FOLLOW-UP TO THE PLATINUM LP ONCE BITTEN.
INCLUDES THE ROCK RADIO MONSTER "ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY,"
PLUS "HEART THE HUNTER," "THE ANGEL SONG" AND "HOUSE OF BROKEN LOVE."

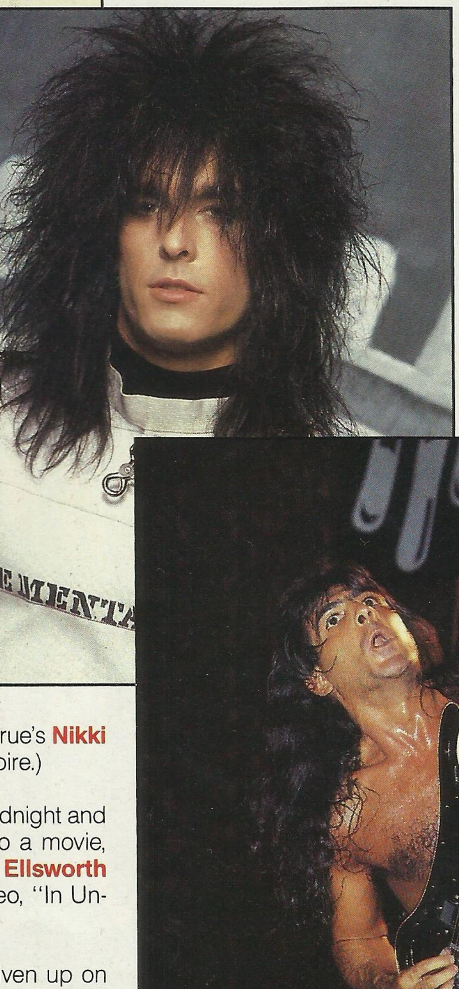
Great White
TWICE SHY
©1989 CAPITOL RECORDS, INC. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

killer kwotes

edited by
Adrianne Stone



Steve Granitz



Neil Zlozower

Ahhh. . .shuddup already, will ya!

"We jammed with a band over there called Gorky Park. Jammed the blues. The blues are the blues. . .everybody's got 'em!" (Bon Jovi's **Dave Bryan** remembering how they spent their time in Russia last fall.)

"We don't do videos." (Metallica's **James Hetfield** three years prior to the release of their first hit video, "One.")

"I thought we made a good Motorhead record. That's it." (**Slash**'s response to the unexpected mega-success of Guns N' Roses *Appetite for Destruction.*)

"Beat the shit out of 'em and apologize later." (Motley Crue's **Nikki Sixx**'s attitude about the heavier songs in their repertoire.)

"Who the hell is home on a Saturday night between midnight and 2:00 a.m.? You're either out at a club, or if you went to a movie, you go to a diner afterwards." (Overkill's **Bobby "Blitz" Ellsworth** griping about MTV's wee hours rotation of their first video, "In Union We Stand.")

"Forget about doing the laundry! I mean, I've just given up on wearing underwear! I just buy a box of Pampers, and I'm off." (Skid Row's **Scotti Hill** on the lack of time for personal tasks while on tour.)

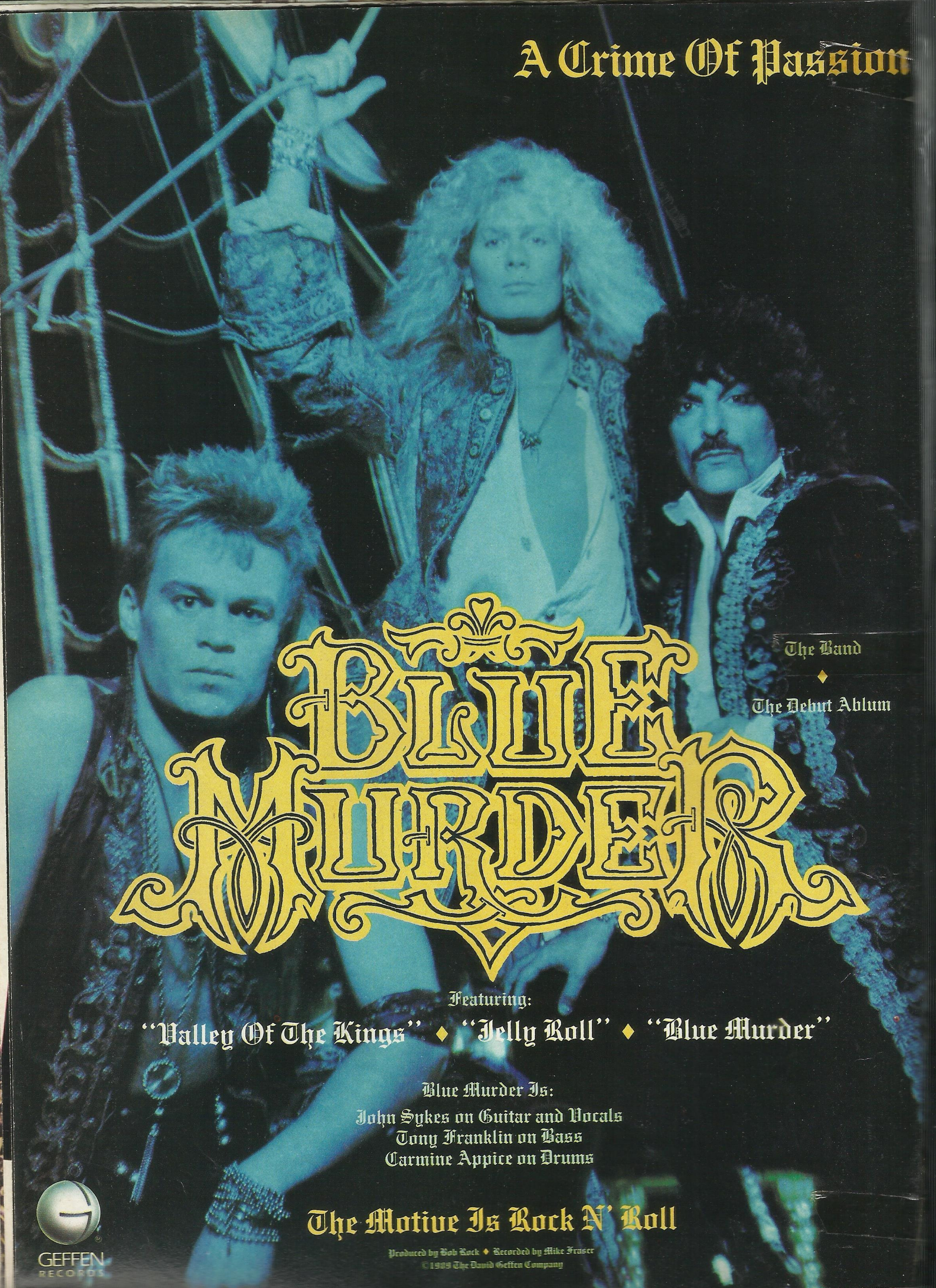
"You think nothing of it. It's like part of life." (Roughhouse guitarist **Gregg Malack**'s open-minded attitude about groupies.)

"The one in the States goes, 'Bloop, bloop, bloop.' This one goes, 'Phewsh!' " (Vixen's **Roxy Petrucci** describing the sound of the toilets on the band's tour buses.)

"Who can ask for more. . .except for maybe a couple of bucks?" (Tattoo's **Glenn Miller**'s thrilled reaction to being signed to Metal Blade Records.)

Ken Settle

"I hardly saw any of 'em. It really wasn't as bad as I thought." (Manowar's **Joey DeMaio** breathing a sigh of relief that he didn't see any glam poseurs when he played the Country Club in Los Angeles.)



A Crime Of Passion

BLUE MURDER

The Band

◆

The Debut Ablum

Featuring:

"Valley Of The Kings" ◆ "Jelly Roll" ◆ "Blue Murder"

Blue Murder Is:

John Sykes on Guitar and Vocals
Tony Franklin on Bass
Carmine Appice on Drums

The Motive Is Rock N' Roll

GEFFEN RECORDS

Produced by Bob Rock ◆ Recorded by Mike Fraser

© 1989 The David Geffen Company

EAR CANDY

Edited by Stella

Seeking free publicity or scathing criticism? All record companies, musicians and jus' plain recording fools can send their hot-wax tracks to Ear Candy, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. We'll be glad you did. . . .

FASTWAY: ***On Target***
(Enigma/GWR)

What the hell happened to Fastway? I admit I haven't followed their career that closely, but last time I checked, they were a reasonably bitchen li'l British rock band with a solid blues base and a hard groove. Now they are a keyboard-dominated, formula pop-rock band. What are they trying to be, Night Ranger, Survivor, A-ha and the Escape Club for crissakes? I mean, we all wanna pay the bills, but prostitution should be a last resort.

Okay, that's unfair, and I'm being an asshole, which I readily admit. But if this isn't a blatant, crass sellout, then that means these clowns are *into* this music, and that's far worse than doing it for the dough. The record was produced by band leader/guitarist Fast Eddie Clarke and new vocalist Lea Hart, so we gotta kinda assume that this is somewhat the record they meant to make. This, for the record, is the same F.E. Clarke who played on all those fantastic early Motorhead records. This guy played on "Ace of Spades"! What happened, Eddie? Did Motorhead leave you deaf? Did you get a lobotomy? A vasectomy? What's the story?

Oh, well, let's get this over with. With "Change of Heart," the boys are going for the Bon Jovi gold, but they don't have the flair for that sort of thing, judging by the overall blandness. "Two Hearts" is by-the-numbers formula pop, MTV-ready, uh, make that VH-1. The song "Let Him Rock" makes me wish they would. The watery, washed-out, lifeless production doesn't help. What a mess.

—Screamin' Lord Duff

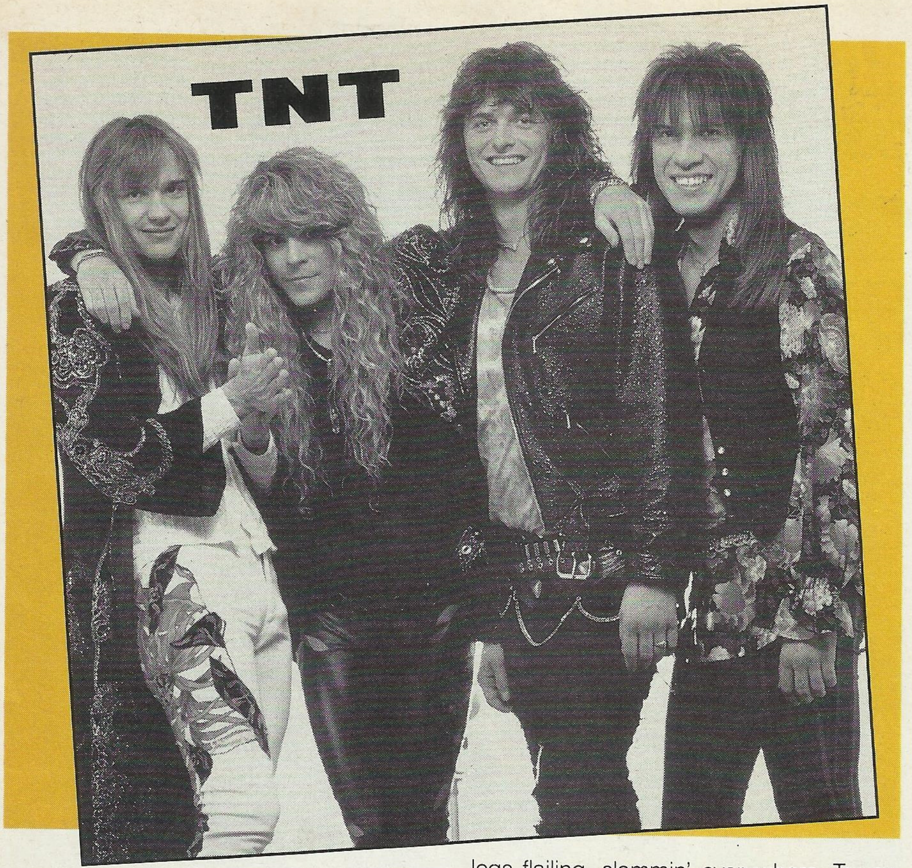
EXODUS: ***Fabulous Disaster***
(Combat)

Pain? Agony? Torture? Does the name Exodus ring a bell? Yes, Exodus are back and stronger (sicker) than ever. After the dismal *Pleasures of the Flesh* LP, many heshers wondered if Exodus were losing their punch. With the release of *Fabulous Disaster*, the Bay Area brutalists have rejoined the ranks of the seriously demented. This album not only kicks, it kills!

Exodus are like a fine splatter flick, and the key to Exodus's appeal has always been their brutality, both lyrically and musically. Their classic debut LP, *Bonded by Blood*, is an excellent example of Exodus savagery. Well, not only is *Fabulous Disaster* a scorcher, it's arguably better than *Bonded by Blood*. Sound cool? It is. "The Last Act of Defiance," "Verbal Razors," "Cajun Hell" and the soon-to-be-considered-classic thrasher "Toxic Waltz" are the standout tracks, although the entire album is solid, as Exodus continues to mature. Everywhere you look (listen) there is improvement since their previous efforts. The axe attack of Rick Hunolt and Gary Holt is savage, and vocalist Steve "Zet" Souza never sounded better. Even their cover of War's "Low Rider" sounds superb. It is one of thrash's better covers to date.

Insider tip: Exodus are special guests on Anthrax's current Headbangers Ball Tour of America. See 'em. Till then, *Fabulous Disaster* should be enough to keep any rivethead bouncing off the walls. Is *Fabulous Disaster* the best thrash LP of '89 so far? Yup.

—Del James



TNT: ***Intuition***
(PolyGram)

True to their name, Norwegian rockers TNT detonate each side of this LP with explosive lead songs. The fleeting, poetic intro, "A Nation Free," floats into the crunching "Caught Between the Tigers." The two cuts are a study in the type of contrasts the band expresses by tempering rocked-out material with sumptuous ballads like "Wisdom" and "End of the Line." The most stirring, "End of the Line," captures the pathos of love's double-edged sword. But TNT really blows up the bridge with side two's anthemic kickoff tune, "Forever Shine On," which is easily the strongest cut on *Intuition*.

Solid rhythmic backbone and guest backup vocals by Joe Lynn Turner support tasteful, unpredictable guitar solos by Ronni Le Tekro, while Tony Harnell's fervent, swelling vocals underscore the basic positive theme of *Intuition*. The title song puts forth the lyrics that establish the message: "The heart is your kingdom/So follow if you dare." There's humor, too, in the whimsical "Ordinary Lover," a quirky novelty piece in a vaudeville vein. "Take Me Down (Fallen Angel)" follows and quickly dispels any doubt about TNT's intention to keep rockin'.

Rely on *Intuition* for well-orchestrated arrangements, heavy on melody and dynamics...and TNT's own custom blend of dynamite. —*Laurel Fishman*

AGNOSTIC FRONT: ***Live at CBGB***
(In-Effect)

WHOOOAH! One listen to Agnostic Front's latest release, *Live at CBGB*, and even the hardest-to-please subversive degenerate will find himself circling, arms and legs flailing, slammin' everywhere. Try explaining that to yer boss.

Live at CBGB is a 180 m.p.h adventure with the godfathers of NYHC, Agnostic Front, teaching us how to drive. There is only one accurate description: brutal. Agnostic Front kill throughout the entire LP, which features tracks off their previous releases, *Victim in Pain*, *Cause for Alarm*, *Liberty and Justice for...* and the long-out-of-print EP *United Blood*. Killer tunes like "Public Assistance," "Your Mistake," "Victim in Pain," "With Time" and my favorite cut, "Crucified," are bliss for hardcore and speed metal fans alike. On the crunchier, more metal sounding tracks you can hear some of the influences that have helped shape speed and thrash. Nuclear Assault, Anthrax, M.O.D. and hordes of others all tip their baseball caps to the NY scene. Where would NYHC be without Agnostic Front?

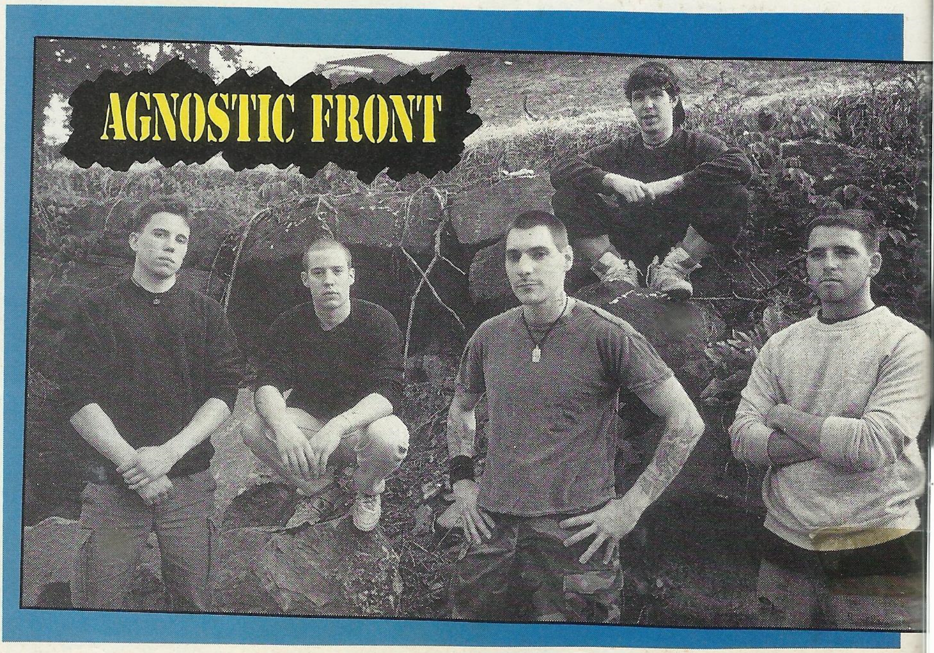
Vocalist Roger Miret sings faster than most dare try. What separates Miret from other hardcore crooners is that he's intelligible. You can understand every word (well, almost). Guitarists Steve Martin and Front founder Vinnie Stigma plow and crunch through every song. Backed by the brutal rhythm section of bassist Craig Setari and skin pounder Will Shepler, Agnostic Front set the standard by which classic hardcore should be judged. *Live at CBGB* is a lesson in how hardcore should sound: well produced, yet raw, energetic and fast. Brutal.

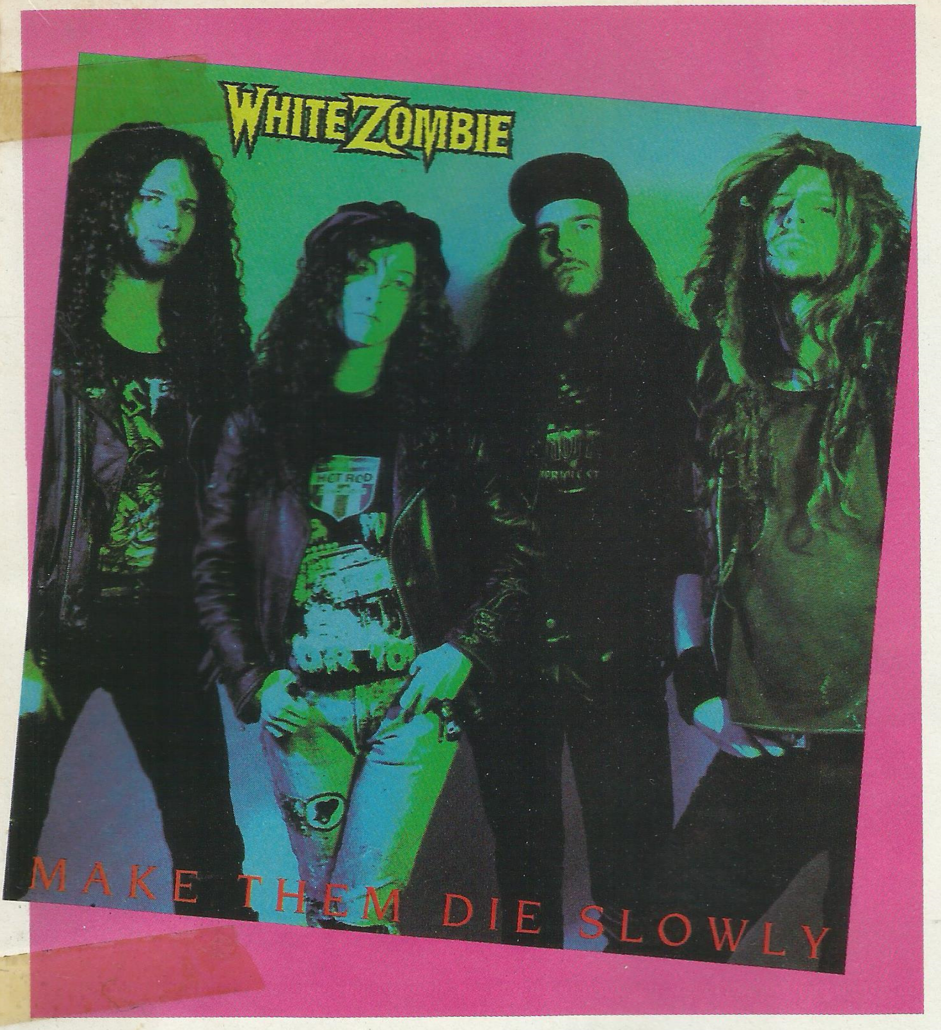
Agnostic Front are top-notch, and their upcoming U.S. tour with Murphy's Law should live up to any and all slam pit expectations. Now will somebody please peel me off the wall? —*D.J.*

WHIPLASH: ***Insult to Injury***
(Roadracer)

It ain't easy being a speed metal band. Besides having the chops to play that damn fast in the first place and the endurance to get through a demanding 45-minute set at lightning pace, critics like me expect the bands to come up with things like actual melodies, logical arrangements, clever lyrics and basic musicality. Whiplash, I'm pleased to report, delivers the goods.

The players are excellent musicians, and the inventive arrangements keep things interesting. Check out bassist Tony Bono's snappy lines on "Witness to the Terror," for example. Guitarist Tony Portaro doubles most of the Uzi-style rhythm parts for that extra stereophonic crunch and doubles his lead lines with an acoustic guitar now and again, creating an almost bell-like effect. Drummer Joe Cangelosi (don't worry, his middle name is Tony) mixes up his double-kick patterns and seems to be able to play





anything that's tossed at him.

For this, their third album, the band has added a real vocalist, which is a smart step away from the grunt 'n' puke singing style many speedcore bands seem to settle for. Glenn Hansen has a smooth, slightly gruff voice, not dissimiliar to James Hetfield. He thankfully avoids operatic air-raid sirens too, and the combined roar these guys concoct is quite impressive.

On top of all that the songs are pretty sharp too. In particular, "Rape of the Mind" is as good a high-energy, no-jive metal romp as anyone else has come up with in a while. Why it is buried at track three, side two, I couldn't guess, but "Rape. . .," coupled with numbers like "Battlescars" and "Dementia 13," show that this band may be ready to move up from the underground and into the big leagues. —*S.L.D.*

WHITE ZOMBIE: ***Make Them Die Slowly*** (Caroline)

This NYC quartet of grunge merchants are from the same Big Apple noise academy that the Honeymoon Killers and Pussy Galore graduated from. Besides the fact that all three bands took their names from films or film characters (sounds like a future *Rock Vault* question to me), they also share an addiction to feedback, noise for noise's sake and an approach that leaves zero room for subtlety. This time out White Zombie quits school and heads for greener pastures down the metal highway.

They've "gone metal" about the same way as Celtic Frost went glam—in other words, not quite. The feedback is all but gone, and there are more convoluted riffs than on five *How to Play Heavy Metal Guitar* instructional videos, yet this is not just another metal LP.

The band thrashes, but they never accelerate up to speedcore overdrive. The riffs are pretty original, the time changes are unique, and the overall instrumental attack is brutal and swaggering, a little bit doped-up sounding and not always in tune. Vocalist Rob Dirt Straker seems to know only one note, and he sings the shit out of it. "Demonspeed" is the catchiest riff collection, while most of the other bits pass by, leaving you with a feeling of anger, frustration or aggression, but not leaving you with any actual riff-recollection residue, for better or worse.

Produced by hotshot Bill Laswell (Motorhead, Jagger, Golden Palominos, tons of other stuff), this was probably recorded on a 48-track with a mountain of the latest digital gadgetry, yet it sounds like it was recorded at the bottom of a swimming pool—with all the water left in. Is that a snare drum or a cookie tin? I dunno. This record is probably good for what ails you, but be prepared to step a little to the left of typical, even underground, metal. —*S.L.D.*

MOTHER
LOVE BONE

shine

EP OUT NOW.

Contains:
"THRU FADE AWAY"
"MINDSHAKER MELTDOWN"
"HALF ASS MONKEY BOY"
"CHLOE DANCER/CROWN OF THORNS"
"CAPRICORN SISTER"*

*Bonus track available on
Compact Disc and Cassette only.

For more information of
THE LOVE BONE EARTH AFFAIR
write:
LOVE CO.
219 1st St. Ave. S., Suite 410
Seattle, WA 98104

Produced by Mark Dearnley
for Worlds End (America) Inc.
1989 Stardog Records

STARDOG RECORDS

Distributed by PolyGram Records, Inc.

THE DOGS D'AMOUR: *In the Dynamite Jet Saloon*
(PolyGram)

The ghost of Hanoi Rocks lives. It's not called Blackbeard, Canterbury or even f?!king Casper, for that matter. It's called the Dogs D'Amour, and you can catch the spirit on their new debut LP, *In the Dynamite Jet Saloon*.

Formed in 1983 and with U.K. releases and European tours already under their belts, they are now preparing to take on the major markets of the U.S. Make no mistake: There is nothing shockingly original on this album, and there are no new trends about to be set with the release of this LP. What there is, though, is some good ol' fashioned rock and roll. You know the stuff, don't you? The kind of thing they played before sucked-in cheekbones and teased-out hair began to take precedence over the little trivial things like musical integrity and sincerity.

Even though the sounds of Andy McCoy are evident in the style of lead guitarist Jo Dog's playing, and even though the influence of Monroe can be heard in lead singer Tyla's voice, they still manage to pull it off with style. The music is a good guitar-based, up-tempo type of sound that doesn't lend itself to a lot of needless frills. The whole album is solid, but the strongest tracks are probably “I Don't Want You to Go” and “How Come It Never Rains.” “Billy Two Rivers” is also a worthwhile listening endeavor if you're looking for something with a Stones honky-tonk feel.

Lyrically, the Dogs deal mostly with the typical rock topics of women and the pains of dealing with them. They use a realistic approach, though, not the same old fire, higher and desire bullshit that has become the norm in this world of mundane rock drivel in which we exist. The backup vocals are also done in the finest Hanoi fashion, and they tastefully complement each track. This album was produced by Mike Dearnley and the Dogs, and is a strong enough first effort to probably leave most fans in eager anticipation of a second. *—S.C. Bailey*

No Shame
Good Girls Don't Last

GOOD GIRLS GO TO HEAVEN
BAD GIRLS GO ONSTAGE!

NO SHAME. Four bad girls who storm the stage with a blistering vengeance and an axe to grind. Their explosive debut album, “Good Girls Don't Last,” is a dirty rockin' blast, featuring the devastating “Cheater,” plus “Good Girls Don't Last” and “No Shame.” SEE JUST HOW GOOD BAD GIRLS CAN BE.

No Shame.
“Good Girls Don't Last.” On Columbia Cassettes, Compact Discs and Records.

Produced by Ric Browde
for Hucksters of Cool Ltd.
Management: Kevin Scott Management

“Columbia,” are trademarks of CBS Inc.
© 1989 CBS Records Inc.

ANNIHILATOR

ALICE IN HELL

Alice is lost again, but this time she's gone too far…

ANNIHILATOR:

"Canada's answer to Metallica"
— METAL HAMMER

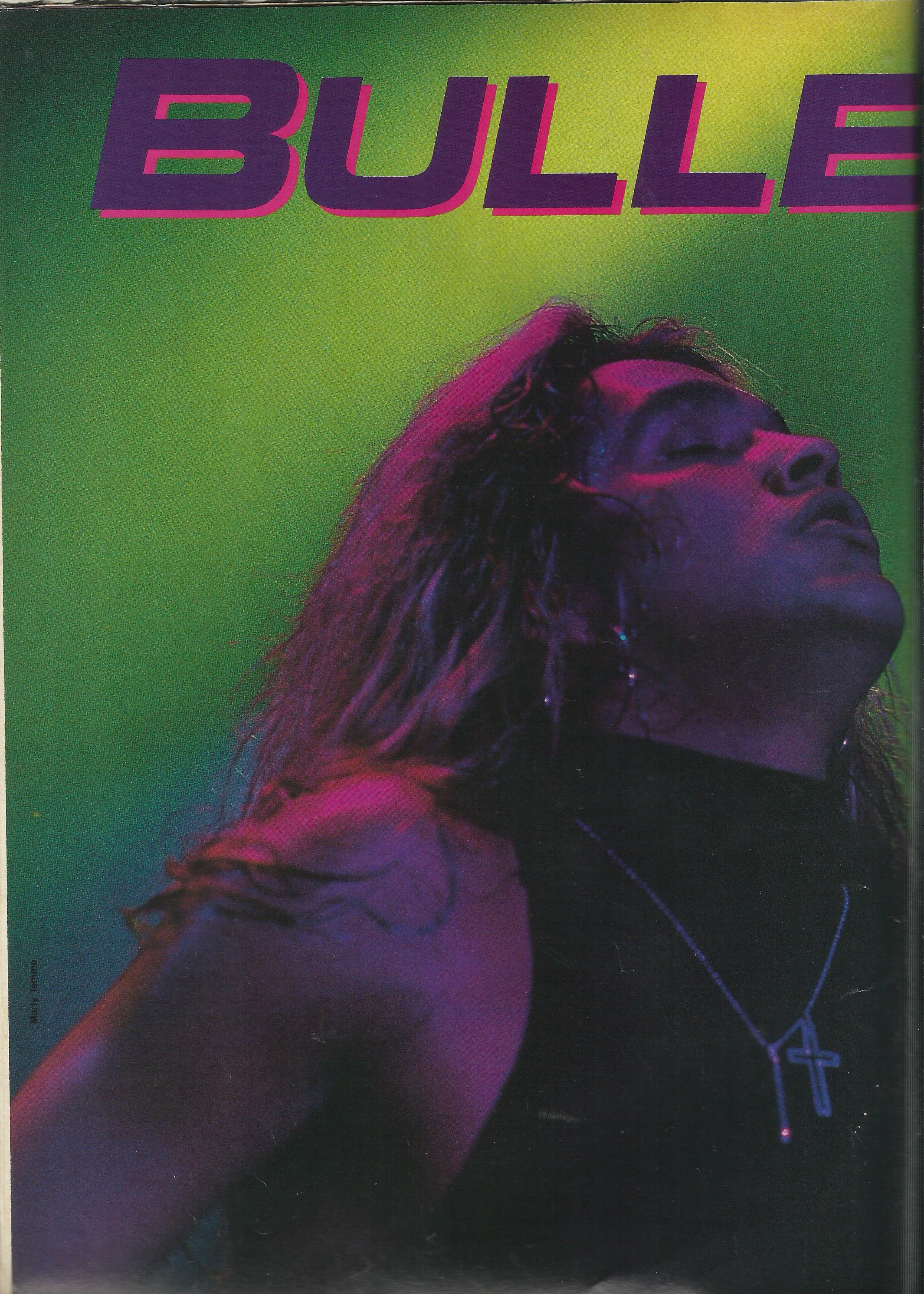
"Something new and refreshing in metal…run out and get yourself *Alice in Hell*"
— POWERLINE

…The next step could be her last

ANNIHILATOR ***Alice in Hell*** **(RR9488)**
The debut release on Cassette, CD and LP.
Distributed by MCA.

ROADRACER RECORDS
225 Lafayette St., Suite 709, New York, NY 10012

BULLE



Marty Temme

TBOYS

High-Caliber Rock 'n' Roll

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

They're brash, young, loud, smug and . . . hot! Ladies and gents, meet the BulletBoys.

It's snowing in icy cold bursts outside Rochester, New York, and the BulletBoys don't want to get out of their tour bus. Why would they? Enjoying the chance to sleep in late (each in their own heated bunk), singer Marq Torien, guitarist Mick Sweda, bassist Lonnie Vincent and drummer Jimmy D'Anda are resting up for their nightly rockin' gymnastics. Determined to be the band of the '90s, this relatively new family of metal men is popping every rock grenade they have—video, vinyl, whatever. Their debut album for Warner Brothers percolates with good reviews of sexy sleaze and seductive power grooves. Already lead singer Marq Torien is being hailed as this year's new howling hunk, despite "jealous jabs" from other major rock godheads. Used to being "shot full of holes"—that's why they call themselves BulletBoys—the band remains a snarling moving target.

Through a haze of white the bus door opens. Marq, groggy but determined, crosses the road and enters a warm coffee shop. His dark almond eyes fix on my list of questions. He sighs. Fortunately hot coffee brings back the perpetual Cheshire cat grin that rules his handsome face. He's ready to talk. Other BulletBoys are trying to wake up and may join us. Marq shivers. . . .

by Judy Wieder

Gene Kirkland

RIP: Are you mad that you had to leave the bus at this hour and in this weather?

MARQ TORIEN: It's really friggin' cold out there! But I'm doing so fabulous right now, I don't care.

RIP: Who are you guys opening for tonight in Rochester?

MARQ: This band doesn't open for anyone! Aw. . .you have to excuse me. I just got out of my bunk, and it was all heated up. There are these heating vents on our tour bus, and when the driver has them on, the bunks get so hot. . .like ridiculously hot! It's not very comfortable.

RIP: But it looks like a nice bus, full of conveniences.

MARQ: Yes, it's a real cool tour bus. 1983 or '84, I think. I'll tell you this, it's better than a Winnebago!

RIP: I guess the way you guys have traveled over the past year or so must seem like a real blueprint of your progress as a band.

MARQ: I gotta' tell you, it's been quite fabulous. This band is working its tail off. We're on the road until New Year's Eve! We want to be the number-one band of 1989. We know how bad kids want to rock 'n' roll. We know we want to put on a show and tell everybody who's coming up in this next decade that we are the band they'll be remembering. I figure it goes in cycles. Every ten years you have a great band that takes over for a little while. There was a band called Led Zeppelin, there was a band called Aerosmith, now there's a band called Guns N' Roses. And soon—BulletBoys.

Jeffrey Mayer

RIP: In a recent interview with Ratt's lead singer, Stephen Pearcy, he talked about how he thought the BulletBoys were more or less ripping them off. He also said that you used to play in Ratt. Is any of this true?

MARQ: We never borrowed from anybody! Never! I played lead guitar with Ratt right before they got signed. Stephen Pearcy kicked me out of the band because I sang better than he did.

RIP: What?

MARQ: Yeah, kids used to come and hold up these signs saying "Marq Torien" this and that. It was getting out of hand, so they just decided, "Well, let's nix Marq out of the band!" Then they went on to greatness. They're a great band [laughing]. . .and now their time has passed. I guess there's a little bit of jealousy going on. I feel very sorry for Stephen Pearcy if he has to say things like that.

RIP: Well, who really knows?

MARQ: Jealousy is a funny thing. There are always going to be some people that are really jealous. We don't care though. We're good people out to spread a positive note in this f?!ked-up world that we live in. We're rocking. We're rolling. To get up, you got to get down, right? That's why we're called the BulletBoys. Throughout our whole career people have shot us down and said that we weren't going to make it. They said, "Torien, Vencent, Sweda, D'Anda! You guys are a bunch of bozos!'' They said shit like that. We're a talented band. We ain't going to take no shit from anybody. We love our fans, and that's all that counts!

RIP: Tell me a little bit about your past life as a member of King Kobra. I know other members of BulletBoys were in that band too.

MARQ: I was never really in King Kobra. Mick was the only person in the band that actually dyed his hair and was in King Kobra. Me and Lonnie and Jimmy, we came in as scab musicians at the time. Carmine Appice needed somebody to save his dying ship. You know, we learned a lot of bad things from King Kobra. I personally learned nothing good in King Kobra. We learned how not to run an organization in King Kobra.

RIP: Well, that's something! Mick!

[Guitarist Mick Sweda seeks shelter from the storm in this interview. He drinks Marq's coffee and heaves an identical sigh.]

MICK SWEDA: King Kobra? Doomed from the start, I believe. Their longevity was limited because the band was based on contrivance right from the outset. I mean, it was fun for a while. I totally enjoyed every moment, so much so that I tried to overlook the fact that there were major problems. But kids know what's real when they buy a record. Instead of writing and playing from the heart, King Kobra became clay for anyone who wanted to come along and try to mold it. What came out of that was that the band wound up with no identity at all. The best part is that we all started writing together for BulletBoys.

MARQ: They wouldn't let us write what we wanted to write. We wanted to write from our hearts, write from what we believe in and live every day on the streets. King Kobra never wanted to get their hands dirty or their feet wet. So, for the year that we were all in King Kobra, trying to get a record deal, me, Mick and Lonnie had the vision of the BulletBoys. Everything was in disarray with King Kobra. It was very difficult to save the situation when you didn't have everybody really working for the same goal. Basically, that's what happened.

MICK: As far as I'm concerned, the best thing that ever happened to me was that King Kobra never got another record deal. I do not mean that in a malicious way. It was just time for us to get on a new train.

MARQ: Yeah, it was really important because we can get screwed around a lot. A lot of people take advantage of us because we're basically nice guys—as far as talking to people and treating them like we like to be treated. We've learned a lot from our experience, and we won't be taken advantage of anymore.

RIP: Is that where you met each other, in King Kobra?

MARQ: No, no, we've known each other for a good eight years. I've known our drummer Jimmy since he was a little kid.

The "Mechanics of Metal"™

A SOUND AND ORGANIZED APPROACH TO THE MASTERING OF HEAVY METAL GUITAR

For the price of one guitar lesson, you can receive a complete instruction package. For the price of 4 lessons, you can **master** the guitar.

- No music reading necessary.
- Each lesson includes step-by-step instructions, understandable diagrams & cassette tape.
- For guitarists at any level — Advanced techniques & theory explained using a no-nonsense approach that even a beginner could understand.
- Critically acclaimed & endorsed by top music magazines.

''The brainchild of a guitar whiz . . .these lessons are an obvious reflection of the author's dedication to teaching metal technique. The amount of information in each lesson is staggering. An informative course written in a clear & concise language.'' **— Rip Magazine**

''Definitely the best guitar instruction course we've seen. Extremely detailed & thorough. A must for metal guitarists at any level of playing.'' **— Hit Parader Magazine.**

''A well structured & explanatory catalog of all those neat things heard on record. Very thorough & comprehensive. An exhaustive exposition.'' **— Guitar World Magazine.**

''Mechanics of Metal is a detailed study of tricks & techniques of guitar heroes, carefully explained using step-by-step instructions, diagrams, photographs & audio cassettes.'' **— Circus Magazine.**

Lesson 1: Metal Chord Guide - Puts great rhythm playing right under your fingertips. You'll learn power chords in **every** position used by Metallica, Whitesnake, Maiden, Guns N' Roses, Stryper & Anthrax. ''Eerie'' passing chords used by Lynch & Rhoads. Suspensions & variations used by Van Halen & Vai. All other chords behind today's hottest rhythms: triads, thirds, octave diads, open power chords, unusual fingerings, alternate tunings, barre chords, etc. **Plus** all aspects of chord theory $14.95

Lesson 2: Total Scales & Modes - Teaches you to **master** the fretboard. You'll learn to play over the entire neck from top to bottom. You'll also learn which scales to play over various chords for soloing. You'll learn about keys, modes & other important principles of theory. Covers **every** scale in use today: blues scales & pentatonics used by Lynch, Hammett, Spitz & Ian. Minor & diminished scales used by Malmsteen, Rhoads & Mustaine. Major scales used by Sykes, Campbell, Vandenberg & Sambora. Extended scales used by Vai & Van Halen. Loads more $21.95

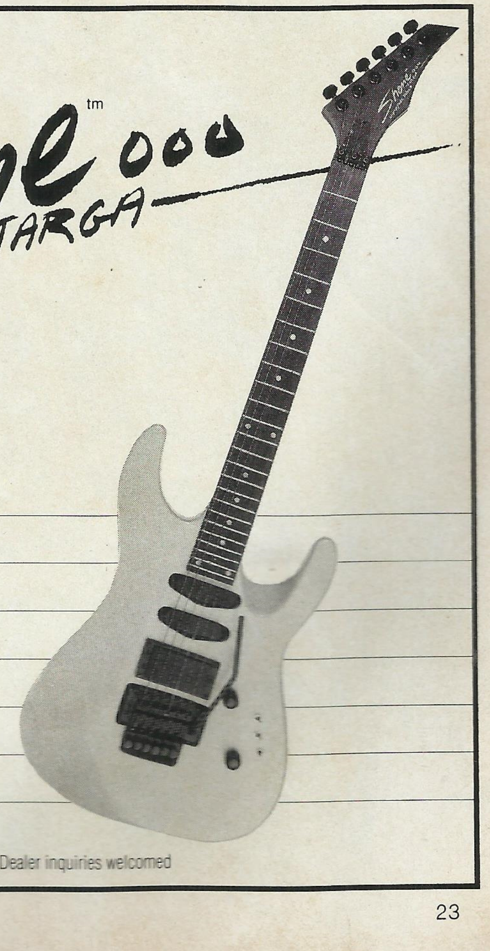
Lesson 3: Technique & Exercises - Once you've learned the necessary chords & scales, it's time to develop your fingers. You'll learn exercises to build lightning fast picking. Exercises to develop an enormous stretch. Exercises for strength & independence. Exercises using multiple hammer-ons and pull-offs. You'll learn the secrets behind a burning fret hand by practicing techniques used by Lynch, Vai, Rhoads, Hammett, Malmsteen, Vincent, DiMartini, Spitz, Jake E. Lee & others. **Plus** the 15 picking combinations, 24 finger combinations & **all** aspects of technique $21.95

Lesson 4: Tricks - Covers **all** flash & tricks ever put on record - from Hendrix to Van Halen to Vai. First you'll learn **every** way imaginable to pull harmonics out of the guitar. Then all other fretboard pyrotechnics, growls & screams are explained: 2-hand tapping (including many variations), combining tapping & scales, 8-finger tapping, tapping with the pick, tapped slide, tapped trill, 2-hand slide, right hand plays behind left, other 2-hand techniques, tremolo bar antics, ''talking'' guitar, volume swells, feedback, raking, slapping, weird noises, effects devices & on... & on... & on $24.95

In U.S. & Canada - add $2 postage when ordering one lesson. Add $3 when ordering 2 lessons. Add $4 when ordering 3 lessons. Order the entire course (all 4 lessons) & we'll pay the postage! N.Y. State residents add 8¼% sales tax **per** lesson. **Foreign orders welcome** - send **U.S. funds only** & add $5 when ordering 2 lessons. Add $7 when ordering 3 or all 4 lessons.

Mechanics of Metal ***Publications,*** P.O. Box 162, Dept. RN, Howard Beach, N.Y. 11414

Shane™ 000 TARGA



When Your Music Means Everything

New for 1989, Shane's Signature Series...

...your guitar.

Shane Musical Instruments, Inc.
5540 Port Royal Road
Springfield, Virginia 22151

703/ 321-9600 ext. 336

Dealer inquiries welcomed

RIP: He still is a little kid.
MARQ and MICK: Right! Ha, ha, ha. . . .
MARQ: I've known Mick here for a good five years. We always used to jam together. Then one day we said, "Hey, let's go back to Lonnie's mother's garage. Let's plug in some electricity, and let's rehearse! Let's be the biggest band in the world. Then everybody will say, 'Damn! They came from a f!?king garage!'" No bullshit. That's exactly what happened. We are what all the kids dream about: A loud garage band that comes out of Los Angeles and rules the world! That's our ambition. I mean, why not?
MICK: Why not?
MARQ: You gotta have a little tongue in cheek in rock 'n' roll. Everything is so doom and gloom. Granted, the world we live in is not the perfect place, but if you want doom and gloom, you can open your newspaper. I'm an entertainer, a vocalist, a singer. This band is an entertainment band. If I can make one person out there smile for just five minutes and take time out from whatever bummed-out situation they're in, then I'm doing something. I'm doing something that not only makes the fans happy, it makes me happy. That's the bottom line. I live and breathe for my fans. When they pay $15 to come and hear the BulletBoys live, they're going to get a show that they've never f?!king seen in their whole lives. So that 15 years from now they can say, "Hey, kids, forget that. I saw the BulletBoys, and they ruled the wastelands for about ten years!"
RIP: I like your humility.

Gene Ambo

MARQ: Ha, ha, ha!
RIP: But you're kinda sweet, sorta. . . .
MARQ: I've learned that you never burn any bridge when you're going up the road to success, because you will see those bridges on the way down. It's not a good thing to do. We like to make everybody feel like they're part of our family—*rather than being dicks!*
RIP: Is it hard not being a dick to your family and friends now that all this success is filling your life? Can you maintain any kind of a regular lifestyle?
MARQ: Rock 'n' roll is not a regular life, period. We are like traveling minstrels. We sell our wares as musicians. Our families and friends, girlfriends and whatever, they're there for us because they know we've been working for this since—well, in my case, since I was four years old. My father played trombone for Stan Kenton. My mother was a vocalist. It's just born and bred in me. I was never schooled in singing or playing guitar or drums. I just picked it up and learned it. But everybody in this music business has to eat crow before becoming successful.
RIP: And you feel that you have had your meal of crow?
MICK: Oh yes, yes.
MARQ: We have had big steak dinners of crow!
RIP: You have a reputation for not doing drugs. Is this accurate?
MARQ: It's a thing with the BulletBoys. We've all been through drugs. We have all drank enough booze to rot all the livers in the United States of America. I'm not a prophet or preacher, but I've been through this shit, and I know it's just no good. I cannot give a good performance when I'm out on coke. I wish people would not do it. Be smart. Don't kill yourself on that shit. Stick around. *Stick with us and rock 'n' roll!*

THE SONG RETAINS THE NAME

11 STRUGGLING YOUNG BANDS
INTERPRET SOME OF
LED ZEP'S
MOST BITCHIN' TUNES

"...'The Song Retains The Name' has all the spirit and energy of Led Zep, while adding more than occasional yuks; it's a record that Jimmy Page would begrudgingly love, if only because it sounds less like Zeppelin than 'original' stuff by Kingdom Come or Whitesnake."
Michael Anft, The Evening Sun
LP/CS/CD (MR-8801)

INDEPENDENT
LABEL
ALLIANCE

Send s.a.s.e. for catalog and information.

MANUFACTURED & MARKETED BY
THE INDEPENDANT LABEL ALLIANCE,
P.O. BOX 594M, BAY SHORE, NY 11706
(516)581-0710/581-1672 FAX

Give Your Stereo A Stress Test...
See If It Can Handle The Debut Album From

SARAYA

raging rock 'n roll you gotta turn all the way up!

Producer: Jeff Glixman   Executive Producer: Sandy Linzer   Management: David Sonenberg for DAS Communications, Ltd.
On Polydor Compact Discs, Chrome Cassettes and Records.

Polydor

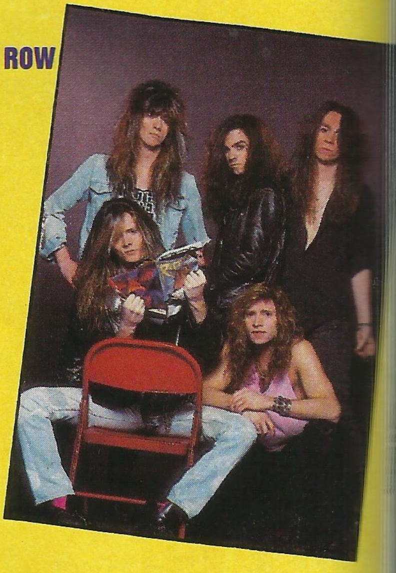
PolyGram

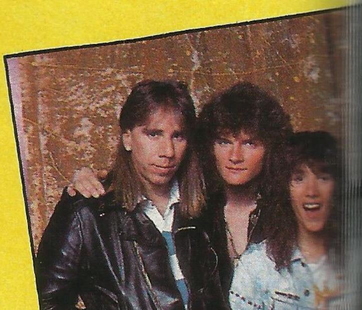
© 1989 PolyGram Records, Inc.

RIP's SUM

SUBSCRI

SKID ROW





TES

RIP

A PERSONAL PLEA FOR YOUR PATRONAGE.

WE WANT YOUR BUCKS!

Dear Metalhead,

Here's your chance to save big bucks on a subscription to RIP Magazine and score some awesome gifts at the same time!

Subscribe now, save over $16 off the cover price, and we'll send you a FREE RIP T-SHIRT. And that's not all! While supplies last, we'll also send you a FREE copy of the new ROYAL COURT OF CHINA cassette GEARED & PRIMED!

That's right, headbangers! Just $18.95 for 12 issues of RIP, a FREE RIP T-SHIRT and while supplies last, GEARED & PRIMED by ROYAL COURT OF CHINA!

In the past 2 1/2 years, RIP has taken the planet by storm to become the premier metal mag. AND YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET! What's coming up in future issues of RIP will knock your Aunt Connie's socks off.

So jump on it! Take advantage of RIP's SUMMERTIME SUBSCRIPTION SPECTACULAR. This offer isn't going to last, so send in your order today!

Rock Hard,

Lonn M. Friend
Executive Editor

P.S. This is a no-risk offer! Every RIP subscription comes with a money-back guarantee.

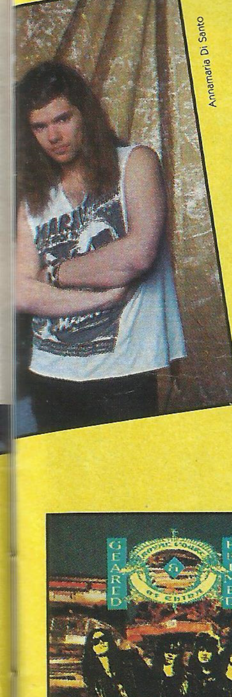
9171 Wilshire Boulevard • Suite 300 • Beverly Hills, California 90210 • (213) 858-7100

MERTIME

TION SPECTACULAR

ALL THE HOTTEST NEW ROCK GODS READ RIP!

DO YOU?


Annamaria Di Santo

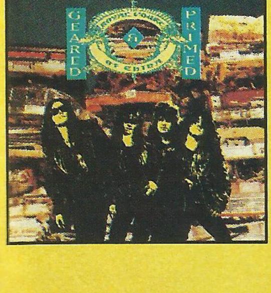
Annamaria Di Santo

BULLET BOYS

SCHOOL'S OUT AND

RIP'S CELEBRATING WITH A SUMMERTIME SUBSCRIPTION SPECTACULAR YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS! SUBSCRIBE NOW AND GET 12 ISSUES OF RIP FOR ONLY $18.95 (THAT'S OVER $16 OFF THE COVER PRICE AND JUST $1.57 AN ISSUE), AND WE'LL SEND YOU, ABSOLUTELY FREE, A RIP T-SHIRT! THAT'S RIGHT, DUDES & DUDETTES! BIG BUCKS OFF THE WORLD'S GREATEST METAL MAG AND A FREE RIP T-SHIRT!

HOLD ON TO YOUR HAIR EXTENSIONS, 'CAUSE THERE'S MORE! USE THIS COUPON TO SUBSCRIBE AND GET ROYAL COURT OF CHINA'S LATEST LP, *GEARED & PRIMED*. HURRY! SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED!



OFFICIAL ORDER FORM
RIP'S SUMMERTIME SUBSCRIPTION SPECTACULAR!

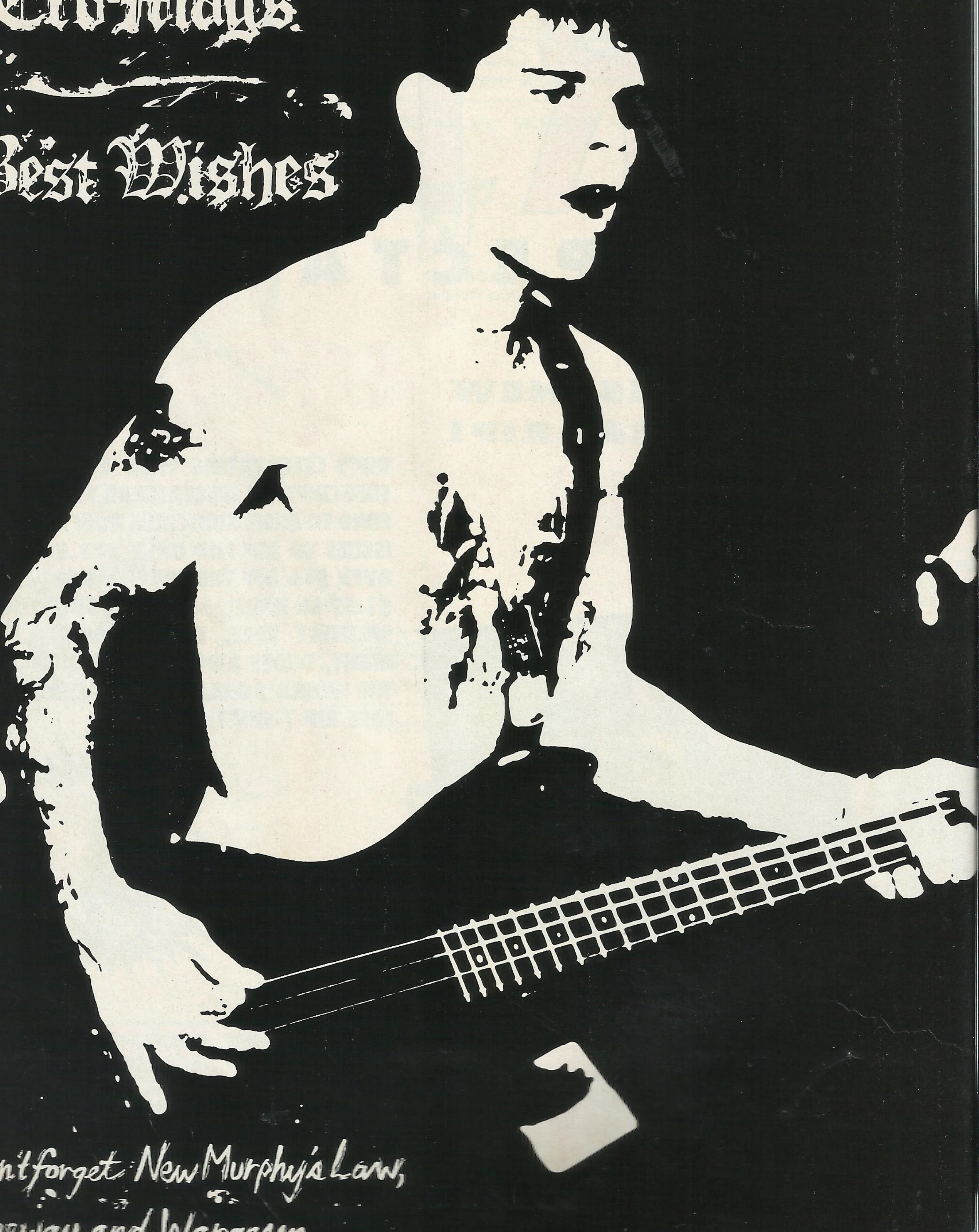
YES! ☐ **SEND ME 12 ISSUES OF RIP FOR JUST $18.95! I'LL SAVE OVER $16 OFF THE COVER PRICE AND PAY JUST $1.57 AN ISSUE. AND DON'T FORGET MY FREE RIP T-SHIRT!**

NAME ______________________________
ADDRESS ______________________________
CITY ______________ STATE ________ ZIP ________
☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED CHARGE MY ☐ VISA ☐ MC
______________ EXP. ______ Signature ______________

MONEY BACK ON UNUSED PORTIONS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS IF NOT SATISFIED! MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO LFP. FOREIGN ADD $10. YOUR FIRST ISSUE WILL ARRIVE IN 6 TO 8 WEEKS. WATCH FOR IT! OFFER EXPIRES AUGUST 30, 1989.
CJTRR

Cro-Mags

Best Wishes



Don't forget: New Murphy's Law,
Leeway, and Wargasm

PROFILE RECORDS, INC

Photo: Frank White ©1987 Profile Records, Inc. 740 Broadway NY NY 10003

FRESH BLOOD

EXTREME

They must put something mighty strange in those Boston baked beans, judging by the boundless energy of Extreme. “The things we do onstage cannot be done on drugs. It's very physical and entertaining,” declares Extreme's singer Gary Cherone. “We work very hard onstage and expect as much from the audience as they expect from us. Two songs into a live show, our hair's wet. Everything's wet with sweat. We're an ugly band. We like it, though.”

Obviously not a bunch of primping, pretty-boy poseurs, the guys in Extreme are not into costumes or applying makeup with a trowel, a la Britny Fox, and prefer wearing comfortable street clothes like jeans, shirts and leather.

Cherone and drummer Paul Geary were originally in a band called The Dream. After independently releasing an EP, they changed their name to Extreme. (Believe it or not, the pun of Extreme being ex-Dream was actually coincidental.) The subsequent video, “Mutha,” not only garnered considerable airplay on a local Boston video channel, but also on MTV, where it placed third in the “Basement Tapes” finals. Cherone and Geary then broke up the band but kept the name. They weren't satisfied with Extreme's lineup until the arrival of guitar virtuoso Nuno Bettencourt and bass player Pat Badger about two and a half years ago. The band landed a major label contract within the following year. “A&M signed us because we had really good-sounding demos. If someone deserves a mention in any interview, it's our engineer Bob St. John,” says Nuno.

One listen to the infectious, harmony-laced brand of “funky metal” on Extreme's self-titled debut album explains why the band won Outstanding Heavy Metal Act at the Boston Music Awards two years in a row.

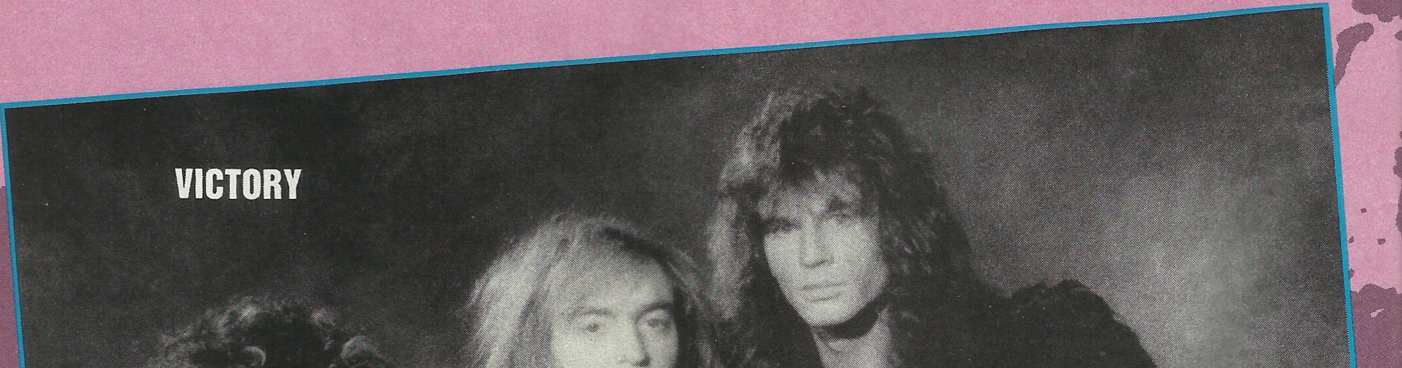
Despite appearances, songs like “Little Girls,” “Play With Me” (which also appeared on the soundtrack of *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*), “Big Boys Don't Cry,” “Rock a Bye Bye” and “Teacher's Pet” are not just silly cliches. “They're simple titles, but there's more attitude musically,” explains Cherone. “For instance, ‘Rock a Bye Bye’ is a nursery rhyme, and it is also about abortion. So when you listen, it can be a cute lullaby, but if you read between the lines, it's not very pretty.” *—Stella*

Never Satisfied" wasn't only the song Victory chose to release as a single, it also became their prevailing mentality as they auditioned a seemingly endless stream of lead singers. When former frontman Charlie Huhn left the lineup for the Humble Pie reunion band, hopefuls from the United States, Canada and Europe descended upon Victory's home base of Hannover, West Germany. Finally a friend of guitarist Herman Frank (who departed from Accept to join Victory) recommended Fernando Garcia, a Spanish rocker living in Switzerland. Victory's international search was ended. "Never Satisfied" was relegated to its most fitting application as the name of one of Victory's hottest tunes, and was no longer the credo for a band searching in vain for a vocalist. After hearing Fernando on Victory's latest album, *Culture Killed the Native*, few could disagree with Victory's decision. Fernando, with just the right combination of rasp and refinement, polish and passion, was well worth waiting for.

Fernando found himself in good company. Already firmly established in Europe, Victory had earned consistent headlining status with their finely crafted songs and mega-musicianship. The band was originally founded by bassist Peter Knorn and Victory's other guitarist Tommy Newton. (Tommy had been with Peter from the days they were in their former group, Fargo, together—hence Peter's nickname "Fargopeter." Playing with Peter and Tommy in Fargo was Matthias Jabs, who is now in the Scorpions. Is everybody properly confused yet?) Next to join the two primary songwriters of Victory was drummer Fritz Randow, by way of still another popular European band, Eloy.

One of the colorful pieces of Victory's history involves Peter's running for office as "Rock 'n' Roll Mayor" of Hannover. Although much of Peter's campaign was only semiserious (such as his insistence on halting the sale of inferior foreign beer in Germany!), he was nonetheless supported for some of his ideas, like taxing exhibitors at a yearly industrial fair to raise money for hiring more badly needed teachers. He received an offer of financial backing in order to mount an all-out campaign, but Peter protested that he was "more a musician than a politician!" Still, his endeavors did earn publicity for his band, even if Peter won no political crown. At least when it comes to rockin', Victory is assured!

—Laurel Fishman



VICTORY

TATTOO

You'd think a band calling themselves Tattoo would be covered with indelible body decor, but according to guitarist Glenn Miller, no one in the band has *any* tattoos. "Just unadorned, naked, supple flesh."

So where'd they get the name? Well, it seems that Glenn, who was most influenced by such bands as the Who, Led Zeppelin and Humble Pie, was smitten by a Who tune called "Tattoo." But more importantly, "According to my dictionary," he says, "*tattoo* is a drumming or a call for people, bringing them together. I'd like to be the one who bangs that drum and gets people to come around and listen. Like, 'Hey, check us out.'"

And that's exactly what he's done. When the band that he and guitarist Joe Minor were in folded, they eventually recruited Tom Salzburg and bassist Dave Injeski. "Then we met Gary Stewart," recalls Glenn. "He's got a real substantive voice. He really sings, and he's not into the constant falsetto and all that evil/death stuff."

By self-promoting themselves with an independent cassette, they garnered enough coverage in the staunchly metal European press to pique the interest of Metal Blade Records. "They flew to Chicago to see us play and liked what they saw."

What they saw was an exciting, balls-to-the-wall performance by a bunch of guys who want nothing more than to kick some tushie with their audience. "Our live show is inspirational," says Glenn. "We're not a glam band, and we're not a death metal band. A lot of bands lately are playing either speed or dark metal. We're pretty sociable. We're energetic onstage and smile a bit when we're up there because we're having as good a time as our audience."

At the same time, they offer something for everyone. A smart move, because it's gained the "Tats" a widely varied audience in the process. "The material on the album has a lot to do with that," Glenn opines. He's right. There's "Follow Your Heart" for those who like anthemic power ballads. There's "Top of the Rock" for speed metallers. For those who prefer darker topics, "Nobody Gets out Alive" should do the trick. And for the good-time rock and roll crowd, "She's a Rocker" is the pick. If versatility were the key to success, this gang would have the door wide open.

Now if they can just visit a tattoo parlor and do something about their pale, Midwestern skin. . . . —*Adrianne Stone*

BUZZ...

Edited by
Shari Sloane

THE WILD

WEST COAST:

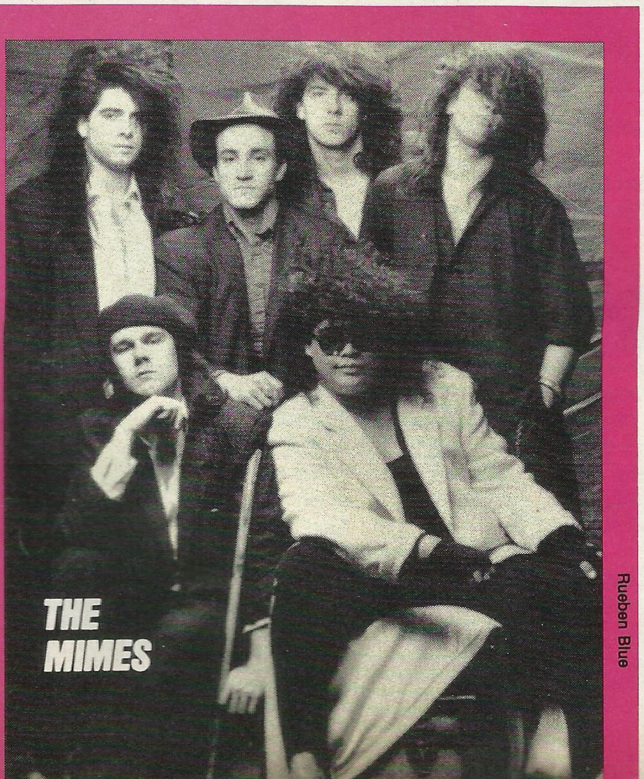
Charlotte, from upstate New York, have relocated to Los Angeles, where they have been headlining on the Sunset Strip. They will soon be releasing a 12-inch disc featuring some jammin' toons. . . . Pick up the debut album, *Passion*, from L.A.'s **Dirty Blonde**. The LP was produced by Alex Perialas, who is known for his work with Anthrax, Testament and M.O.D., and is available at a record store near you. . . . Veteran Arizona rockers **Icon** have inked with MegaForce Records. Is it about time or what?. . . **Rattlesnake Shake** seem to have a monopoly on killer gigs. Within seven days the boys opened for House of Lords and Faster Pussycat, as well as headlining their own gig at the Coconut Teaszer—somebody's doin' somethin' right!. . . **Laughing Sam's Dice** (LSD perhaps?) recently wowed the crowd at their gig opening for the Slammin' Watusies and Pursuit of Happiness. The band is very reminiscent of early Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. Real good stuff!. . . L.A. rockers **TAZ** have signed a management deal with Jonni Teagarden/Ruthless Management. Taz are still negotiating with several major labels, and interest is rampant . . . . Punk's not dead, and if it is, please don't tell zany rockers **The Zeros**. They're still punk, pleasin' the crowd and purple-haired. . . . Longtime L.A. faves **The Little Kings** have an album out on Epitaph Records. The group is one of the finest blues-edged bands and are a must-see live act. . . . Denver boys doin' Hollywood hard, **The Wild**, continue delivering the goods. The Wild's keyboardist, Dizzy Zin, was almost a member of Guns N' Roses. The story goes that about two years ago Axl and Slash were going to ask Dizzy to join GN'R on the very same night that Dizzy was in a terrible car accident. For quite awhile it looked like Dizzy would never be able to play keyboard again, but after surgery and therapy, Diz is alive and kickin'. The Wild are a good band to keep an eye on. . . . The hippest demo of the month has to be **13A**'s six-song masterpiece. 13A are actually members of Mistreated using a pseudonym, and the tape is very reminiscent of S.O.D., the Mentors and Angry Samoans. This tape ain't for the easily offended and good luck finding a copy.

EAST COAST:

New York rockers **Damn Cheetah** are taking the NYC club scene by storm. The band features ex-Black Lace members Carl and Anthony Fragnito on lead guitar and bass. . . . Nice to hear from up north. The Canadian band **The Wanted** sent me a copy of their latest four-song opus, creatively christened *The Wanted Demo From Hell*. Drop them a line at 118 Thackaray Rd., Beaconsfield, Quebec, CAN H9W 1B2. . . . Hailing from Virginia, **Skeleton** has a busy schedule in upcoming months. The band plans to go into the studio during the fall to record its debut vinyl output, a five-song EP. The band also plans to tour the East Coast and will be featured on Baltimore's *97 Underground* compilation album along with other area speed/power metal outfits. . . . New York's Mean Machine Records has released some hot LPs lately. *Piece of Time*, the debut from Florida's **Atheist**, and *Slaughter in the Vatican* from New Orleans newcomers **Exhorder**. The LP contains the track "Anal Lust"—oh, boy! Also available from Mean Machine are debut LPs from England's **Hydra Vein** and Germany's **Not Fragile**. . . . **Dead Pool**, a five-piece hard rock outfit, are jamming hard in the Worcester, Massachusetts, area. Dead Pool features killer axeslinger John Dunai on lead guitar.

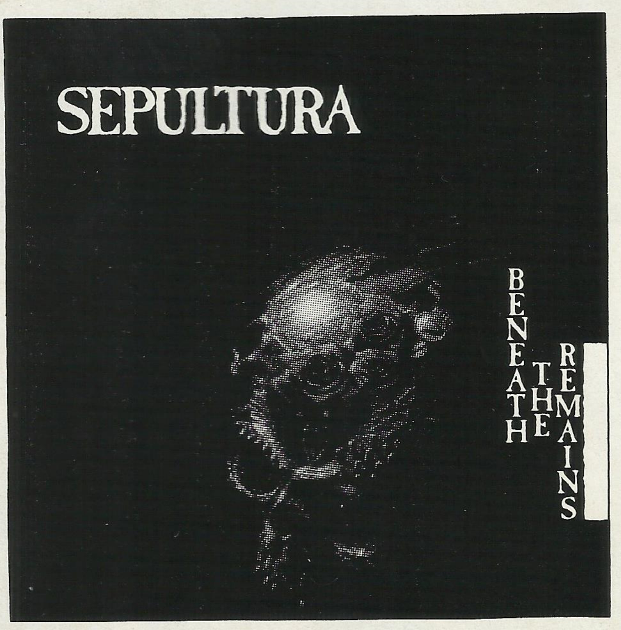
CLOSE TO THE INK:

Originally from San Francisco, may we bring ya **The Mimes**. Now based in L.A., the six-piece funky bluesters—Jimbo, Scotty, DJ, Thomas, Billy and Bud—recently changed their name from Antja-Mimes, thinking the new moniker would be more effective in the major markets. This should add nicely to their almost overwhelming following. The Mimes continue to set the trends all other L.A. blues bands try to follow, and they are hot and getting hotter. Both Slash and Axl Rose often join the Mimes onstage. It won't be long till some street-smart A&R person signs these boys to a major!


THE MIMES

Rueben Blue

SOME MUSIC WAS MEANT TO STAY UNDERGROUND



RC 9511

SEPULTURA

"Beneath The Remains"

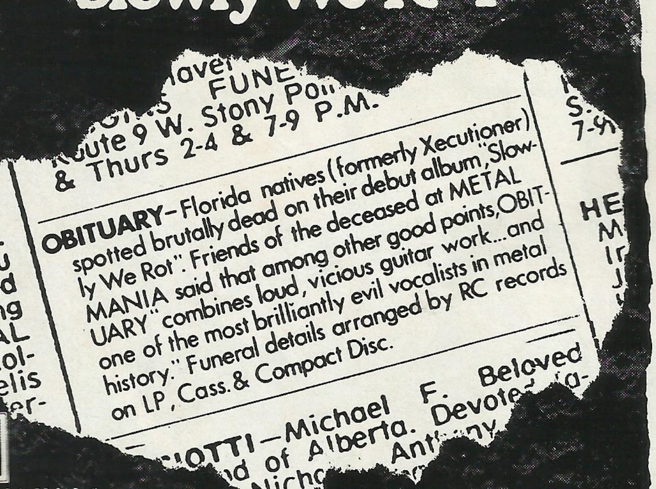
Brazil's Death-Metal Gods Lay down the law of the Jungle on their American Debut.

"Vicious, whipping doom that will delight the heart of every fan of the more subterranean forms of Metal!"

-Don Kaye, KERRANG!

OBITUARY

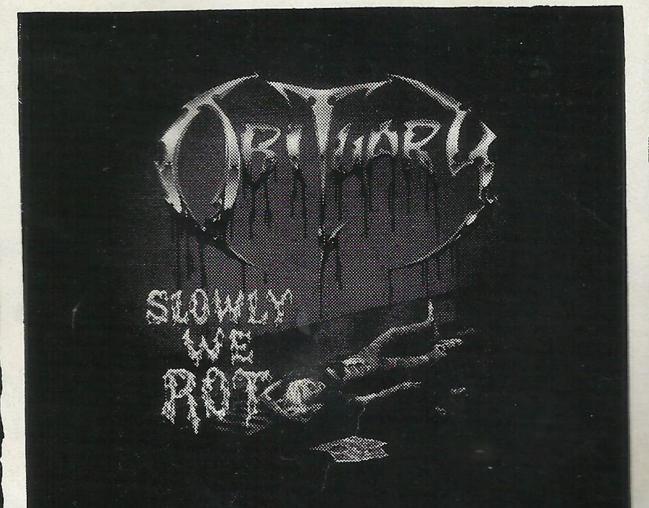
"Slowly We ROT"



Haven
FUNE
Route 9 W. Stony Poi
& Thurs 2-4 & 7-9 P.M.

OBITUARY–Florida natives (formerly Xecutioner) spotted brutally dead on their debut album, "Slowly We Rot". Friends of the deceased at METAL MANIA said that among other good points, OBITUARY "combines loud, vicious guitar work...and one of the most brilliantly evil vocalists in metal history." Funeral details arranged by RC records on LP, Cass. & Compact Disc.

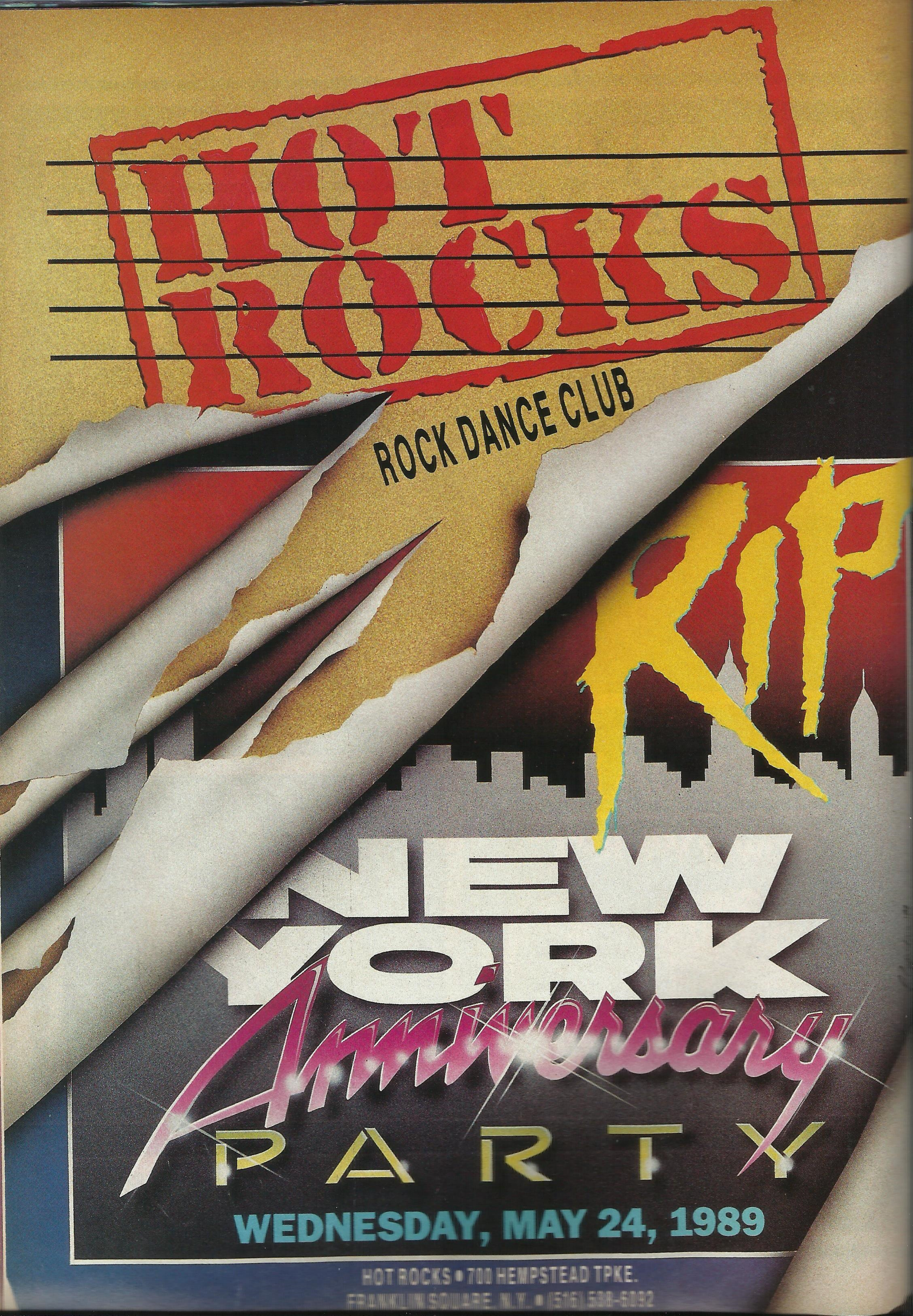
OTTI–Michael F. Beloved
of Alberta. Devoted
Anthony
Nicho



RC 9489

RC RECORDS
is an associated label of
ROADRACER RECORDS
225 Lafayette St.
NY NY 10013
Suite 709

Both available on
RC Compact Discs, Cassettes & LP's Distributed by Important


HOT ROCKS
ROCK DANCE CLUB
RIP
NEW YORK
Anniversary
PARTY
WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1989
HOT ROCKS • 700 HEMPSTEAD TPKE.
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N.Y. • (516) 538-6092

DANZIG

TALES FROM THE DARK SIDE

The music is heavy, ethereal, commanding and, best of all, timeless. What the band Danzig, and even more specifically Glenn Danzig, offer on their successful self-titled album could easily be a statement from the '60s or '70s. The fact that it arrived at the end of 1988 and is carrying on well into 1989 is purely an identifying mark on the calendar.

With a cult following generated from both the Misfits and Samhain—both hearty staples in a different setting—Glenn Danzig is now more comfortable doing what he feels is undeniably his calling. In many ways he creates a mysterious persona. Glenn's lyrics are short, profound lines that he works hard vocally, and they offer plenty to discern. His conversational tone is very similar to his lyrical style, unless it happens that you tap into a nerve or mention a subject he is particularly focused on.

The assignment this time was to find out what Glenn Danzig is all about, to get in-

By Jon Sutherland

WOLFS
BLOOD

George Chin/Photofeatures

side his head as much as possible. Without a psychologist's couch, and talking over AT&T lines to a hotel room in Detroit, we had to make-do.

Mr. Danzig was surprisingly cooperative during this conversation, responding usually with a quick, short answer and often leading the discussion into areas that at first seemed inconceivable. A lot has been made of the band's Metallica connection, and Glenn handled that one first. "I remember being at a CMJ convention a few years ago, and a friend of mine told me that a couple of guys wanted to meet me. It was right after Metallica had toured with Venom, before *Ride the Lightning* came out. James and Cliff came by to talk. Now I get together with the guys whenever they are in town. Kirk writes me letters once in awhile."

The connection goes a little farther than that, as many magazines have captured James Hetfield wearing Samhain or Misfits T-shirts in performance. Ever since Metallica covered "Last Caress/Green Hell" on their *Garage Days* EP, even more attention has been focused on Glenn Danzig—hardly a curse as more and more bands try to break out in an already crowded marketplace. "I like the way James writes," Glenn admitted. "His lyrics aren't about stupid stuff. He never writes shit like, 'I wanna rock and roll all night and party every day.' " When confronted with the statement that the music by Danzig and Metallica could hardly be more different, Glenn's response was filled with a little chuckle. "That's funny, James thinks our stuff is the same." When told that Metallica had been playing "Mother" in soundcheck on their tour, he answered by saying, "That's cool." It was also too great a temptation to relay a quote attributed to Kirk Hammett, during the Monsters of Rock tour last year. According to Kirk, Metallica had reservations about covering the Danzig songs from the EP live, thinking that the audience might not be into it. When "Last Caress/Green Hell" went down killer day after day, it forced James to blurt out as he walked off stage, "Damn, I wish I wrote that song!" to laughs from the other Metallimen.

With most of the compliments and clever stories out of the way, it was time to dig at the Danzig persona. To many, his musical tone and lyrical style seem very dark and brooding. "Not at all," he said. "I don't see the stories I tell or the themes I sing about as dark at all. To me it's just what the world is all about. It's reality. People who see it as dark are just fools anyways, because you can't have life without death. Without bad there is no good. The opposites have to exist, and you might as well accept the world the way it is, because you can't control the way it was set up."

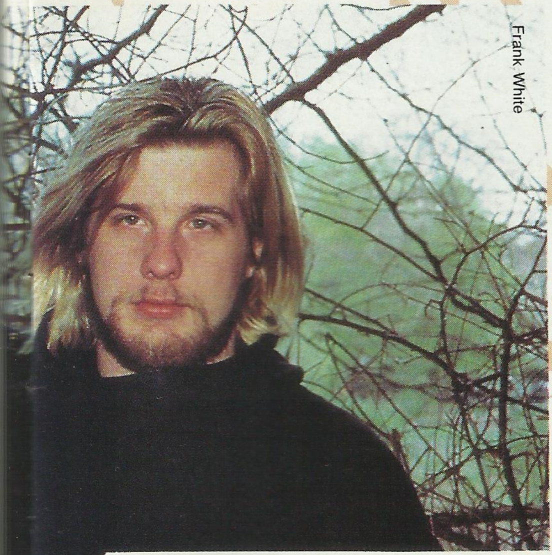
These are strong words from someone with a unique vision, who may have been typecast too quickly by journalists who only see the shaded side of his reality. "I'm not as fascinated by Gaelic and Celtic cultures as people think I am," Glenn reiterated. "I studied it [he also chose the name Samhain for his band, which is a Celtic holiday for the dead generally celebrated on November 1st that was basically stolen as a holiday by the Christians and is remarkably similar to what is now Halloween], but I am also interested in many other things as well. I've read about different religions and how they are interpreted. In some Eastern religions whatever you do will come back to you threefold, and if you don't fear what is bad, you will be condemned to return over and over again before you reach salvation. I find subjects like that interesting, as well as the missing chapters that were taken from the Bible in the early days that would cast a completely different light on Christianity if people were exposed to them today." Those same chapters, which tell of Christ's adventures, weren't as pure as the edited manuscripts that finally became the Bible as it is accepted now. They also indicate how history can be twisted to adhere to certain views that historians feel compelled to control. The final verse of "Twist of Cain" challenges this storytelling technique by showing what many feel is both sides of the same legend.

Glenn came to these realizations through a personal search and education that continued beyond the mandatory public schools. "I read a lot. My taste varies from true crime, to martyrs, psychics, telekinetic stuff, true history, to comic books." Comic books? "Yeah," he said, laughing slightly, "I like Animal Man, Batman—the concept behind it—Big Daddy Roth stuff. I also love TV. I know a lot of people don't like TV, but it gives you the world at your fingertips, even if it is misused a bit."

It's easy to interpret Glenn Danzig as a complicated man twirling his spoon in a big pot that is spinning the other way. He may also be just as simple and direct as many think he is mischievous. A talented artist, he conceived the album designs for his past bands. A cunning songwriter, he wrote most of the songs you hear on the albums he's been involved in and played much of the guitars until he found this righteous band in time for the Def American release. When asked if he had to swing any deals to get the musicians he needed, he simply said, "Nope. I didn't have to steal anybody from another band. They were all available and ready to work." This same brutal honesty also leads to many of the reasons why Glenn Danzig is at the level he is. "It took me a long time to get this together," he said.

He also welcomed the help of producer Rick Rubin, who got his two cents in. "I'd say Rick had about 25% input on the record," Glenn admitted. "We listened to what he had to say, and if we didn't like it, we didn't use it. But then anything he offered that we liked, we used." It may be more than casual curiosity to wonder why Mr. Rubin was so interested in getting involved with Danzig. First he took the time to pursue Slayer, the hardest and most demonic metal concoction available at the time. Later he took a fancy to the Cult, previously known as the Southern Death Cult. Now he is working with Masters of Reality, and soon with Trouble. A very interesting metal roster, to say the very least, and one that Danzig fits on very well.

There is more to the Rubin connection and story, which came out when Glenn took the time to divulge some studio details. "We over-recorded," he confessed. "I recorded one song that is an acoustic song. I'm not really playing; I'm banging on the guitar and singing along in a voodoo juju kind of way. Rick has it in the can. He can release it if he wants too. There are also a couple more songs sitting there that we didn't put out. I write a lot of songs, and I throw away a lot of songs."


Frank White

More mystery is added to the equation, as any serious Danzig fan would have to wonder what Glenn would sound like entering voodoo land with only a guitar that he may not play properly. It all adds to the legend that is building. Glenn Danzig casts shadow and light from a perspective that is unique and interesting, but also very occultish. Unlike many who would or could be labeled easily, it is not a shallow dig to find out where his head is really at. Sometimes he says things that are seemingly universal, and other times he says things that cut across the accepted standards and are blatantly blasphemous. "I really don't pay much attention to what is going on," Glenn says. "Unless I hear something I like, I won't listen to much." Many musicians practice the same philosophy, absorbing all they can while learning, then not paying much atten-

(continued on page 97)

Frank White

incognito® MAIL ORDER

76
BLK,GOLD,SILVER, FRAME W/TINT,CLEAR, MIRROR,RAINBOW,SUPER DARK,OR GREEN TINT. **$6.**

231
GOLD OR SILVER FRAME W/ CLEAR, MIRROR,OR RAINBOW MIRROR LENS **$8.**

101
BLACK OR GOLD FRAME W/ SUPER DARK LENS **$6.**

250
BLACK FRAME W/ SUPER DARK OR MIRROR LENS **$7.**

309
METAL FRAME W/ POLARIZED LENS **$12.**

79
GOLD,BLACK,SILVER FRAME W/ SMOKE LENS **$8.**

1
2
3
4
5

CHAIN BRACELETTES
1. SINGLE CHAIN **$7.**
2. DOUBLE CHAIN **$10.**
3. TRIPLE CHAIN **$13.**
4. 4 CHAINS **$16.**
5. CHAIN W/SPIKES **$18.**

PEACE SIGN
WHITE ON BLACK SHIRT $10
BLACK ON WHITE SHIRT $10
M, L, XL

HEAVY F*** METAL**
HEAVY FUCKIN METAL
RED & BLACK ON WHITE SHIRT $10 M, L, XL

CIRCLE DESIRED SELECTIONS THEN CLIP AD AND SEND TO: INCOGNITO, PO BOX 1286, ROYAL OAK, MI 48067, (313) 548-2980. INCLUDE METHOD OF PAYMENT MASTERCARD, VISA, AM EXPRESS, CREDIT CARD #, SIGNATURE & EXP. DATE- OR IF PAYING BY CHECK INCLUDE DRIVER'S LIC. #, BIRTH DATE -OR SEND MONEY ORDER. ADD $1.25 PER ITEM FOR POSTAGE. ALLOW 2-4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. RIP-MAY

Send For Mail Order Catalogue, Of Men's And Women's Rock Related Clothing, Jewelry, Hat, T-shirts, Skate Gear, Reggae Items & Sunglasses. $2., Redeemable With First Purchase.

ACROPHET

RIPS IT UP!

ON TOUR NOW

CORRUPT MINDS

Acrophet
CORRUPT MINDS

Cassette 51011-4

Compact Disc 51011-2

Album 51011-1

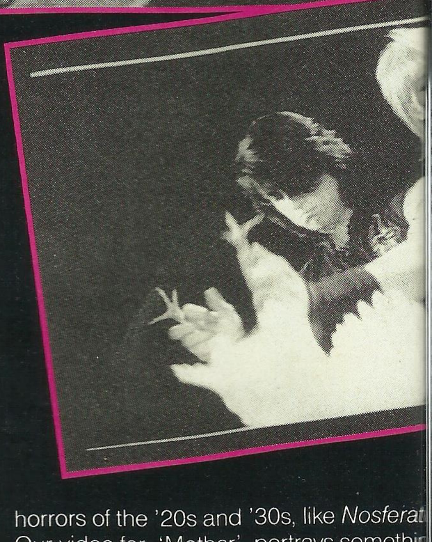
XXX Triple X Records

AVAILABLE AT ALL DISCRIMINATING RECORD STORES IN YOUR AREA – ALSO THRU TRIPLE X SEND A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR $8.00 PER ALBUM OR CASSETTE, 12.00 PER COMPACT DISC (INCLUDES POSTAGE AND HANDLING) TO TRIPLE X RECORDS 6715 HOLLYWOOD BLVD. SUITE #284 HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028

DISTRIBUTED BY IMPORTANT

“MOT

THE VIDEO THEY DID



The First Amendment, our guaranteed right to freedom of speech, is often tested by standards and censors. Those who decide what is viewed, read and listened to are a minority affecting the majority. Our land's forefathers spilled blood to get us this privilege. We have to exercise our right to use it. It's frightening when the Ayatollah Khomeini decides that he doesn't like a fictional book and places a bounty on Salman Rushdie's, the author's, head. What's even more disturbing is that we as Americans did nothing about it.

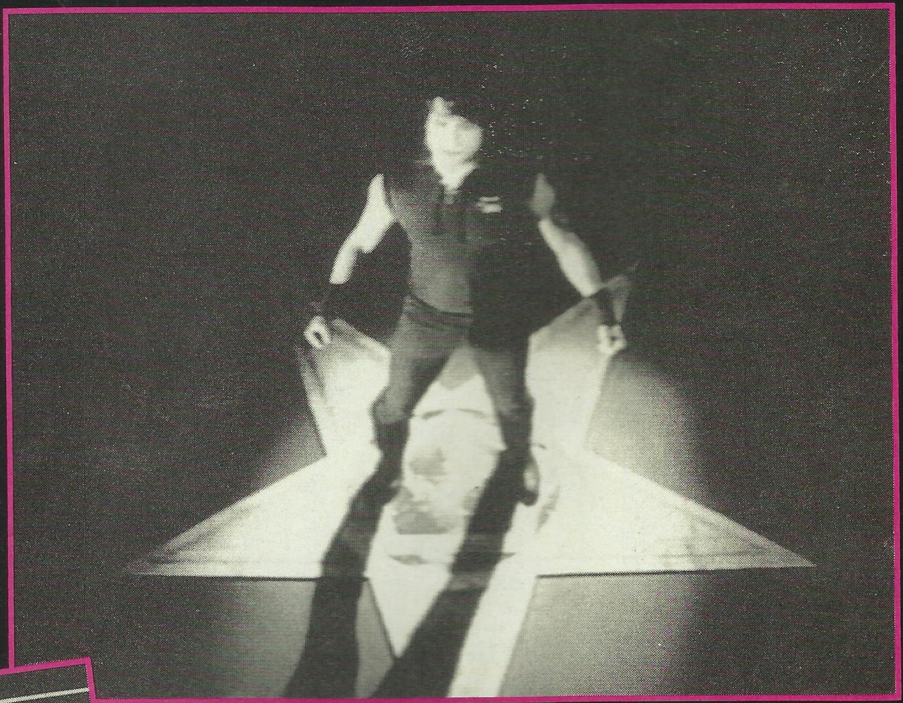
On a much lighter note, Danzig's "Mother" video raises several questions about the issue of censorship. Was enough tact used by the artist, or did MTV—who refused to run the video until the sequences they found risque were removed—violate Danzig's right to express themselves? MTV mainly objected to a mock satanic ritual where a chicken appears to be ripped in half by Danzig frontman Glenn Danzig, spilling blood onto an eager female. Perhaps MTV's position of social protection is a valid one. Perhaps not.

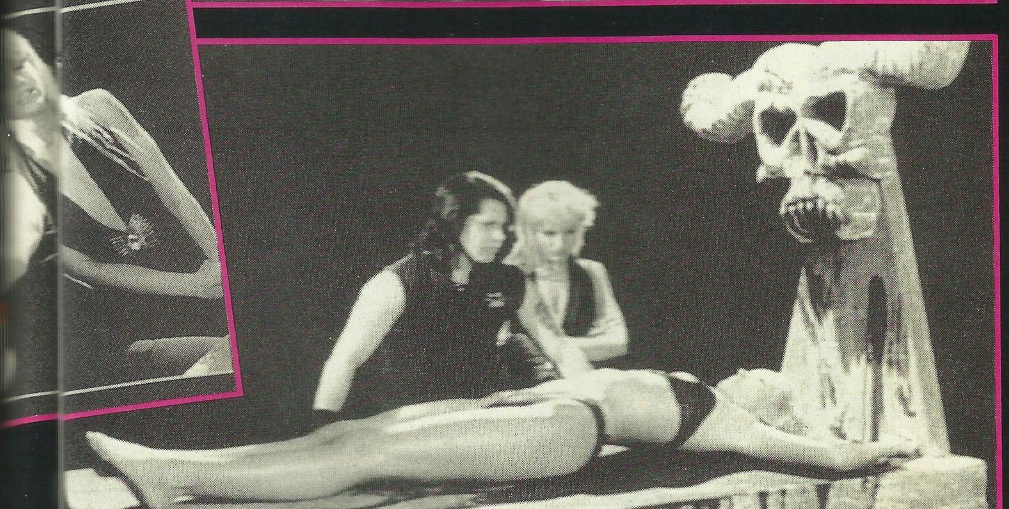
"As far as I'm concerned, this is a pretty tame video," says Glenn Danzig. "It was done in black and white. Maybe that freaked 'em out. It was done like the classic German horrors of the '20s and '30s, like *Nosferat*
Our video for 'Mother' portrays somethi
in a manner that MTV found upsetting. Th
song is actually about teen rebellion, an
thinking and finding things out for yourse
When Ozzy or Motley Crue do a video, yo
can tell they're not really serious. When Da
zig does a video, it makes you wonder. MT
told us that they didn't want to deal with t
hassle. That's their position, you know, aft
the Geraldo thing and whatever. So it wa
either edit what they didn't like or not ha
it aired."

The Satanic sequences were rather amu

HER"

N'T WANT YOU TO SEE!





ing, if a bit cheesy. In my humble opinion, the video was neither too disturbing nor too grotesque, but then again, I rubberneck at car accidents and thought Clive Barker's *Hellraiser* a fine piece of cinematic macabre. So what does that say about my, or anybody else's for that matter, opinion? Absolutely nothing. If you want to experience something really upsetting that shows the world at its lowest and most inhumane, you can freely tune in at 6:00 and 11:00 to the nightly news. What is more disturbing than any "risky" rock video is that some unseen force has the right to dictate whether or not we ever get a chance to make decisions for ourselves.

—Del James

METAL ROCK GUITAR LESSONS
Are back by demand!

No reading music required. All lessons written in Tablature, with cassette tape that repeats lessons slow to help make it easier for you to learn. Lessons 1,2,& 3 also provide a metal jamtrack (specially recorded bass and drums),for you to play along with, so you can get the experience of playing with a live band while you learn.

LESSON 1 - METAL RHYTHYM
LESSON 2 - METAL LEADS
LESSON 3 - FINGERTAPPING & VIBRATO BAR TRIX

Also, learn the advanced techniques used by your favorite guitarist (each lesson teaches Rythym & Lead guitar)

ANGUS YOUNG STYLE – JIMMY PAGE STYLE
METALLICA STYLE – MEGADETH STYLE

METAL ROCK SCALES & THEORY LESSON

This lesson is an advanced lesson designed to really advance your playing. Learn the major scale (and the 7 modes, Ionian, Dorian, Phrygian, ect...) minor scales, Diminished, Arpeggios & more. Learn how to develope a Malmsteen, Rhoads style sound.

All lessons $10.00 plus $1.50 postage and handling.

BUY ANY 3, CHOOSE 1 FREE
DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOME

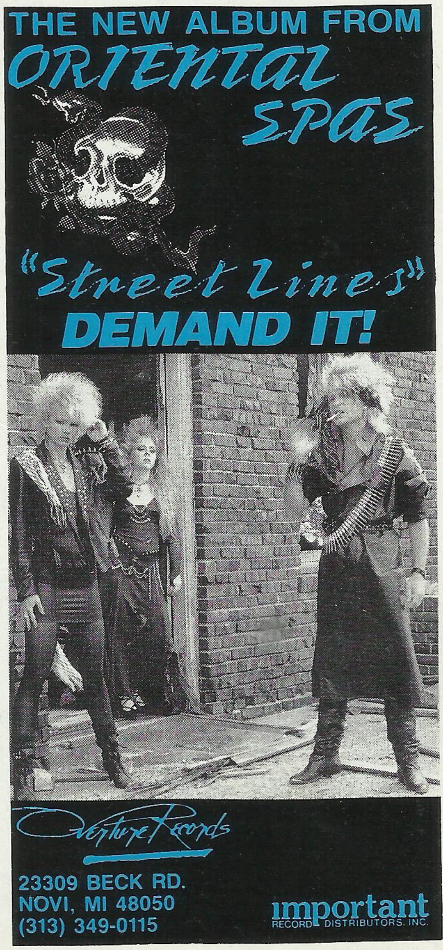
Order by using Visa/Mastercard, (phone-orders welcome also)
or send check or money order to: Metal Rock Co. Dept.6
P.O. Box 165 Reed City, Michigan,49677

VISA / MC ORDERLINE (616) 832-9301

SPECIFY WHICH LESSONS WHEN ORDERING.

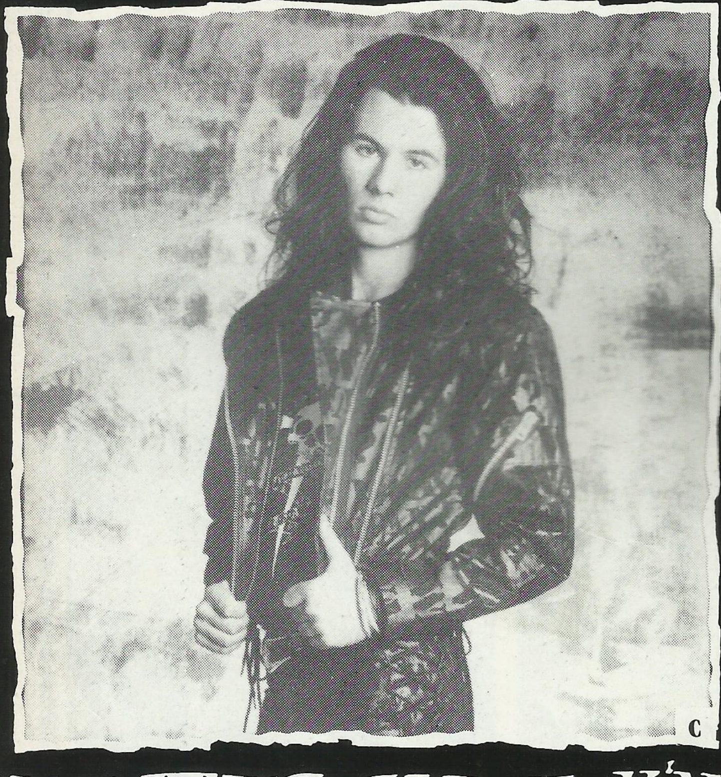
I HAVE enclosed a ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ Visa/MC.
For the total amount of $ ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Visa/MC ______
Expires ______
Signature ______

These products are for educational use only. Metal Rock makes no claim of endorsement or participation by any of the artists mentioned above. Metal Rock 1988



LIP SERVICE

A


C

LA
USA
SERVICE
LA
USA

N CLOTHES=COOL F**K'N CLOTHES=COOL F**K'N

ALL ORDERS TO:
LIP SERVICE
130 S. Anderson
L.A., CA. 90033
(213) 260-7308
Send $2 for
Cataloque & Stickers

DESCRIPTIONS & PRICES

A. Big Print Leggings Available in: Dagger, Dragon, Skulls or Syringe	$34.00
B. Small Print Leggings	$34.00
C. Lace Side Jeans	$70.00
Lace Up Cycle Jacket	$70.00
D. Crop Top Shirt	$34.00
Skating Skirt	$40.00

B, C & D Available in prints: Dagger, Skull War?, ¿Sex?, X-Bones (Wht on Blk, Blk on Blk)

IMPORTANT ORDERING INFO
Send Check or Money Order (U.S. funds only).
Checks MUST clear before we ship.
One to six weeks delivery.
CA. residents add 6.5% sales tax.
Specify quantity, style, size & print.
Add $3 shipping & handling each garment.
Prints: Skull & Cross Bones, Dagger, War?, Crossbones & Solid Black.
Sizes: All items S-M-L except Jackets S-XXL (runs small!) & Jeans 26-34.
NO C.O.D. NO REFUNDS-EXCHANGES ONLY

VISIT OUR NEW STORE: 7708 MELROSE AVENUE, L.A., CA. 90046

BON JOVI
Does Dallas

Mark Weiss/MWA

The Four Seasons in Irving, Texas, is a sumptuous spa/hotel spread over acres of a lush, green golf course. Inside its peach-hued high-rise towers, plush carpets muffle the sound of guests' footsteps as they walk past the game-room and toward the elevators. Floral arrangements adorn the marble structures that dot the vast lobby. The people staying in these luxurious quarters speak in appropriately hushed tones so as not to clash with the refined air of their surroundings.

The kind of people who stay here, one might surmise, are generally well-heeled, well-fed, well-paid, well-clad and well-to-do. They're the sort of people who sit in the exclusive sky boxes at sporting events because they own the company that owns the box. Some of them probably own the team that they're there to see. These are people who think nothing of purchasing a new car on a whim. In other words, they're the filthy rich.

by Adrianne Stone

N JOVI
JERSEY

P.G. Brunelli/Photofeatures

So what was a mere rock journalist doing there? Carrying out an assignment of the utmost importance, exclusive to the pages of RIP. No, it wasn't infiltration of these monied walls for an expose on the guests' wicked ways. Rather, the purpose was to reveal the goings-on of a select few guests. The quarry: Bon Jovi. Yes, the proud sons of New Jersey's fertile musical pastures. The all-American rockers whose musical genius has led to an ongoing stream of hits. But aside from the fact that their financial status would indeed rival that of any other members of this wealthy society, what were *they* doing there?

Bon Jovi were in Dallas to kick off their American tour. Accomplices from both management and record company arranged for this writer to witness the first show on the road. With some narration from Jon, Richie Sambora and Dave Bryan this, my friends, is how it went. . . .

''The old crew was phenomenal, but the system was made for, like, Robert Plant or Dire Straits. Aerosmith used it, but they weren't happy with it, and neither was I. That was the light-man's first show, and we had just hired him the week before; so we weren't even sure whether the lights would work until we walked into the arena. It was a new sound company too. I told the guy that owned the company, 'You got no time for mistakes here. So if it's the guy operating it or my engineer that f?!ks up, you better spit it out tomorrow morning that it's him that's not right, and not your system [that's screwing up]. Because you'll get fired just as quick as the last guy.' ''

—Jon Bon Jovi

3:00 p.m.: On the way to Reunion Arena it is revealed that the band fired both their lighting and sound companies a mere week earlier, and that their new crews have been working around the clock, some of them with only two hours of sleep. At a dress rehearsal yesterday, Jon stood in the dark at the end of a song and politely suggested, ''Uh, guys, maybe there should be some light on me right about. . . now.''

4:00 p.m.: Arriving at the arena, backstage passes with a machine-gun-toting mobster figure (representing the ''Jersey Syndicate'' tour) on them are handed out. Beneath the drawing are the words, ''Saints and Sinners.''

''It's a Bon Jovi thing. It's the inner circle of our troop. Sort of a secret society. We got it after Slippery.''

—Dave Bryan

Key McGhee Entertainment personnel circulate backstage, communicating with walkie-talkies. A diamond-studded gold image of two slippery S's dangles from each of their necks. They were gifts from the BJ gang, representing the breakthrough success of *Slippery When Wet*. Tour director Richie Bozzett herds radio contest winners into one room while MTV sets up their cameras in another. Their wardrobe girl, Nancy ''Spanky'' Spencer, leads me into Bon Jovi's dressing room. The organization there is incredible. Five wardrobe cases (one for each bandmember) stand open in a row, revealing an assortment of stage costumes. Against one wall of the huge room is a mirror and dressing table, atop which is a bounty of pharmaceutical and beauty aids: hairspray, brushes, sore throat tablets, whiskey, Band-Aids and toothpaste (everything but Midol).

''No, I'm sorry. There's no photos during dress rehearsal. Dress rehearsal really isn't 'dress.' The guys usually show up in baggy sweatpants or something and don't even bother to shave.''

—Pam Haslam
PolyGram Publicity

5:30 p.m.: Soundcheck has begun. The booming sound of the keyboards reverberates through the empty arena. The stage setup far surpasses anything Bon Jovi's done in the past. In the form of a misshapen star, the multi-level stage reaches from nearly one side of the arena to the other. A catwalk stretches across the upper rim of the arena, just beneath the ceiling. Two girls stand at the left side of the stage. Dressed in civvies, the bandmembers are barely recognizable. ''Oohh!'' gushes one girl to the other, ''that guitar roadie is really cute!''

Her friend stares at her in shock. ''You asshole!'' she says. ''That's Richie Sambora!''

''It's really funny, because this is their first tour. You know, they've never been in a tour bus! Never! They're so green, they're light green! And we're gonna abuse the living shit out of 'em!''—Dave

8:00 p.m.: Dave and Alec John Such stand unnoticed by an equipment lifter at the side of the stage, watching openers Skid Row. They don't have much time to dawdle, since they've got to return to their dressing room and get ready for their own performance.

''Oh, we were just totally psyched. We were just really, really excited to catch the energy and reactions off the people and see what the hell was going to go down with our new material and how it was gonna be taken. All of that kind of stuff. There was a lot of anticipation, not nerves. Well, there was a little bit of nerves, but I think that came not from a performance level, but from worrying about the variables of all the effects and the lights and everything working. But it was so good to be back in America, especially after you've been everywhere. I mean, our audiences are always into the show, standing up and going wild and stuff like that. But when there's a language barrier, it makes a difference. So when we came back to America, we weren't sure how it was gonna go. We weren't sure of what kind of reaction we would get, and it was just f?!kin' unbelievable.''

—Richie Sambora

Ross Halfin/Vereecke

9:15 p.m.: The intro to "Lay Your Hands on Me" heralds the beginning of the show. A row of spotlights rises in unison with each chant of "Yeah!" blasting over the P.A. A group of McGhee publicists steers me toward a group of empty seats near the front of the orchestra. Like the frenzied fans around us, we jump atop our chairs and let the magic wash over us.

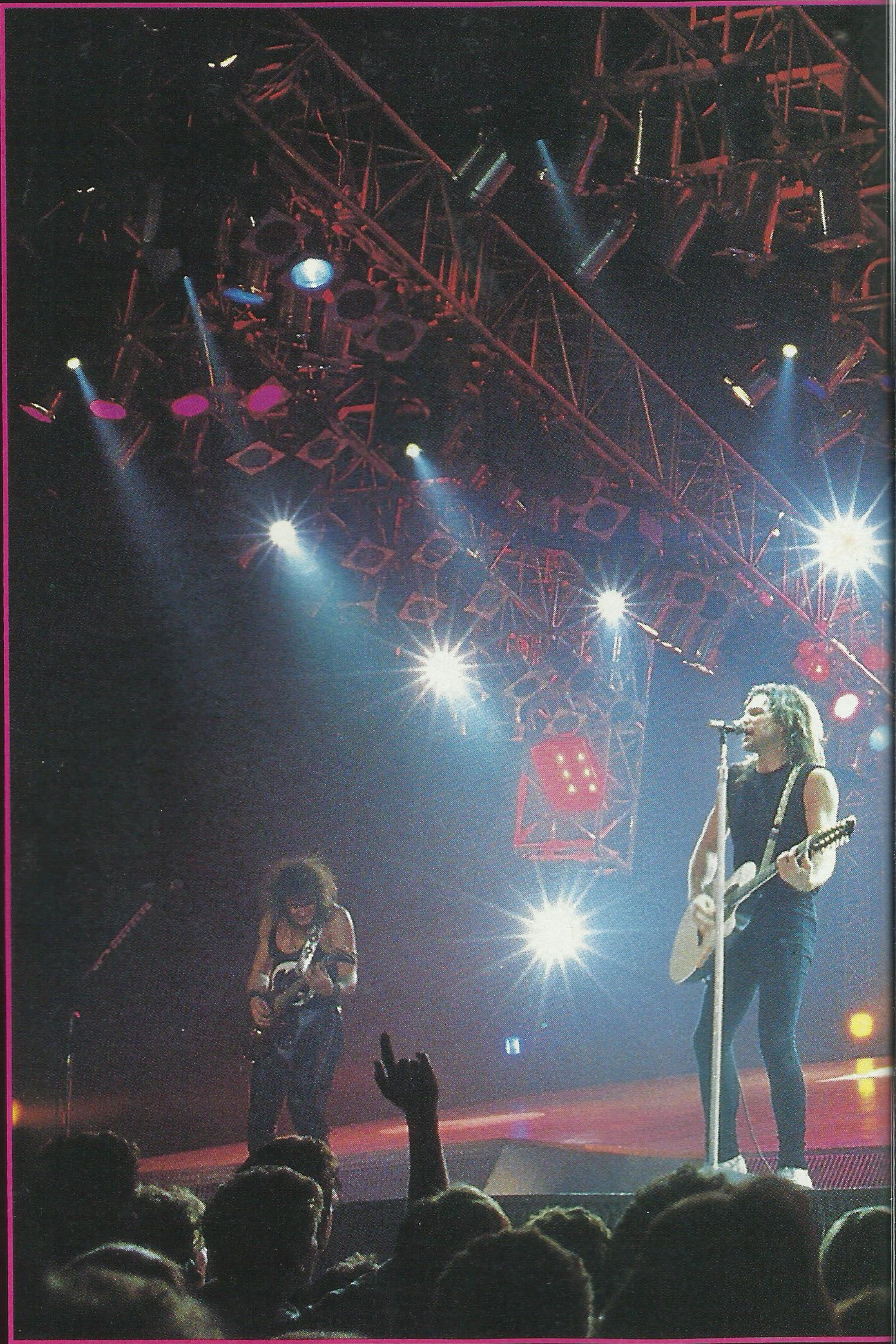
"The roar of the crowd has been so loud, at a constant level. It's really wild. God bless 'em, because what happens is that it gives us energy. When you have a good transition of energy going on between band and audience, it lets you really get lost in what you're doing."
—Richie

The screams and cheers are so loud, I actually cover my ears with my hands (that's a first!). Jon emerges in black leather and a black T-shirt cut from shoulder to waist. His hair is a loosely fringed, hanging shag and, like the rest of the band, he's deeply tanned from their show a week earlier in Hawaii (technically a part of the U.S., but not considered part of the continent). A grin spreads across his mug as he does aerobic kicks across the stark, streamlined stage to the upbeat rhythms of "Runaway" and "Wild in the Streets."

"It's good to be back in the land of Jack-In-The-Box and MTV," he announces to the crowd as he launches into a fable about a lively lass he met at his hotel. "I told her I was more trouble than she could handle," he teases, "and she said *everything* is bigger in Texas!" A few more songs, a few more words for the audience. "This is for all the guys out there that went out and bought two tickets to take your girlfriends out tonight—and you paid for parking and bought some soda and T-shirts and dinner and flowers."

When the band launches into "Born to Be My Baby," the females in the audience go into a hormone frenzy. Jon points out one girl, who takes it as an invitation to join him onstage. In a jiffy she leaps over the orchestra divider and into his arms. Equally thrilled that the show is obviously going better than planned, he waves away his bodyguard and dances the lucky girl across the stage, lifts her in his arms and sings to her before eventually passing her back to the safety of the orchestra seats. I can almost hear the collective swoon of the girls around me as they wish they were in her shoes.

"We wanted to make the whole arena close. The tram was Jon's idea. When he first drew it up, I went, 'F?!k! How the hell can this work?' And not only that, how do you make that drawing a reality? But we did it to give the fans their money's worth. And it worked!"—Richie



Dave's keyboard spotlight, "Pink Flamingos," echoes through the stadium, creating a diversion as the catwalk/tram lowers toward the temporary stage platforms. Jon races up the tram, 30-odd feet above the orchestra, toward the back of the arena. Richie and Alec follow suit, wielding their guitar and bass over the crowd as the entire arena joins them in their excitement.

"I don't mind not being able to run up on the tram. I mean, what am I gonna do, strap my keyboards on my back?"
—Dave

"I guess it's the conditioning. There's a lot more physical activity in the show than there was last time, so you got to break your body in. Just like drinking. If you're not used to drinking, and you drink one day, you wake up the next day and feel like shit. You've got to get your body in the groove."
—Richie

As energized as their race around the ceiling was, the three land back onstage in time to catch their breath and delve into the acoustic guitar ballad "I'll Be There for You." Jon's voice is strong and clear. What's more, it's matured, as has everything about the band. The songs, like "Blood on Blood"—which Jon announces, "Stands for a lot of things I stand for, like friendship"—are anthemic and rich with harmonies and dynamics without having lost their infectious arousal of emotions. The entire arena

P.G. Brunelli/Photofeatures

moving as one to the tunes in a religious fervor affects me in a way that I haven't felt in a long time. Yes, hardened rock vet that I've become, it's been quite a while since I've gotten goose bumps from the collective excitement of a rousing performance. But sure enough, there they are, crawling across my flesh. As ''Livin' on a Prayer'' begins, I gaze about me to see the reactions of my neighbors. *Beautiful. Just beautiful*, I think. I mean, this is what rock and roll is all about! A symbiotic, orgiastic, mass grooving to the tunes. How can parents object to this? How can wars be fought? How can so much time and energy and so many lives be spent hating when five mere mortals from New Jersey can spread so much euphoria and joy with their musical creations?

An encore of four songs and a guitar solo later, balloons fall in a deluge from the ceiling, drowning the 15,000 worshipers in a rainbow of colors and creating mass confusion near the backstage entrance.

''It was definitely one of those nights. The tequila was pouring, and when the bartender quit for the night, I served all those radio guys all night long. I'm the mixologist. Don't try this at home!''
—Jon

12:45 a.m.: I return to the hotel where a private self-congratulatory party is being held for Jon and a select few friends and business associates. As our car climbs the slopes leading toward the building, a security guard stops us to ask for identification. In an effort to keep party crashers out of their halls, the hotel has been forced to implement this preventive procedure.

Jon, standing five deep among his admirers, sees me waiting indecisively by the door. ''Adrianne!'' he says, pushing towards me, ''we *have* to talk! Call me tomorrow morning.'' Then he leans close and whispers, ''I'm in room 659. Don't forget, okay?'' Sure, fine. But right now, I'm gonna go sink my weary head into one of those super-soft, ritzy, chi-chi, poo-poo pillows in my suite. I've had enough excitement doing Dallas with Bon Jovi for one night.

DORO

Pesch has the force!

FORCE MAJEURE

is the uncompromising, unleashed power of the one and only Doro Pesch!

In track after track of untamed rock, Doro proves she's got the force! "Hard Times," "Save My Soul," and "Whiter Shade of Pale" like you've never heard it before!

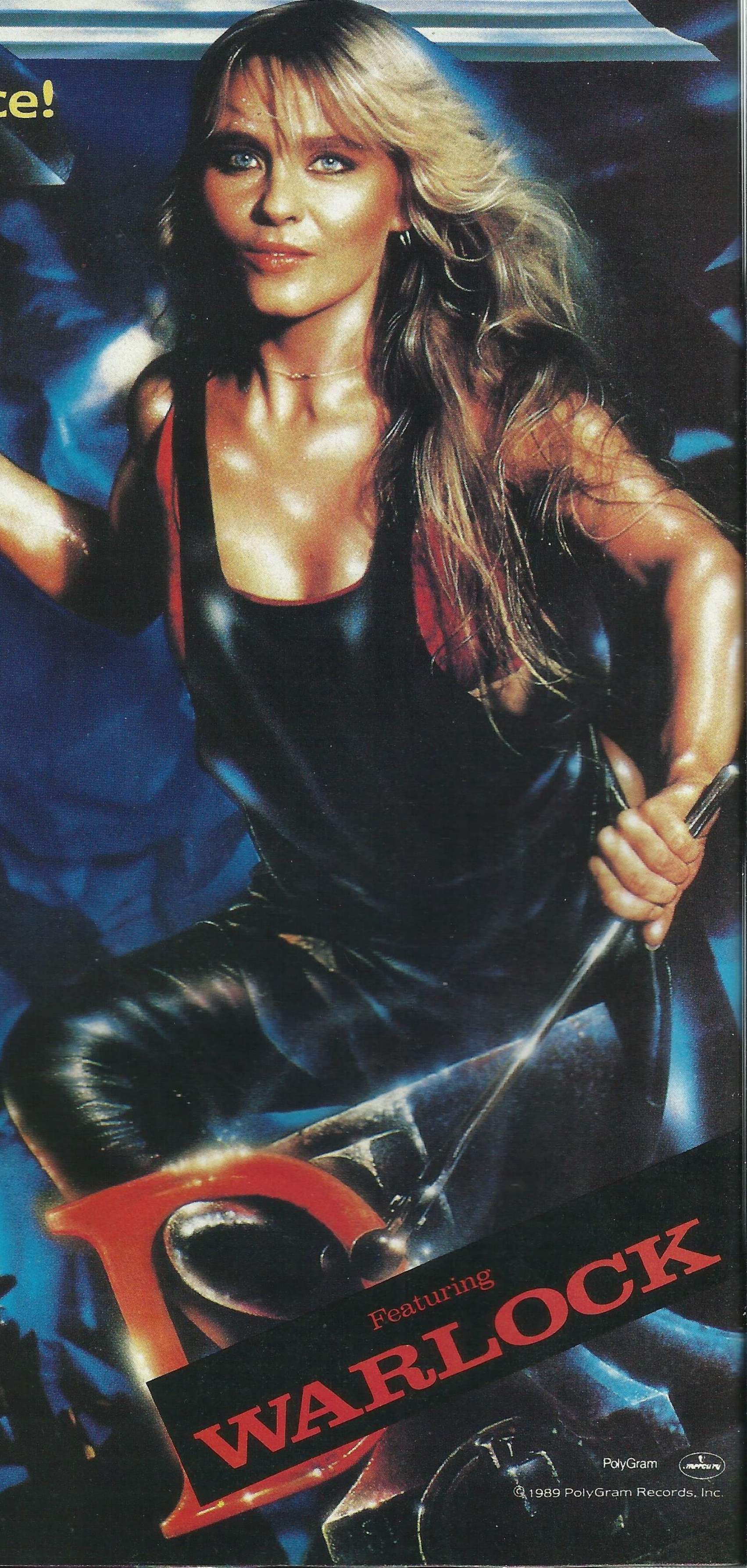
Doro Pesch has the force! "Force Majeure!" Get it now!

Watch for Doro on tour this summer!

DORO
FORCE MAJEURE
838 016-1/2/4

Produced & Arranged by Joey Balin.
Engineered & Mixed by Jeff Hendrickson.
Management: Alex Grob/
G.G. Entertainment Enterprises.

On Mercury Compact Discs,
Chrome Cassettes and Records.
© 1989 PolyGram Records, Inc.



PolyGram Mercury
© 1989 PolyGram Records, Inc.

WINGER
STRIKES GOLD

BY KATHERINE TURMAN

It's a tough life. Hanging around beautiful hotels. Spending days shooting the breeze with superstar bands. Walking past glaring groupies to poolside lunches with rockers. Hanging out backstage. On this particular smog-filled L.A. day, the luxurious hotel in question is the infamous Hyatt House on the Sunset Strip, where folks like Led Zep tossed TVs off balconies and Spinal Tap planned the Jack the Ripper musical "Saucy Jack" while lounging at the rooftop pool. And the band du jour is Winger, whose self-titled debut is chugging steadily towards platinum status. Answering my knock on the door of room 811 at the Hyatt House, Kip ushers me in. As we settle in to discuss life, love and the pursuit of rock nirvana, Kip comments on the greenness of my eyes. "It's great," he says. Sigh. Yes, rock journalism's a tough gig.

Though Mr. Winger was functioning on very few hours sleep, thanks to an underwater video shoot that ended at 5 a.m., he's full of Kip-isms—meaning he adopts British accents, uses words like *stud* and *kill* and breaks into song at a moment's notice. Today's tunes of choice for Kip and keyboard whiz Paul Taylor: "Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree" and Spinal Tap's "Big Bottom."

Though the band's approach to rock is complex and multitextured, Winger doesn't sacrifice hooks for meaningless demonstrations of virtuosity, and as Kip's antics prove, the band likes to have fun—in their own weird way. "Kip used to chase me around the apartment nude just to bother me," says guitarist Reb Beach, Kip's former roommate. "He loves to bother you. He whistles at this pitch where dogs around the neighborhood are like, 'Woof, woof, woof,' and he gives you noogies—it's like he's 12 years old. He spits McDonald's food out of his mouth when he's talking to you."

Despite, or perhaps *because of*, the bandmembers' personalities, drummer Rod Morgenstein says Winger "is probably the most relaxed tour I've ever been part of"—and the renowned fusion drummer toured with the Dixie Dregs for years. "We've got ten people in one bus, and you spend at

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

. . . AND MORE!

least half of the nights every week sleeping on the bus—living on it. It's sort of like Boy Scout camp. You revert to being like a little kid, and that helps you keep it together," Rod explains.

Touring with the Scorpions and Cinderella has been great for Winger, though the band is not interested in the excesses available to touring rockers. For one thing, they've all been through it—Kip over ten years ago! "I was playing clubs at 14. We'd smuggle me into the gig. It was a gas. I was getting laid all the time. That was the fun part of it, I'll tell you. The girls were much older—like 17," laughs Kip. "But that was the old days. I was a legend in my own mind, really," he says in his Spinal Tap British accent. "If I had made it when I was 15 or 18, I would be dead right now. Totally a drug addict. Dead. 'Cause I was just a total . . .drink every night, smoke pot every day. I quit doing everything when I was 18. That's when I started, for me personally, getting it together."

Egos were also a problem in his early band, Colorado, which featured Winger siblings Nate and Paul. "Our whole band was egomaniacs. We thought we were the Beatles. [Here he pulls out an adorable black-and-white photo of Colorado playing a Valentine's Day dance, circa 1970.] But everybody goes through that. Now I study and do things that I can be proud of, so my ego is in a place of pride," explains Kip. "A lot of people who don't have a lot of talent, their ego fills that void of non-talent, so their ego is huge. But the more you develop your talent, the less your ego has to fill up." Paul nods, agreeing with Professor Kip's Rock Philosophy 101. "But it's never the biggest talents—the king shits of everybody are always the nicest people."

Adds Paul: "There's nothing to prove."

The Winger boys have nothing to prove—in the rock and roll myth category, that is. "We're very tame," Kip says, yawning.

"All four of us are the most mild-mannered people I've met," adds Paul.

"Just a spot of tea in the afternoon," continues Kip. "None of us can inspire the other guys to get going."

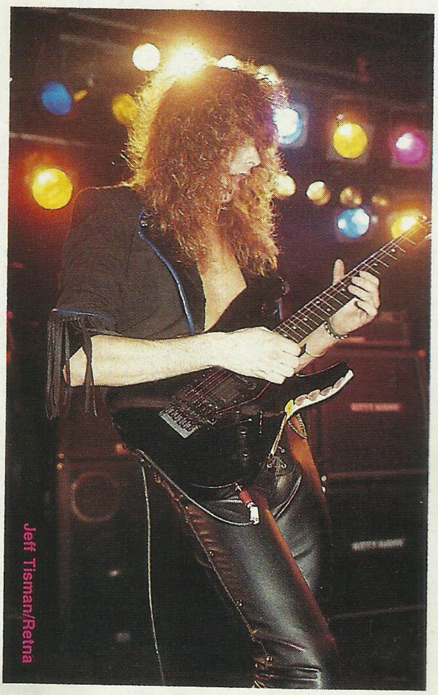
"Everyone is so nice, it's sickening," laughs nice-guy Reb.

Though nice, they've all got their personal peccadillos. Kip's is organization—he's Mr. Planning! "Kip dwells on that kind of stuff," confirms Paul. "He sits around and plans until he's blue in the face."

Though Winger had just completed the "Headed for a Heartbreak" video the day before, "I've already got the 'Hungry' video totally written. I'm just obsessed with that kind of shit," admits the 27-year-old singer. Yet he's apparently not a tough guy to work with.

"We wrote three songs in one day—the first day we ever played together," recalls Reb. "Time to Surrender" and the first single, "Madalaine," were two to come out of that initial writing session. "It was like, 'Where have you been all my life?' " enthuses Reb.

Kip tends to be the group's wordsmith, and he confides that, "It's hard to write lyrics. You have to write about something you can sing, and make it believable. I couldn't get up and sing 'Sweet Child O' Mine,' and Axl probably couldn't get up and sing 'Without the Night.' " Songwriting for Kip is intensely personal, and he recalls some early writing attempts where he thought, " 'I'm going to try to write something that I think people want to hear.' But it doesn't work! So after I did that for about a minute, I figured it out. I just do what I think is the best work I can do, and if people like it, I'm lucky." Here Kip flips on his tape deck, and the grandiose strains of a classical piece float upward. "This is the real shit," he says enthusiastically. "Now *that* is music! There were no drums back then, but this rocks hard."


Jeff Tisman/Retna

Most of the songs on *Winger* deal with affairs of the heart. "Yeah, it was totally where I was at the time, and it may be again," admits Kip, looking somewhat melancholy. Actually, one of his songs, "Headed for a Heartbreak," has a sadly strange story. "It's actually very—what's the right word—it's very something," he says, grasping for the phrase. "Cryptic is the word I want to use, but I don't like the connotation. It's depicting my life right now. When I wrote the song a year-and-a-half ago, it's like a prediction into my life now, which is really kind of weird. It was just like something I beamed into the future."

Romance doesn't seem to be blooming for Paul either. Glancing through his fan mail, Paul opens one from a 13-year-old female. "I'm going to be single for the rest of my life at this rate," he laments.

Kip picks up my tape recorder. "I'm making a formal announcement," he declares in one of his many accents. "Paul wants a girlfriend. A nice girl."

Adds Paul, to clarify things, "I'm the one with the puffy brown hair."

Paul is a bit cheered up by Kip's next piece of fan mail. " 'On behalf of the female population at Newtown High,' " Kip reads, " 'we would like to let you know that you are the most popular guy in our school. All over Newtown High School the word is written: *Kip is God. I love Kip Winger* and *I'm devoted to Kip.*' " Kip looks up, grinning. " 'Not only are you handsome,' " he continues, " 'but we'd love to congratulate you and the rest of the guys in the band on the awesome album you guys put together, and we're looking forward to hearing your next one. Love and peace, the girls at Newtown High School, Newtown, Connecticut.' " The band is ecstatic. "Dedicate this article to the girls at Newtown High!" they request.

It's moments like this that make it all worthwhile, 'cause it's not money Winger is after. "You don't keep score with money, that's what my dad always told me," Kip says. "Human beings, relationships, things that are important" is how Kip tracks the progress of his life.

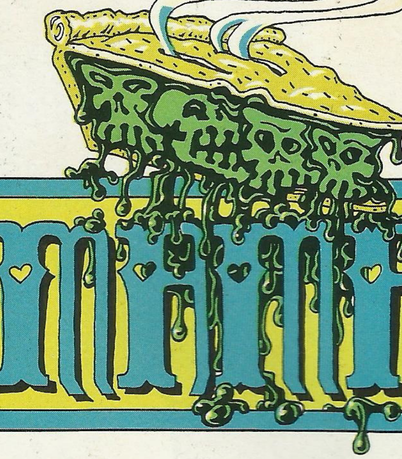
In keeping with the band's mellow approach, the Spinal Tap elements of life on the road are seen in their proper light—like the time Reb (a former singing waiter at a New York crab house) fell off the stage during a particularly frenzied solo. "The stage was up to my nose, and I was trying to climb up," he recalls, laughing. "My guitar was making all these noises, and my butt was sticking up in the air with the spotlight on it." Hello, Cleveland! Reb, on a major tour for the first time, has found it's everything he expected. "I always wanted to play that A chord and have it ring forever [at a concert]. I'm finally there, and it's exactly like I dreamed it was going to be!"

Rod, too, waxes enthusiastic about joining a young rock band. "I thought that there were too many positive things about this band for it not to have a really good chance at success," states Rod, whose first group, the Dixie Dregs, was born in the '70s as the University of Miami Rock Ensemble.

Though Kip and the boys are enjoying the hoopla surrounding their freshman debut, you won't catch them resting on their laurels (whatever those may be!). They're still playing the occasional bowling alley and roller-rink gig this time 'round, and off tour the long-haired fab foursome live down-to-earth existences—in four different states! Paul resides in Los Angeles, Kip out of a suitcase (though his bed and bookcase live in Hoboken, N.J.), Reb in his hometown of Pittsburgh and Rod in New York.

Kip, as is his practice, has done a fair share of ruminating on the past, present and especially the future of Winger. "You see a horizon, and you see the sun going up on the horizon—we're still tripping over the cactus," Kip philosophizes with a chuckle. "It's like our third video. We're on our third mile, and we've got 180,000 miles to go to get to the horizon. You have to grow, but be the same. That's the hardest thing to do in this business: not to leave your audience in the dust, but to grow, so they're not bored with you."

Mama mia! Starting this month, Lita Ford's mom gives you advice on all your most pressing problems. If she raised a rocker like Lita, you know she's gotta be cool!



DEAR MAMA FORD

DEAR MAMA FORD: I'm a 17-year-old guitar player who someday wants to be in a big-time band. The problem is my parents. They're convinced that when I leave high school, I'm going to go to college to be a lawyer or doctor or something.

Every major bandmember today has the same story: "I dropped out of high school and moved to L.A. (or N.Y.)." I can't just go to L.A. or N.Y., or anywhere for that matter. My parents would flip out and disown me if I went to them and said, "Mom, Dad, I'm dedicating my life to music, and I'm leaving."

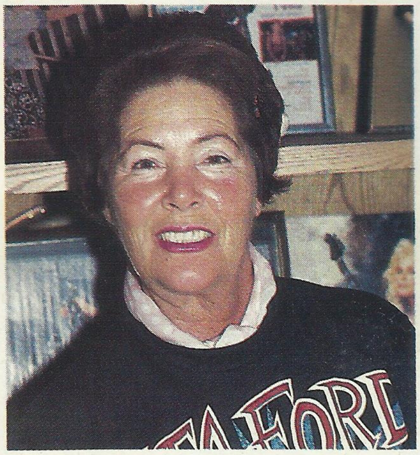
I know half the musicians in the country are failures, without record contracts and on welfare, but I'd rather do something I'm dedicated to and have fun than be rich. What should I do? —Confused

Dear Confused: The world of music is very hard. To be a good guitar player takes years of practice, but with the right help you may succeed. Not every member of major bands are dropouts. Most have a degree. Fun is not always the answer. Maybe you should dedicate your life to better things, like becoming a doctor or lawyer and making your parents very happy.

DEAR MAMA FORD: My problem is that I'm caught in the middle of my two closest friends. Friend No.1 and I have been best friends for two years. I love her so much, and I really couldn't see my life without her. Then there's friend No.2. She's my really good friend. I met her about a year ago. I really like her a lot, and I would never want to hurt her.

Friend No.1 and I have been planning to move to L.A. together ever since we met, and we still want to. But then friend No.1 and I got into a really big fight. I didn't see or speak to her for weeks! In that period of time friend No.2 and I were spending more time together. We also planned to move to L.A. together. I never thought I would see friend No.1 again. But then we made up, and are now closer than we ever were. Friend No.2 still wants to move to L.A. with me! Now I don't really want to. I want to move with friend No.1. I can't tell friend No.2 because I just know that it will ruin our friendship. I also don't want friend No.1 to find out because that would ruin our friendship. I have to tell friend No.2, though, because I don't want her to think I'm still moving with her. Please help me!

—The Rope in a Tug of War



Dear Rope in a Tug of War: Give friend No.2 a chance. Tell her the story you have in mind. She'll understand what you are going through. I am sure your girlfriend would want you to be happy. But in the future, have a lot of friends for variety, and your friendships will grow.

DEAR MAMA FORD: This may be quite out of the ordinary, but how do you tell if you're going, or already are, crazy? The hook is that I don't want to deal with psychiatrists or anything connected to school, if possible.

I told a few of my friends that I think there's something wrong with me, and they thought I was fooling around and "played along." Once I said to a friend that I felt "emotionally unbalanced," and he said that I was just a "normal teenager." The problem is that I have never really been normal. I know that a few of my ancestors were more than eccentric. The family friends have always had at least one quirk. My dad and I have been told by many that we are the strangest people they know. All I would like to know is if I just think and approach things differently or if I'm crazy.

—Disturbed?
Stockton, California

Dear Disturbed: Today many strange and eccentric people are taking part in this world. Crazy is a big word. I don't believe you are part of that. You're just a teenager seeking love, understanding and attention amongst your friends. Maybe you need to find some new friends.

DEAR MAMA FORD: I'm a 15-year-old female rocker, and I'm very religious. I'm right-on for God, and I go to church every chance I get, but my parents (mostly my mother) are against heavy metal. My mom hardly lets me attend church because of heavy metal. She says, "You're crazy. How can you go to church and listen to heavy metal? Do you know what you're doing to your religion? Church and metal don't mix!" This makes me feel low and scummy. Me not going to church is like Metallica without James Hetfield's mega-super voice! No one can make me give up metal. No one. Not even my mom.

I just can't deal with her sometimes. I thought of suicide before, but I know it's just a one-way ticket to hell, and that's not the place I plan to go. I really don't know what to do anymore. She sometimes thinks that I'm a devil worshiper. Please help me out before my mom drives me to hell!

—Religious Rocker

Dear Religious Rocker: To know heavy metal music takes a lot of understanding. Maybe it's not everyone's kind of music. Heavy metal is not devil worshiper's music. I know many rockers who are very religious. Have a quiet talk with your mom. Try to compromise with her. Maybe in the years to come she will change her mind about heavy metal.

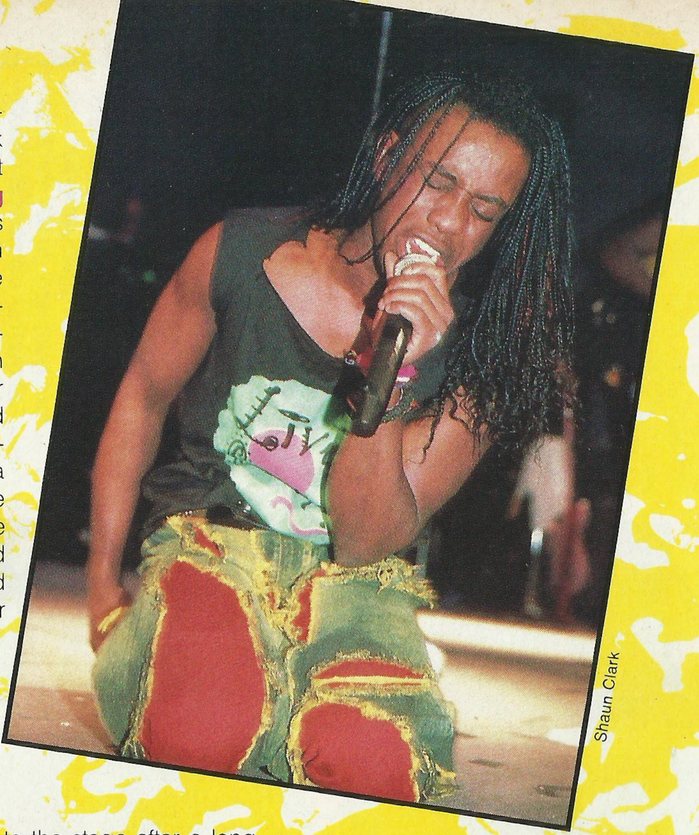
Dudes and dudettes, if you've got a problem that's got you stumped, write to Lita's mom. Send your pleas for help to DEAR MAMA FORD, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

NOTE: The opinions of Ms. Ford do not necessarily represent those of RIP Magazine.

RIP

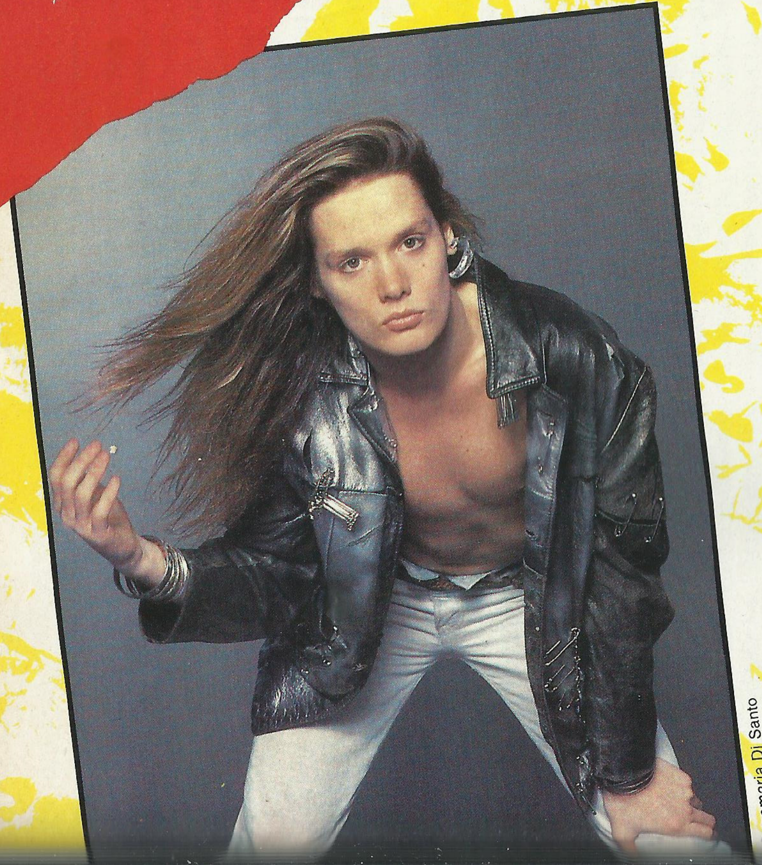
T.M.

Though they've now garnered a mainstream rock audience, the coolest new band of the year, **Living Colour**, have their legions among the metal contingent. In fact, if you haven't seen them live yet, watch out! This band inspires a mosh pit to rival Metallica. No shit! At their recent gig in L.A. (before embarking on a tour of England with Anthrax), lead singer Corey Glover took life-in-hand and projected himself in a thrash dive into the heart of the milling masses stageside. The kids went nuts, Corey emerged unscathed, and the band heshed on. Billy Milano, eat your heart out!

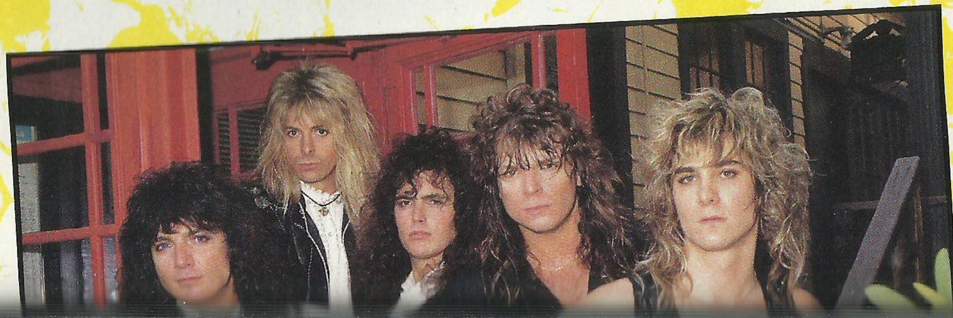


Shaun Clark

W.A.S.P.'s triumphant return to the stage after a long absence took place at the **Party Ninjas**' major blowout benefit for missing children, held recently in Santa Monica, California. The fans were primed, the band was rockin', everything was perfect . . . until bassist Johnny Rod slid into a rock pose, legs splayed out, a huge grin on his face. The grin dissolved quickly into a look of dismay as Johnny rose from a split, being careful not to turn his backside to the audience. Then he cried, "I ripped my f?!king pants!" and turned to show his naked butt to the all-star crowd watching from the wings. At least Johnny didn't expose his, uh, rod.



Annamaria Di Santo



Glen LaFerman

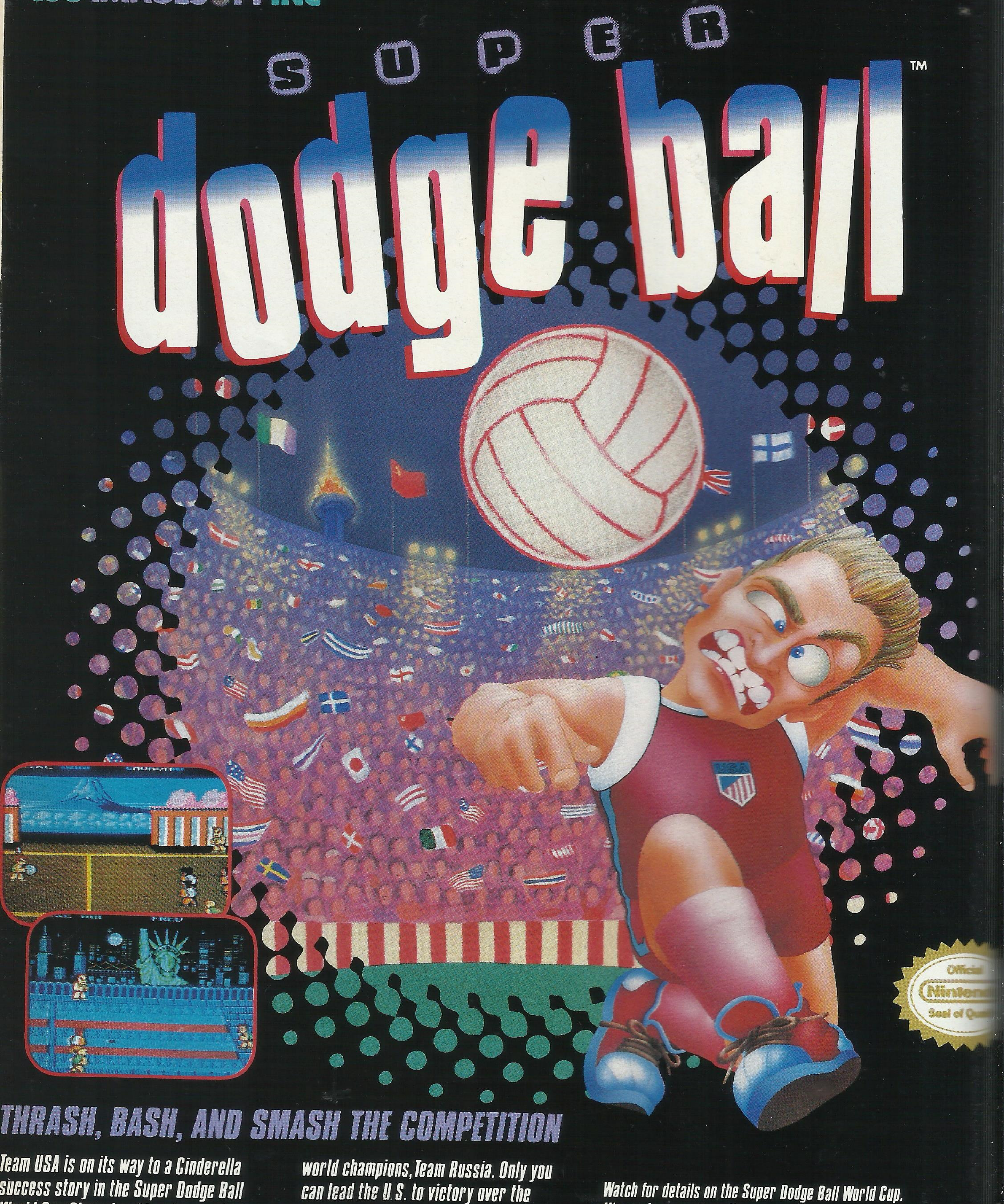
RAP

Skid Row vocalist Sebastian Bach was pulled off the stage, handcuffed and arrested for "using abusive and violent language" at the band's recent 14,000-seater gig in Hampton, Virginia. The trouble started when Bach got a hold of a complaint letter from a Mr. and Mrs. Bundy (not Ted's parents. . .cough), who stated that "Skid Row are a foul-mouthed, untalented group who were found in the gutter," and that Jon Bon Jovi should "put them back there, where they belong!" Bach read the letter in its entirety. He forewarned those in the audience with weak ears that they should step out in the foyer "and get some popcorn," and for the next four minutes he "foul-mouthed" up a storm. Bach was arrested seconds before the band's encore, "Youth Gone Wild," ended. He was fined $35 and ordered never to return again. Sebastian's comment on the whole ordeal: "Heavy, man. . .f?!king heavy."

The Make A Difference Foundation, founded by rock manager Doc McGhee, is responsible for the release of a charity album due out on PolyGram this summer that will donate its funds toward aiding drug and alcohol rehabilitation programs around the world. The album will contain songs made famous by artists who died of substance abuse, rerecorded by the likes of Ozzy, who does "Purple Haze," Bon Jovi, Russian rockers Gorky Park, the Scorpions, Skid Row and many others. The second completed tune was Janis Joplin's "Move Over," which the guys in Cinderella did. The album, scheduled for a July release, will coincide with Bon Jovi's first performance in Russia, August 12. The proceeds from this 140,000-seat venue will go to aid the same problem in Russia.

You've no doubt heard about those scandalous little Polaroid books that sleazy-minded rock bands cultivate while on lengthy concert tours. Most of the time it's the roadies who put together the photo albums with shots of young ladies (alright, bimbos) of every persuasion, who've *somehow* managed to get backstage, in less than flattering poses. Well, our traveling pal, **House of Lords** bassist Chuck Wright, claims his crew has amassed *the* book of bimbos. According to the handsome Chuckles, the amazing ladies are turning out in hordes for the Lords. At press time we hadn't gotten a personal look at the book . . . but next time through L.A., Chuck promises our editor a peek. We'll keep you abreast of things. . . .

CSG IMAGESOFT INC


SUPER
dodge ball™
Official Nintendo Seal of Quality

THRASH, BASH, AND SMASH THE COMPETITION

Team USA is on its way to a Cinderella success story in the Super Dodge Ball World Cup Championships. From out of nowhere, this scrappy bunch of rookies is advancing to the final round of competition. But, seven powerful teams still stand between Team USA and their ultimate challenge; the long awaited grudge match with the undefeated, defending world champions, Team Russia. Only you can lead the U.S. to victory over the highly-favored competition, and give them the chance to crush the mighty Soviets.

- *1 or 2 players*
- *Multi-dimensional, high-resolution graphics*
- *3 increasing levels of challenge*

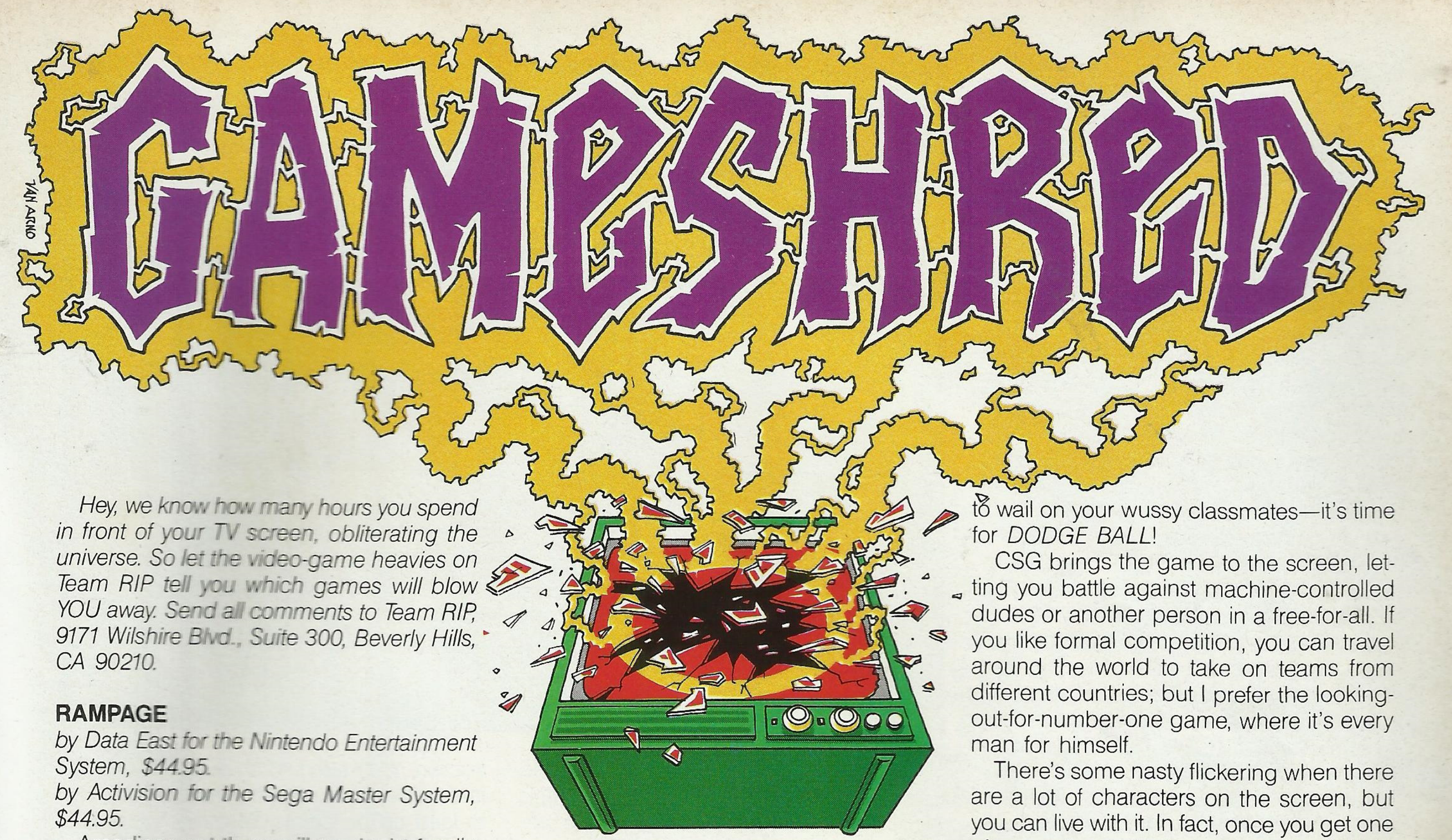
Watch for details on the Super Dodge Ball World Cup. It's coming soon to a city near you. Co-sponsored by CSG Imagesoft Inc™ and Sony® Corporation of America.

SUPER DODGE BALL™ is distributed by CSG Imagesoft Inc., Los Angeles, CA. "CSG Imagesoft™" and "Imagesoft™" are trademarks of CSG Imagesoft Inc. "SUPER DODGE BALL™" is a trademark of Technos Japan Corp., © 1988 Technos Japan Corp. Nintendo® and Nintendo Entertainment System® are trademarks of Nintendo of America Inc.

Licensed By Nintendo For Play On The

Nintendo ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM®

GAMESHRED



Edited by Team RIP

Hey, we know how many hours you spend in front of your TV screen, obliterating the universe. So let the video-game heavies on Team RIP tell you which games will blow YOU away. Send all comments to Team RIP, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

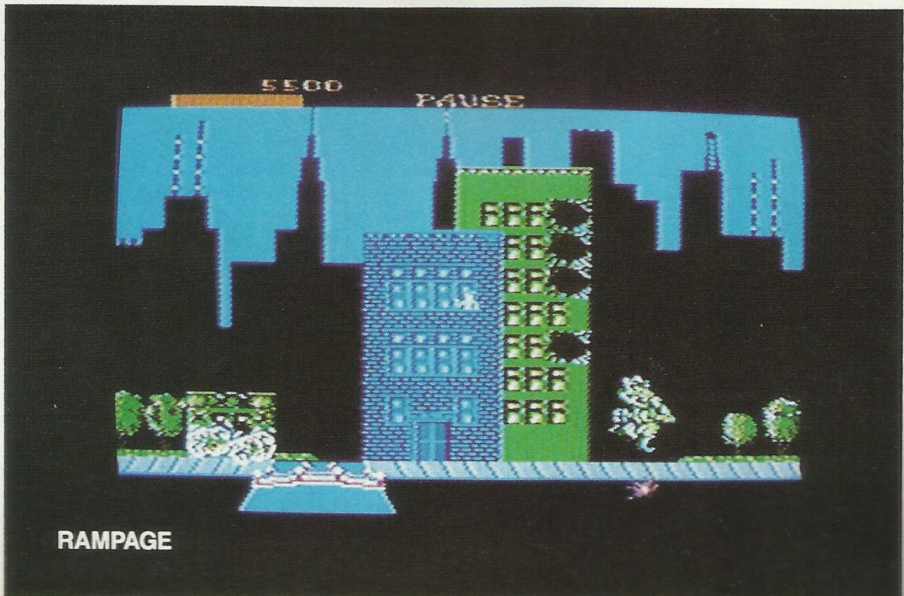
RAMPAGE

by Data East for the Nintendo Entertainment System, $44.95.
by Activision for the Sega Master System, $44.95.

Arcadiacs out there will no doubt fondly recall the *Rampage* coin-op game. Now NES and Sega players can trash buildings and munch on humans in the comfort of their own homes!

Thanks to a blast of radiation, your on-screen character has mutated into a crash 'n' slash monster—either George the Ape, Lizzy the Lizard or Ralph the Wolf—who is unleashed for a night on the town, and we mean *on the town!* The goal is to hack away at all the buildings you see and munch on any people who cross your path. Keep an eye peeled for grenades, missiles and bullets being fired your way by extremely P.O.'ed soldiers. Getting hit takes a toll on your damage line, and when it ticks down to zip, you turn back into your bare-assed human form.

The NES version is not as good as the Sega version because it flickers a lot, and you are limited to playing either George or Lizzy. On the other hand, both versions let you and a friend gang up in cooperative play to scuff up some skyscrapers. Get some pals together for a real bash—it'll bring the roof down. —*L.E.*



RAMPAGE

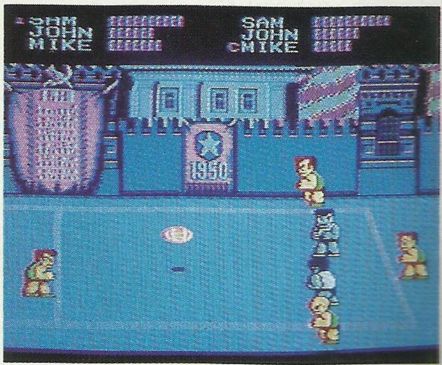
SUPER DODGE BALL

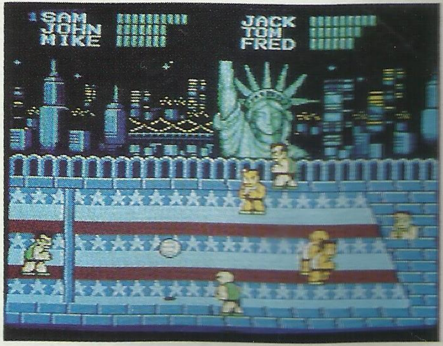
by CSG Imagesoft for the Nintendo Entertainment System, $39.95.

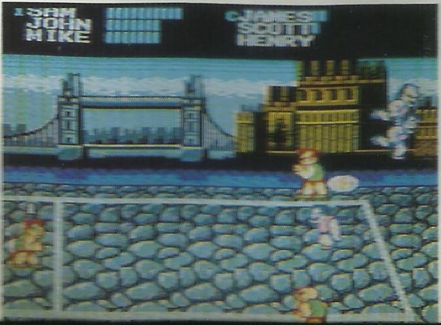
Think back to gym class for a minute. It's a rainy day, and you step into the gymnasium to see the teacher holding a large red rubber ball in his pudgy hand. Yup, it's time to wail on your wussy classmates—it's time for *DODGE BALL*!

CSG brings the game to the screen, letting you battle against machine-controlled dudes or another person in a free-for-all. If you like formal competition, you can travel around the world to take on teams from different countries; but I prefer the looking-out-for-number-one game, where it's every man for himself.

There's some nasty flickering when there are a lot of characters on the screen, but you can live with it. In fact, once you get one of your players tooling across the field to whip the ball at an opponent's head at full speed, you won't care anyway—and seeing what happens when he gets beaned will have you rolling on the floor. This is one head-bashing battle! —*L.E.*







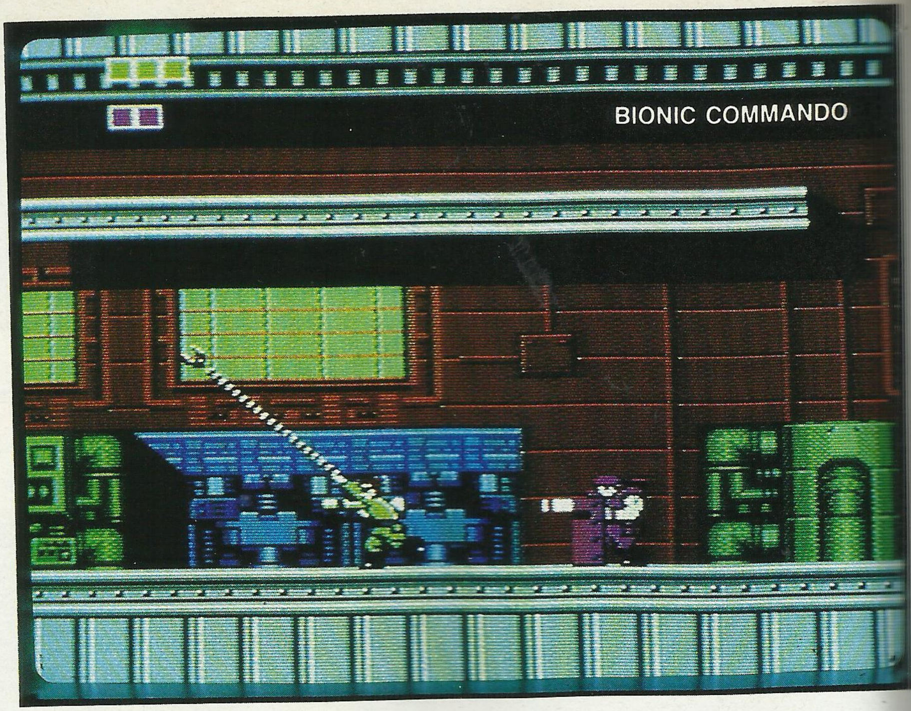
BIONIC COMMANDO

by Capcom for the Nintendo Entertainment System, $39.95.

Want to know the one thing wrong with this game? The instructions suck. As far as I can tell, it's some time in the future, and your job is to rescue some dude named Super Joe. Why? Who knows. But it doesn't matter, because this game is ultra-hot. As a bionic commando, you've got 19 different areas of enemy territory to explore, each with its own challenges and perils. You'll receive communications from secret agents, tap into enemy transmissions, discover secret weapons and be forced to deal with over 20 different types of enemy vermin. You'll have to think fast, move quick and try not to get lost along the way.

Your commando has a variety of weapons available (some of which are found along the way), mostly of the shooting variety. But the real trip is his bionic arm, which extends out to grab things or trash the bad guys. Imagine Tarzan with a built-in vine. You can swing from platform to platform, climb up to the level above or just raise yourself up to avoid getting shot. This really adds an extra dimension of play to the game and gets a definite thumbs up from Team RIP.

Bionic Commando features 19 levels of scrolling play (in addition to numerous battle scenes), superb graphics and excellent sound. If you don't mind figuring things out for yourself, this is one awesome game!
—*R.D.*



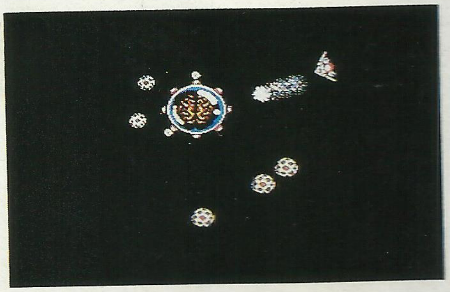
GYRUSS

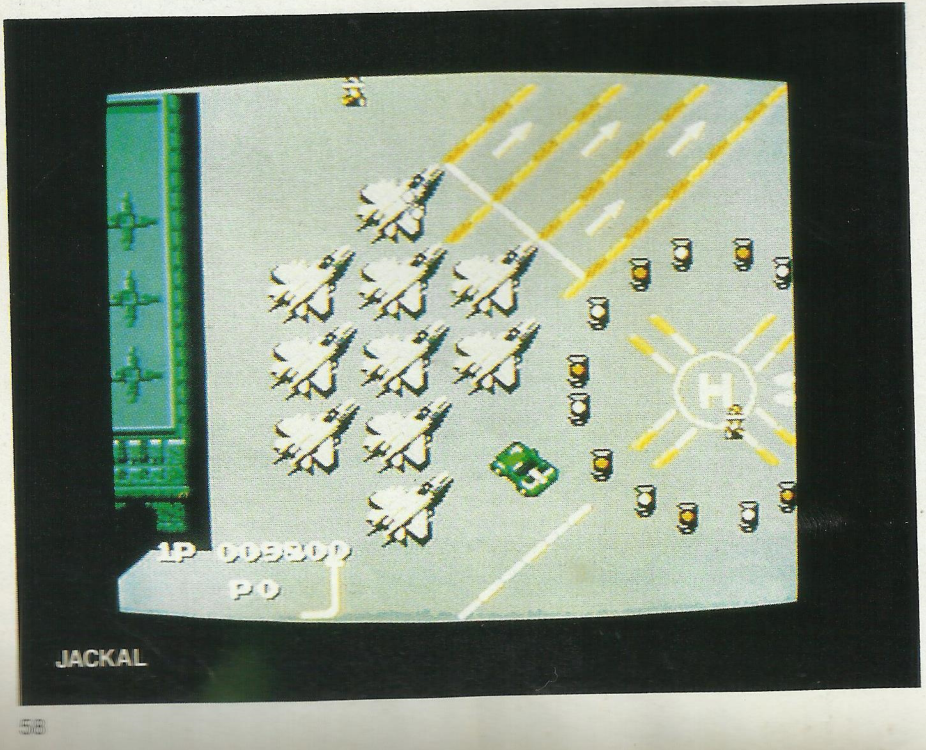
by Ultra for the Nintendo Entertainment System, $36.95.

Watch out, space fans, this game is universal obliteration with a twist! Seems as though Gyrusian space fiends have taken over the galaxy, and it's up to you, your Neo-Tutonic Cannon and your Ultra-Lazonic Phasers (who thinks of these names?) to save it. You have to blast your way from the outer regions of the solar system, past each of the planets until you get to the Sun, to prevent these evil forces from prospering. Between each planet are three Warp Zones loaded with alien hordes bent on your destruction. You'll also find challenge stages before each planet, which give you a chance to load up on points, firepower and extra ships.

Hey, I know—you're sick of space games. But in *Gyruss* things are a little different. Instead of moving back and forth at the bottom of the screen, you fly around the edges in a circle, shooting towards the center. Aliens fly in from all sides, meteors hurtle at you, space slime threatens to engulf you and kamikaze critters zip across the screen, bent on your destruction. Imagine *Galaga* '88 in 3-D. This game is hot!

Gyruss features 39 levels of play, good graphics and great sound. It's fun, addictive and even better than the arcade version. Check it out.
—*R.D.*





JACKAL

by Konami for the Nintendo Entertainment System, $39.95.

American P.O.W.s have been spotted behind enemy lines, and your mission is to lead the Green Beret commando raid that will save them. Stand aside, Rambo.

You and your trusty jeep (two jeeps, if you play with a buddy) are parachuted into enemy territory, armed only with a machine gun and some hand grenades. You'd better be fast on the trigger and hard on the wheel, because it will take some fancy shooting and driving to destroy the barrage of enemy tanks, cannons, missile launchers, bombers, submarines, infantry and more that the enemy will send to try and stop you. Find the P.O.W.s, set them free and get to the helipad so they can be choppered home. If you succeed in freeing them all, you'll find yourself at the enemy fortress. Do you have what it takes to destroy the enemy once and for all?

Jackal features six levels of scrolling play, good graphics and cool sound. It's fun if you like this kind of game, but there's not much in it that you haven't seen before. —*R.D.*

INTRODUCING

VideoGames

And Computer Entertainment Magazine

ENEMY
WOUNDS
USING
HOLDING
POWER
WEAPONRY
THE NINJA

12 ALL COLOR ISSUES ONLY $19.95

Save over $15 off the cover price!

SPEED
TIME 01:23.8
HIT 00
MISS 00
SHOTS 20
PULSE 060

1P 2P
HEALTH
SCORE

- GAME REVIEWS
- ARCADE ACTION
- STRATEGY GUIDES
- TECHNICAL REPORTS
- COMPUTER SOFTWARE

VideoGames
And Computer Entertainment Magazine
P.O. BOX 16927, N. HOLLYWOOD, CA 91615

☐ **Yes!** Sign me up for 12 issues for only $19.95—I'll save over $15!

☐ Payment Enclosed — Charge My ☐ VISA ☐ MC

#____________________ EXP________

SIGNATURE____________________

Money back on unused subscriptions if not satisfied!

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

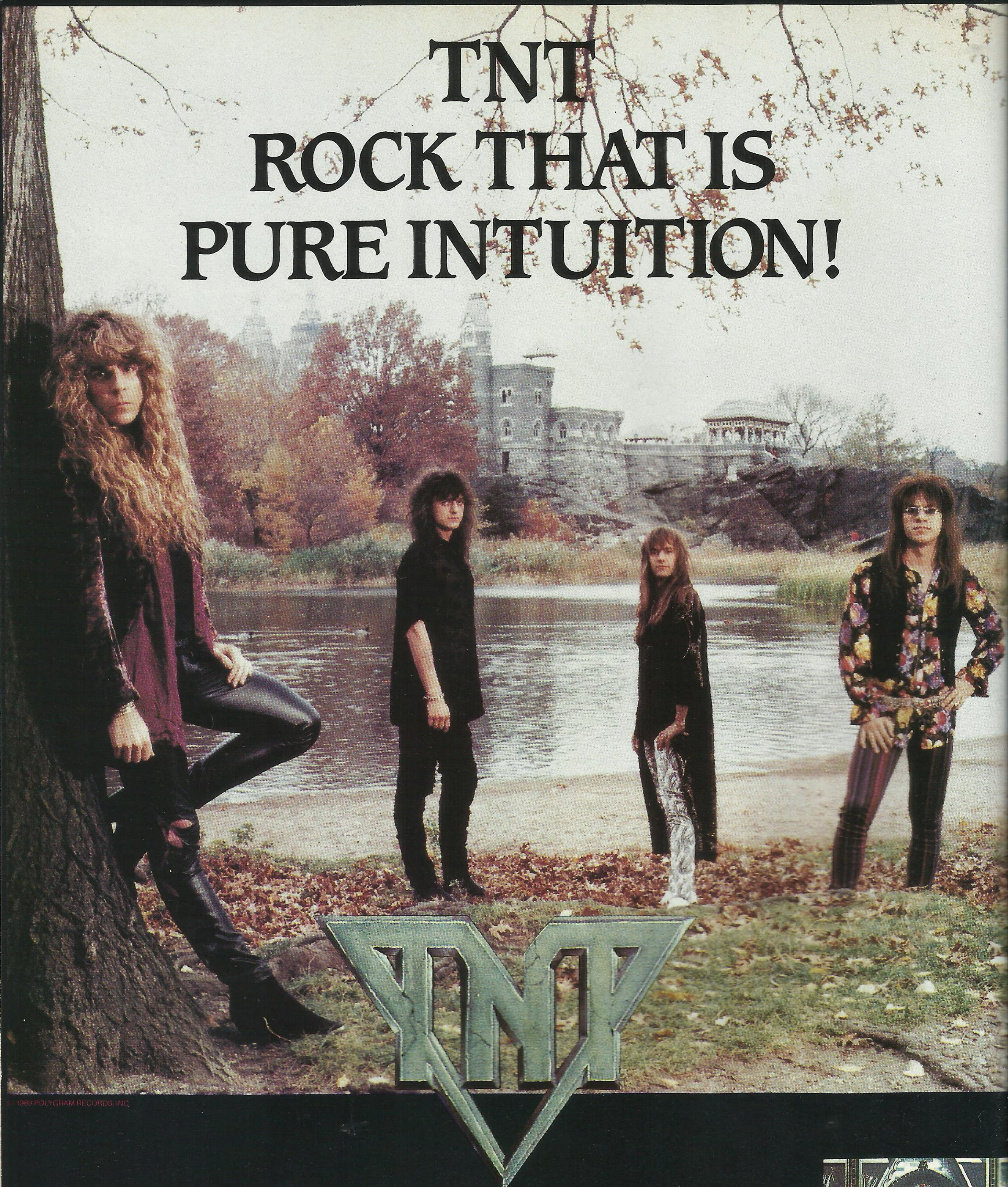
CITY__________ STATE________ ZIP________

Your first issue will arrive in 6 to 8 weeks.
WATCH FOR IT!!

Offer expires August 30, 1989

CJTRA

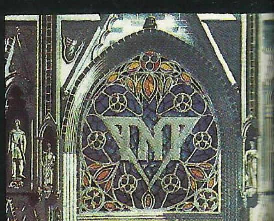
TNT
ROCK THAT IS PURE INTUITION!



© 1989 POLYGRAM RECORDS, INC.

TNT's "Intuition" – an awesome album of rock
as pure and powerful as intuition!
Unbelievable vocals. Top-flight playing. Positively classic songs!
TNT's "Intuition." It just feels right.

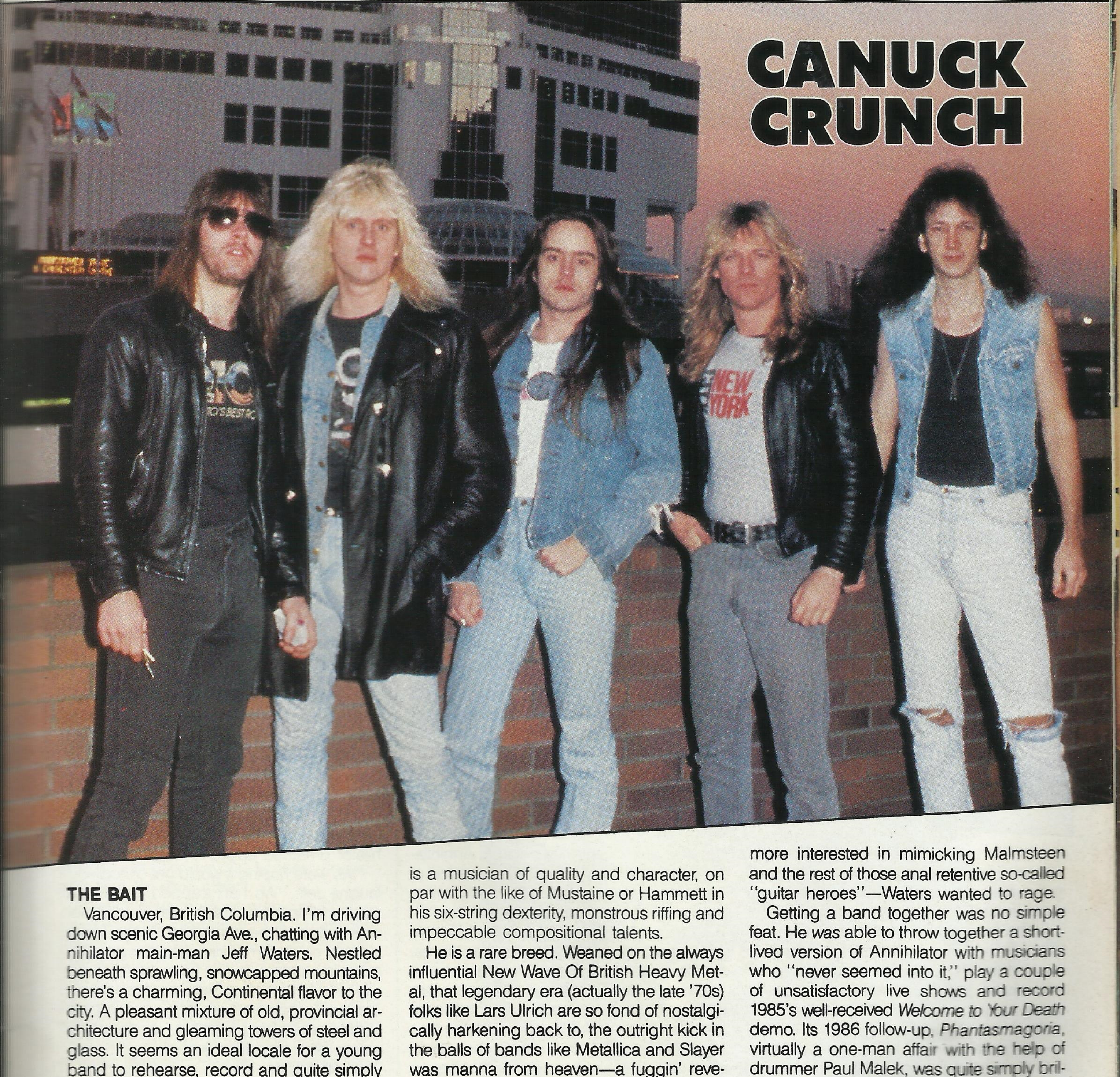
**Featuring the tracks "Caught Between The Tigers"
and "Tonight I'm Falling."**



PolyGram Mercury

On Mercury Compact Discs, Chrome Cassettes and Reco

ANNIHILATOR



CANUCK CRUNCH

by Mike Gitter

THE BAIT

Vancouver, British Columbia. I'm driving down scenic Georgia Ave., chatting with Annihilator main-man Jeff Waters. Nestled beneath sprawling, snowcapped mountains, there's a charming, Continental flavor to the city. A pleasant mixture of old, provincial architecture and gleaming towers of steel and glass. It seems an ideal locale for a young band to rehearse, record and quite simply work, honing down a sound that the buzz on the streets promises will take the world by storm.

Few advance tapes catch my attention the way Annihilator's *Alice in Hell* has. It's a debut bound to raise more than a few eyebrows. It's not so much an amphetamine burst of speed as a breathtaking exercise in power, heaviness and viciously good songmanship—not to mention the pervading air of sheer, magnificent class. Waters is a musician of quality and character, on par with the like of Mustaine or Hammett in his six-string dexterity, monstrous riffing and impeccable compositional talents.

He is a rare breed. Weaned on the always influential New Wave Of British Heavy Metal, that legendary era (actually the late '70s) folks like Lars Ulrich are so fond of nostalgically harkening back to, the outright kick in the balls of bands like Metallica and Slayer was manna from heaven—a fuggin' revelation—for the young guitarist. Remember, kiddies, Jeff's home province of Ottawa has never exactly been known as a thrash metal hot spot. Canuck-land has produced a few notables—Anvil, Razor, Dead Brain Cells and, most importantly, the ever-godlike Voi Vod—but for all intent and purpose, Waters was alone in a crowd. The homeboys were more interested in mimicking Malmsteen and the rest of those anal retentive so-called "guitar heroes"—Waters wanted to rage.

Getting a band together was no simple feat. He *was* able to throw together a short-lived version of Annihilator with musicians who "never seemed into it," play a couple of unsatisfactory live shows and record 1985's well-received *Welcome to Your Death* demo. Its 1986 follow-up, *Phantasmagoria*, virtually a one-man affair with the help of drummer Paul Malek, was quite simply brilliant. It become a prime item in the tape-trading underground and garnered the attention of virtually every metal label imaginable. Clearly the lad was onto something. Time to get out of town before frustration really set in.

"It was the same old story," sighs Jeff, a particularly outgoing, good-natured 23-year-old. "Whenever I got a new band together, it just seemed like whoever else was involved had zero ambition to really do anything—

just stay at home with their girlfriends, y'know. Plus, there weren't many musicians in the area interested in playing anything really heavy."

Some finagling by Waters' old man, an official in Canadian government, hooked up his talented progeny with Gary Taylor, a managerial sort and Vancouver music-scene bigwig with connections up the ying-yang. He obviously saw potential in the young guitarist, told him, "Come West, young man," and promised to aid him in forming a band worthy of his talents.

He did. It took a high and low search of the Vancouver music scene for the right men for the job. "It wasn't a question of just grabbing anybody," explains Jeff, pointing his well-banged-up Chevy toward the band's rehearsal space on the outskirts of town. "Each member has to be strong in his own right. For instance, when we had to choose a rhythm guitarist, he virtually had to be a lead man in his own right to keep up with what I've got in mind."

Jeff's vision has finally paid off. Annihilator, long a one-man brainchild, is the sort of band that comes along all-too rarely. Utilizing the very studio that produced their album as a rehearsal spot, the band (Randy Rampage, vocals; Ray Hartmann, drums; Wayne Darley, bass; Waters, lead guitar; and Anthony Greenham, rhythm guitar) sits down your faithful scribe and lets him know, in no uncertain terms, just what all the fuss is about. I was impressed—no, overwhelmed—by the sheer power that began to flood the room. Randy's vocals are at once gruff and astonishingly crystal clear. Rhythms surge with wave upon wave of elephantine grandeur as layers of relentlessly catchy riffing thunderously congeal—an aural halcyon of staggering proportions. This is the kind of stuff that's going to give even the mighty Metallithraxdethslayer big four a run for their respective monies.

THE SCAM

Surprise, surprise: The one thing the good folks at the band's U.S. label, Roadracer, neglected to mention was that Annihilator, an outfit upon which they've bestowed perhaps the strongest possible deal, has yet to play a single live date! *In fact,* up until two weeks before my arrival in Vancouver, they were still searching for a permanent rhythm guitarist, the only players on the album being Jeff, Ray and Randy. A great rock 'n' roll swindle? Jeff explains:

"I began working on what started off as a demo tape with me once again playing guitars and bass and Ray playing drums before he officially joined Annihilator. That was just after I had arrived in Vancouver, and we were still looking for a singer. Randy and Wayne then joined, so we had Mr. Rampage go in and put down his vocals. Since I had already done the bass tracks, Wayne just sang a few backups. A couple of record companies that heard the demo thought that, with some remixing, the tape was strong enough to turn into an album. Believe me, we didn't plan it quite that way!

"Aside from a couple of gigs back in '84 with a band I tried to get together in Ottawa, this band, with this lineup, has never played a live show! Only in the past few weeks have we begun rehearsing for touring in the spring. For the past year and a half we were negotiating with a lot of different record companies while desperately searching for musicians. There's even a guy named Casey Toews in a promo shot who was actually never in the band! He was a guy that auditioned for the rhythm-guitar spot, and we asked him if he would stand in for a photo-shoot."

There were plenty of offers: Combat, Metal Blade, Mechanic and, yes, even Geffen. They were all somehow under the impression that Annihilator, with its full lineup, was ready to gig out at a moment's notice. That, however, wasn't the case, and as the band nervously rehearsed for a live record-company showcase, Roadracer closed the deal. Nothing like the smell of a little competition to wet the proverbial quill and put ink to paper. The gig was cancelled. Annihilator breathed easier.

"We were hoping it would get cancelled," laughs Jeff. "We had slapped together a quick, temporary lineup with a different drummer and the legendary Casey Toews actually on rhythm guitar. We were going to actually play out, but at the same time we were hoping the show would get cancelled. The day before we were supposed to play, Roadracer signed us, and we cancelled the show. Were we ever relieved!"

THE REASON

"Vancouver's best-kept secret" is a common self-description 'round the Annihilator camp. They're sort of an enigma in their hometown. Sure, they're scensters in good standing, but nobody's seen 'em, and nobody's heard 'em. That's the way they intend to keep it.

Fact is, Vancouver don't deserve 'em. With the exception of fairly infrequent punk and metal gigs (I was lucky enough to catch Seattle's fuggin' awe-inspiring Mudhoney on the last night of my visit), the scene for original music in Annihilator's hometown is virtually nil. Club-hopping 'round these parts consisted of pulling into any given nightclub, enduring some gawdawful cover band's piss-poor rendition of "Sweet Child O' Mine," realizing that none of us had even the slightest bit in common with any of our fellow patrons and promptly leaving. No wonder Waters didn't exactly have the easiest time collecting members for his band!

"There's no scene in Vancouver for original music," sneers vocalist Rampage. A founding member of Canuck-core veterans DOA, the erstwhile bassist turned speed-metal frontman has developed a healthy distaste for the Vancouver music scene. "Everybody's scared—too scared to play original music, too scared to take any sort of risks. They'd rather sit back safe and secure playing in go-nowhere cover bands than try to achieve anything greater."

"There's this one guy in town, whose name I'm not going to mention, who has a monopoly on the club scene," reveals Jeff. "He's in it for the big bucks, so it's very rare that he'll try to start an original club scene. Most of the clubs around here are Top-40, and most of the bands around here really believe that by playing that particular circuit, they'll get discovered. Somehow, I doubt that."

"Believe it or not, here in Vancouver, if you're a cover band, your agent has to send in a set list to the club, and they'll tell you what songs you can and cannot play," adds Randy with an infuriated gleam. "You want to do a Black Sabbath song? A Judas Priest song? No! They tell you what to play, and there's no thought involved whatsoever. Most musicians are automatons that do what they're told—that's a summary of the Vancouver club scene."

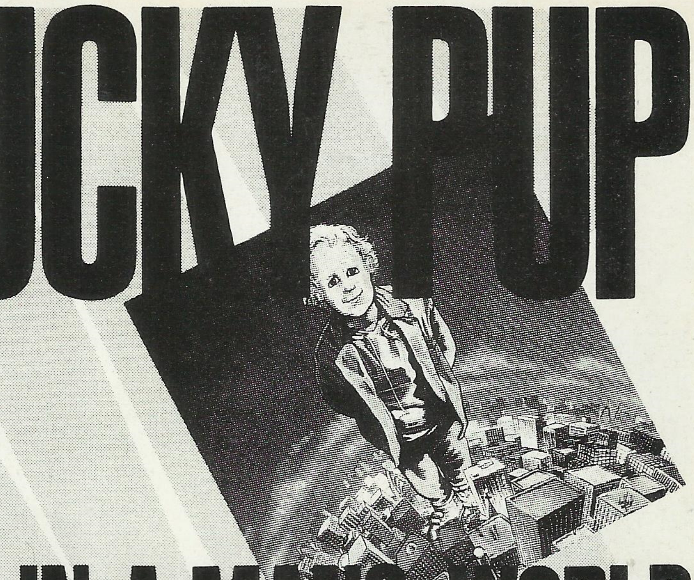
THE PAYOFF

"For once, it seems like Annihilator is a band," laughs Jeff. "The chemistry between the five of us just totally works. We're all completely different people, but we all have the same goals in mind. I'm the perfectionist, Wayne's the big goof, Ray's the old man and Randy's just f?!kin' psycho. I guess we were all meant for each other."

"The attitude here is pretty much the same as when I started in DOA," mentions Randy. "Musically, it's different, but the attitude is the same. We weren't really too sure how things were going to happen, or if people were even going to like us when we went out on the road. We *were* positive about doing it, and we were all willing to really push to make the band happen. That's the feeling here."

If there's anyone who deserves to make it, it's Mr. Waters and Annihilator. For well over six years now, it's been an obsession, a constant drive to succeed. The hard work isn't over—it's just beginning. Weeks of rehearsal followed by extensive U.S. and European touring will undoubtedly prove to the world at large why they call Annihilator "Vancouver's best-kept secret."

Mark my words, we're in for a treat.



MUCKY PUP

MUCKY MUSIC=
~~THRASH~~
~~CROSSOVER~~
~~HARDCORE~~
~~ALTERNATIVE~~
BEYOND
DESCRIPTION!

A BOY IN A MANS WORLD

FEATURING THE HITS 'U STINK BUT I ♥ U'
& 'SOMEDAY.' TORRID LP, CASSETTE, & CD 5001
ALSO AVAILABLE 'CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE?'
MANUF. & DIST. BY IMPORTANT RECORD DIST., INC.

TORRID

© 1989 TORRID RECORDS

DESIGNED BY EMG
Select
The high impedance power plant
IN TODAYS FINEST GUITARS
PORSCHE DESIGN
Select Designed by EMG
Select Designed by EMG
Select Designed by EMG

For complete information contact
Kuffner International Inc.
P.O. Box 141236
S.I., NY 10314-0008
Phone (718)
981-9392

100% S-P-A-N-D-E-X JEANS!!!

Buy Direct from Manufacturer!! Fully Guaranteed!!
For Guys & Gals: Waist XS-S-M-L-XL Lengths: M-L-XL

Solid Color: Black - Red - White - Gold
Snakeskin: Grey/ Black

$18.95
The Spandex Factory
Box 27341 Dept. G
Golden Valley,
MN 55427

Black Tiger Stripe on Red - White - Yellow. Leopard-skin: Gold/Black

Mail cash, check or money order

Deluxe quality
Mailed free in 5 days

SUBSCRIBE
TO
RIP
TO ORDER
Turn to Page 27

BEST BY MAIL
Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, FL 34230

CONFIDENTIAL SEX GUIDE! Young women. Free information. Confidential, 1836(A) East LaJolla Dr., Tempe, AZ 85282.

HEAVY METAL EARRINGS!

Skulls, Bats, Guitars, Pentagrams, Anarchy, Peace, Ankh, Crosses, Weapons, Leaf, Etc. Only $5.00 pair. Rings $6.00. (Catalog $2.00).
ROCK UNLIMITED
BOX 4283, AUSTIN, TX 78765

METHODS
TECHNIQUE
NEW
BUILDING
ELECTRONIC PROJECTS
EASY-WAY
REPAIR/CARE
FOR THE BEGINNER
HISTORY OF THE GUITAR

600 HOW-TO
BOOKS, TAPES AND VIDEOS
Music Business ins and outs, write and play music, build and repair instruments today! 53 pg. cat. $3.
HRB WORLD PRODUCTS
Musical Department, Box 357-E,
Tilton, NH 03276

ROCKY... WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING DRESSED LIKE THAT!?
...WILL THEY EVER UNDERSTAND ME ??!!
Rock Huggers USA
WE DO!!

BITCHEN **TATTOO-ART CLOTHING**
For A Store Near You — Call 213-530-8110

U.S. Department of Transportation Ad Council

DRINKING AND DRIVING CAN KILL A FRIENDSHIP.

ESP
The ESP Guitar Company

The Only Real Alternative!

— GEORGE LYNCH
Dokken

— KIRK HAMMETT
METALLICA

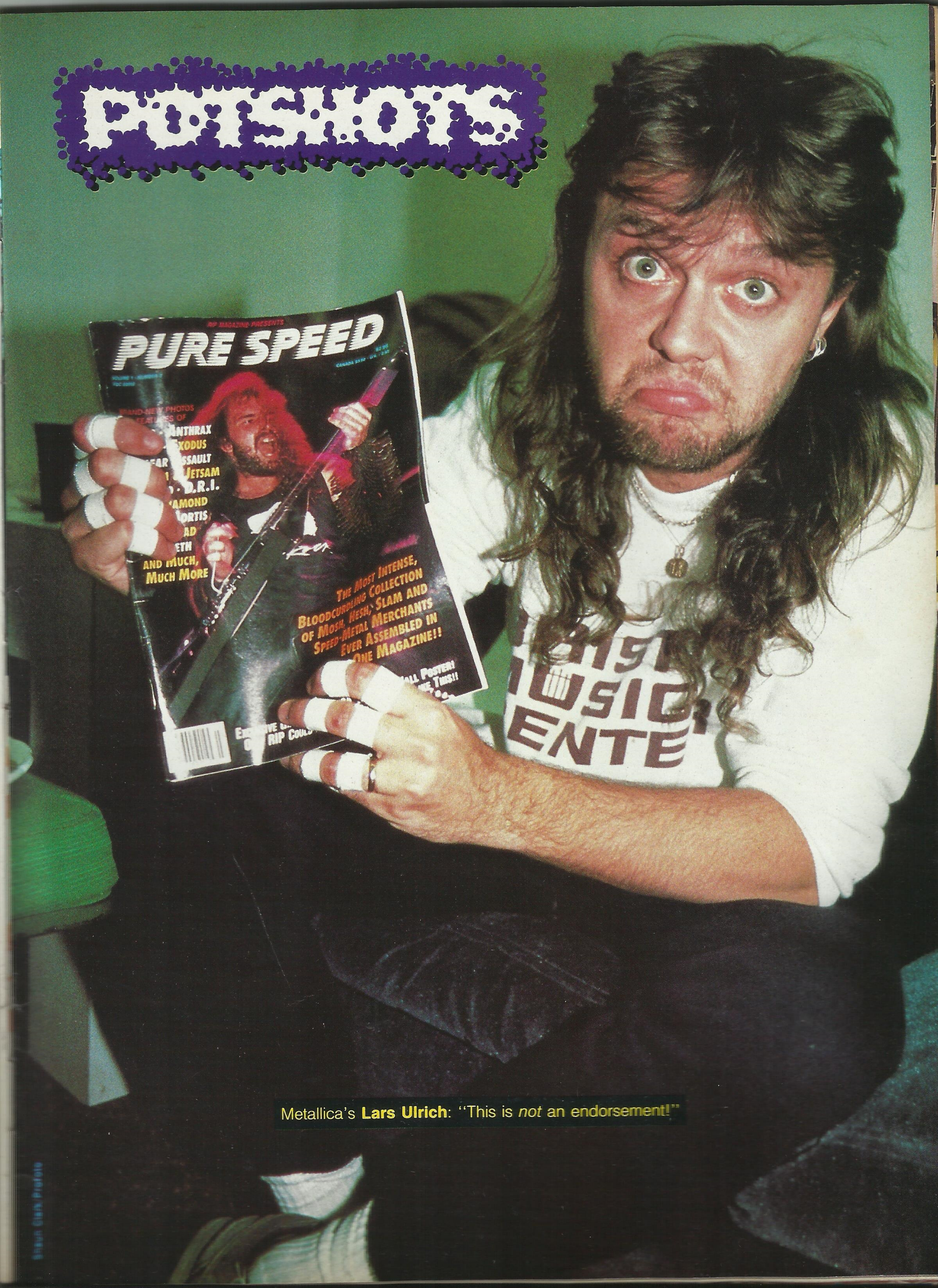
— BRUCE KULICK
KISS

— DAVE MURRAY
IRON MAIDEN

— MICHAEL WILTON
— CHRIS DEGARMO
QUEENSRŸCHE

FOR FULL COLOR CATALOG
SEND $2.00 TO:
ESP DEPT. R.
170 W. 48th St. 3rd Floor
New York, N.Y. 10036

POTSHOTS


RIP MAGAZINE PRESENTS
PURE SPEED
BRAND-NEW PHOTOS
ANTHRAX
EXODUS
ASSAULT
JETSAM
D.R.I.
AND MUCH, MUCH MORE
THE MOST INTENSE, BLOODCURDLING COLLECTION OF MOSH, HESH, SLAM AND SPEED-METAL MERCHANTS EVER ASSEMBLED IN ONE MAGAZINE!!
WALL POSTER!
LIKE THIS!!
MUSIC CENTE

Metallica's **Lars Ulrich**: "This is *not* an endorsement!"

Brian Clark Photo

1

WARRANT
IN SEX LUST

Annamaria DiSanio

2

KNAC
PURE ROCK
105.5

Gene Ambo

3

Michael Johansson/Retna

4

SEX
and
SEX
and
ROCK
RIP

5

6

Robert John

POTSHOTS

1 **Warrant**: Are these guys buttheads or what?

2 Some you'll recognize; some you won't.

3 **Yngwie** with backstage betty.

4 **Royal Court of China** peruse their favorite rock rag.

5 Still together: **Alice** and his reptilian companion.

6 Rock City Angels' **Bobby Durango** with stoned fan.

7 **Slash** (nuff said). ➤

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLIC
Gibson

Gene Kirkland

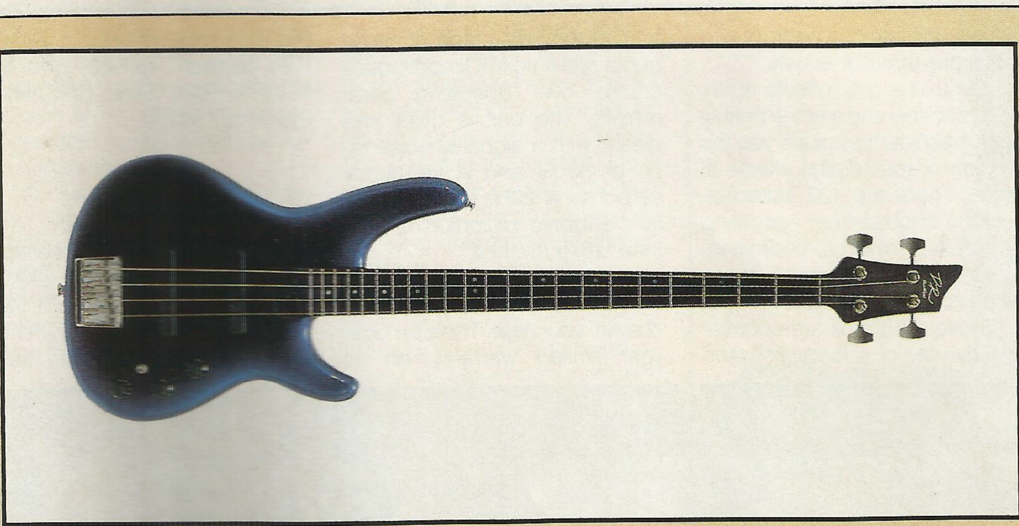
RIP™ TEASER

M.O.D.'s Billy Milano raises a toast to Scott "Not" Ian.

Ross Halfin/Vereecke

SOUND

Looking for a new guitar, amp or stero, but don't want to look all over town? Well, now you can check out the very best in musical equipment right in your own home—here in SOUND REPORT! Manufacturers: Send your merchandise, press kits and black-and-white stills to SOUND REPORT, c/o Rip Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, California 90210. ***Edited by Jeff Moses***



FENDER
HEARTFIELD DR-4 EX BASS

No time for jackin' around, brothers and sisters, this is the real thang. Fender has struck a deal to market some gems from Japan called Heartfield guitars and basses. These are not yer average cheapo-import, future-firewood-type axes. No sir! Heartfields are quality instruments designed for serious musicians.

Let's check out their four-string bass, the DR-4 EX (five- and six-string models are also available). To begin with, the styling is modern and clean without being grotesque and going overboard. It has a 33.9″ scale length and a special tri-laminate neck made out of maple/graphite/rosewood. This eliminates deadspots and warping. The fingerboard sports a fast and flat 12″ radius, plus 22 jumbo frets. It has a specially designed bridge and sealed Gotoh machine heads. All the hardware is chrome. The electronics are reminiscent of a jazz bass—two parallel single-coil pickups. The DR-4 EX comes in Mystic White, Blue Pearl Burst, Black Pearl Burst and Red Pearl Burst.

If you are having problems finding Heartfield instruments, contact Fender and they'll point you in the right direction. Be warned: Once you try a DR-4 EX, you may just have to own it. So drop Fender a line at 1130 Columbia, Brea, CA 92621.

HARTKE SYSTEMS
XL-SERIES 410 BASS MODULE

Once in a blue moon someone has the good sense to pull their head out of the quagmire of tradition and rethink a simple problem. In this story, the problem is how to build a better speaker. The people who pulled their heads out were the engineers at Hartke.

Sure, you've seen Hartke cabs in the bass rigs of all types of pros. Metal, jazz, pop—everyone loves the clarity, tone and punch of Hartke cabs. But here it comes. . .time for the NEW AND IMPROVED XL-Series 410 Bass Module. The heart of the new system is Hartke's new XL drivers. Utilizing a revolutionary new process, Hartke is able to make its aluminum cones lighter, stiffer and therefore more responsive than ever before.

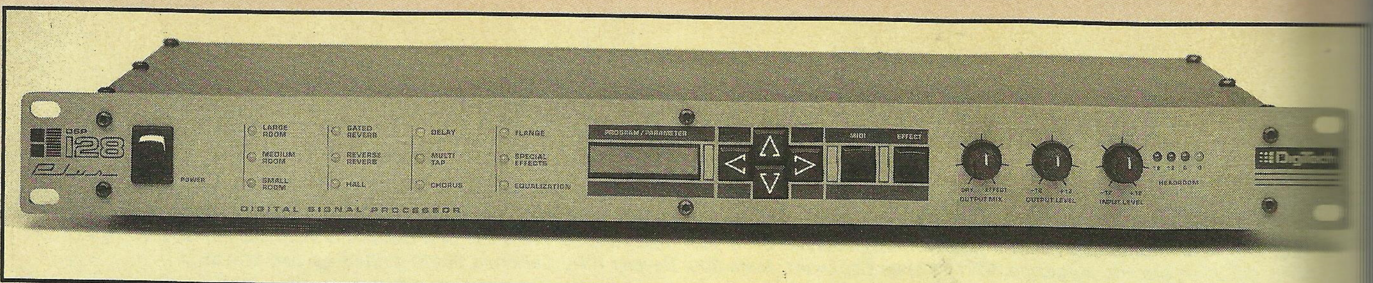
The cabinets themselves are 24″ × 24″ × 15″, dual ported and sport a tough metal grill. They have stackable ABS corners, dual inputs and $^5/_8$″ birch plywood and black fiber coverings.

If you haven't yet discovered why so many pros are switching to Hartke cabinets, perhaps you should take a stroll down to the music shop and plug in. Ain't nothing like hearing it for yourself. But be careful, you might just end up walking out with some new equipment.

For more of the scoop, contact Hartke's distributor, Samson Technologies Corp., 485-19 S. Broadway, Hicksville, NY 11801. They'll be glad to help.

Hartke Systems
Transient Attack
XL-Series
410 Bass Module

REPORT



DSP 128 Plus
POWER
LARGE ROOM
MEDIUM ROOM
SMALL ROOM
GATED REVERB
REVERSE REVERB
HALL
DELAY
MULTI TAP
CHORUS
FLANGE
SPECIAL EFFECTS
EQUALIZATION
PROGRAM / PARAMETER
MIDI
EFFECT
OUTPUT MIX
OUTPUT LEVEL
INPUT LEVEL
HEADROOM
DigiTech
DIGITAL SIGNAL PROCESSOR

DIGITECH

DSP 128 PLUS

When DigiTech first introduced its DSP 128, it said that nothing could top it. When people heard all the great effects that could be squeezed from one package, there was much rejoicing. In case you haven't heard the latest news, someone has topped the DSP 128. Yup, which company but DigiTech could top DigiTech? The new DSP 128 Plus is a multieffect unit that can perform *four* functions simultaneously.

If you use any effects at all, you probably can see the beauty of a machine that gives you the choice of four digital effects at once. There are 128 stereo effects to choose from, including a bunch of reverbs, chorusing, flanging, delay up to 1.5 secs., echoes, doubling, EQ and more.

These programs are accessible by way of a footswitch and feature the advantage of assignable real-time MIDI continuous control over operating parameters. The unit is quiet and clean, with a signal-to-noise ratio of 88dB and a frequency response of 20Hz to 20kHz. Total harmonic distortion is less than 0.8% at 1kHz.

If high-tech gear has you fearing high-tech breakdowns, stop chewin' your nails: There's a one-year limited warranty on all DigiTech products.

To contact DigiTech, write to 5639 S. Riley Lane, Salt Lake City, Utah 84107.

MARTIN

STINGER FX-1R GUITAR AMPLIFIER

If you're looking for a reasonably priced small amplifier, take a gander at Martin's new amp, the Stinger FX-1R. The first thing you'll notice is the quality that

STINGER
STINGER
FX-3C
STINGER
FX-1
STINGER

has made Martin a legend in the industry. These little buggers pack a powerful wallop for their size.

The FX-1R is a 15-watt RMS amp with an 8″ speaker. What separates it from the herds of other small amps on the market is its versatility. It has three-band EQ, master and pre-amp volume controls, reverb and a "tube-synth resonance" control that can be switched on or off. The tube-synth function replicates the sound of overdriven vacuum tubes, and buddy, it does an admirable job.

You'll also be surprised when you check out the back panel. There are four jacks: reverb footswitch, tube-synth footswitch, line out and headphone. If you aren't impressed with this array of goodies, then you probably reside in a cave and wear a loincloth.

Martin has gone to great lengths to include every option and convenience in their Stinger amps. The FX-1R is a perfect example of this. At $220, it is also well within the reach of any guitarist.

To find out more, contact Martin at 510 Sycamore St., Nazareth, PA 18064.

TRIGGER PERFECT

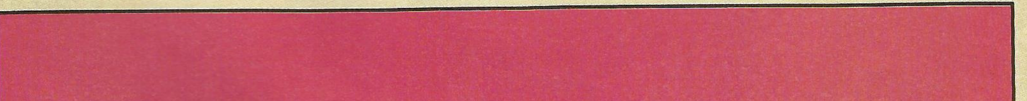
SC-10 DRUM TRIGGER

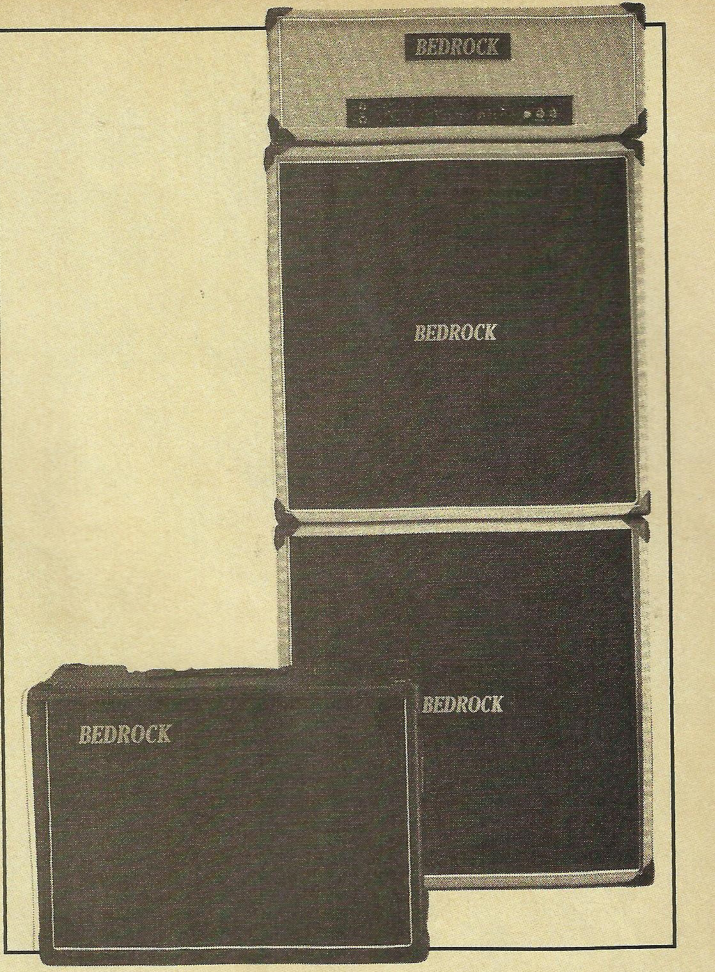
One of the most difficult feats of sound engineering is getting a good drum sound. Correct miking is difficult, expensive and becoming obsolete. For both recording and live applications, triggering is more practical and cost effective. You can save yourself from a certain ulcer by investing now in Trigger Perfect's new SC-10 triggers.

Is that a trace of doubt inching across your furrowed brow? Heard stories of incurable double triggering? Well, forget it. The SC-10 does away with this particular bit of technical nastiness. Not only is this little bugger one of the most sensitive triggers you'll ever mount on your rig, it's also about the most hassle free. This is due to the fact that there is a sensitivity control mounted on the jack. This means you can control double triggering caused by drum-head vibration.

By varying the sensitivity of each pickup before it reaches the synth/controller, you are allowing the signal to trigger up to its full dynamics (usually 127 with MIDI). This means you can hook up to your drum synth, drum controller or drum machine with pad or trigger inputs and let 'er rip.

SC-10's are only $34.95 each, so buy a handful and see what a difference the proper equipment can make. Contact Trigger Perfect at P.O. Box 60065, Pasadena, CA 91106 for more lowdown.





BEDROCK

BEDROCK GUITAR AMPLIFIERS

Another chapter in the Quest for the Perfect Guitar Amp. . . .The sound in your head probably isn't the sound coming out of your speakers, right? Right. You've tried stomp boxes, but they can't add tone to an amp that doesn't have it to begin with. Well, before you throw all your gear away and take up needlepoint, listen to a Bedrock amp and see if it doesn't crank your knob to 11.

Just a bit of humor there. Actually, the controls on Bedrock amps do go up to 11. Bedrock amps are 50-watt, all-tube amps in a variety of stack and combo combinations. They feature three-band EQ, master and preamp volume, and presence and reverb controls. There is also an exciting mid-shift for putting some extra meat on your bones for lead work or big fat rhythm crunchies.

Let us not joke around—these amps sound *great* for nearly any type of player. You want an old tweed Fender? No problem. A '69 Marshall? No problem. How about a Vox AC-30? Sure. How can one amp duplicate the sound of all these time-honored classics? Quality construction, engineering and design. By doing things the way they should be done, Bedrock has created some monster amps at competitive prices.

The only thing left to be done is to play one. To find out where, contact Bedrock at P.O. Box 7168, Nashua, NH 03060.

MA
OF
RE

Sacred Death

Mark Leialoha

Lava lamps! Masters of Reality vocalist Chriss Goss, Def American Records publicity dude Pat Hoed and I are sitting in a booth at Barney's Beanery in Hollywood, cackling over the American record industry's latest promotional masterstroke. The label has sent out *lava lamps*—those trippy globes of luminescent smegma popular with late-'60s drug users—to push the Masters' album with radio folks.

"It's the whole feel of the record, man," Hoed offers.

"It's blue water with white lava," Goss adds. "It looks *reproductive.*"

To be sure, *Masters of Reality*, produced by Def American overlord (Run-D.M.C., Danzig, Slayer) Rick Rubin, is a psychedelic record. You can hear loads of '60s-era musical influences caroming around in the Syracuse, New York-based quartet's sound—Hendrix, Cream (especially in guitarist Tim Harrington's thundering, lyrical lead work and Goss's lightly inflected, Jack Bruce-styled vocals), Led Zeppelin (particularly in the thumping of drummer Vinnie Ludovico) and, of course, Black Sabbath, whose album title inspired the band's name.

by Chris Morris

ASTERS

ALITY

BIG BEAT & BLACKLIGHT

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Goss explains the nomenclature: "At the time it was like, piss off intellectuals, piss off college music lovers. The [Psychedelic] Furs were around at the time, and it was like the tail end of Public Image [Ltd.] at the time. At the time [I was] listening to Black Sabbath five hours a day, all the time. Just constantly. That low end that they got, man, it's addictive. It just chugs ya. This name, it's in respect for a great band that everyone at the time was really putting down."

But as the preceeding explanation indicates, the Masters aren't just some retro-hippies high on a big blacklight fantasy. They're a band for today, who sound like everybody and no one but themselves at the same time. While they're certainly heavy and (as we used to say in the old days) "far out," the Masters also puree every imaginable kind of style in their music. Call it *psycherock'n'rollheavypunkbluesprogressodelia*.

Goss is nonplussed when I ask him to compare his group to other bands.

"That's tough," he says. "It's hard for me to talk about where I see the band's work, where it belongs, you know. Though to be alive in an era when ZZ Top and Neil Young and Jimmy Page—those people—are all alive at the same time, it's great. It's a great feeling. They're not rock 'n' roll musicians to me, they're like Picassos and Dalis to me, you know what I mean. So I feel like if the world lasts that long, if there's a history book around that I was alive during that era when those guys were working, it's great. I feel lucky. If the record gets anywhere near them, it's cool."

Goss's thumbnail sketch of the band's history since its genesis in 1981 goes a long way towards explaining the bizarro sound of Masters of Reality.

"In the mid '70s I played in bands that did Aerosmith and Zeppelin covers, stuff like that," he recalls. "Then I got into what was going on in New York in '77-'78, with the Ramones and Patti Smith. Then the Contortions came along, and I got into the art-funk type of thing. Right about the tail end of that is where I hooked up with Tim. I liked Kraftwerk, and I liked James White, but having a metal background at the same time. So that's what we sounded like. It was like Kraftwerk meets Black Sabbath.

"We used a drum machine. The two of us got together. We just started jamming. What we saw eye to eye on was that it had to be heavy, it had to go for the spine. We both knew that without even talking. So we put together this two-man show. We'd have our rhythm tracks on tape or we had a drum machine, smoke machine, blacklights, and just put this two-man medicine show together.

"We just let the drum machine fly. It was the time before you could even program them. You got what they gave you—like, 'Rock One', 'Rock Two.' You could turn down the claves and the cowbell. It was funny. We had all these notes from these old songs. It'll say, like, 'Disco One for 18 bars, then Disco Two.' We used to play this repetitive, droney kind of stuff that was still heavy over this drum machine. At the same time we gave 'em this really evil, f?!ked-up show. A lot of boos. It was really crazy."

At around that juncture the group picked up their current bassist Googe—who was then playing keyboards—and a second keyboard player. But the Masters ultimately looked to becoming a conventional rock band, and wound up jettisoning their mechanical rhythm backup.

"We just started craving a live drummer," Goss recalls. "The Zeppelin drum sound, the bass drum that sounds like the kid rehearsing above you, that kind of thing. So we found a great, stupid, great big drummer kind of guy, jazzier than Bonzo.

"We were getting to the end of our ropes with the drum machine, and we said, 'Well, let's do a demo.' We planned on printing it ourselves and putting out our own record. Spend a few thousand dollars, get five songs on vinyl, and if it doesn't work . . . . So we did that demo with the drummer. A friend of mine, who had worked with Rick on Beastie Boys' videos, Peter Daugherty, played the tape for Rick. That's how we hooked up with Rick."

Without knowing it, producer Rubin had anticipated the Masters' weird combo of metal and low technology in his own way.

"The combination at the time was really intriguing," Goss says. "I thought, *Wow, this is beat-box heavy metal*. A great idea. Just this circusy type of feel to it, but real dark at the same time. Then [Run-D.M.C.'s] 'Rock Box' came out. I saw this label Def Jam. It was a heavy metal beat-box. I said, 'Wait, that's my idea. What are they doin?' That's the first time I knew someone else in the world was skimming a similiar area."

The collaboration between Rubin and Masters of Reality has proven a potent one, although Goss says the pairing wasn't immediately a natural for Rubin.

"It seems like we both wanted to get more rootsy at the same time. He heard us with a drum machine. He heard a demo about four years ago, three years ago, and he didn't care for it. It was too collegey for him, or something like that."

The singer continues, "I think Rick sees a lot of tradition in the music that he wants to know more about himself. I see Rick listening to Eagles albums now."

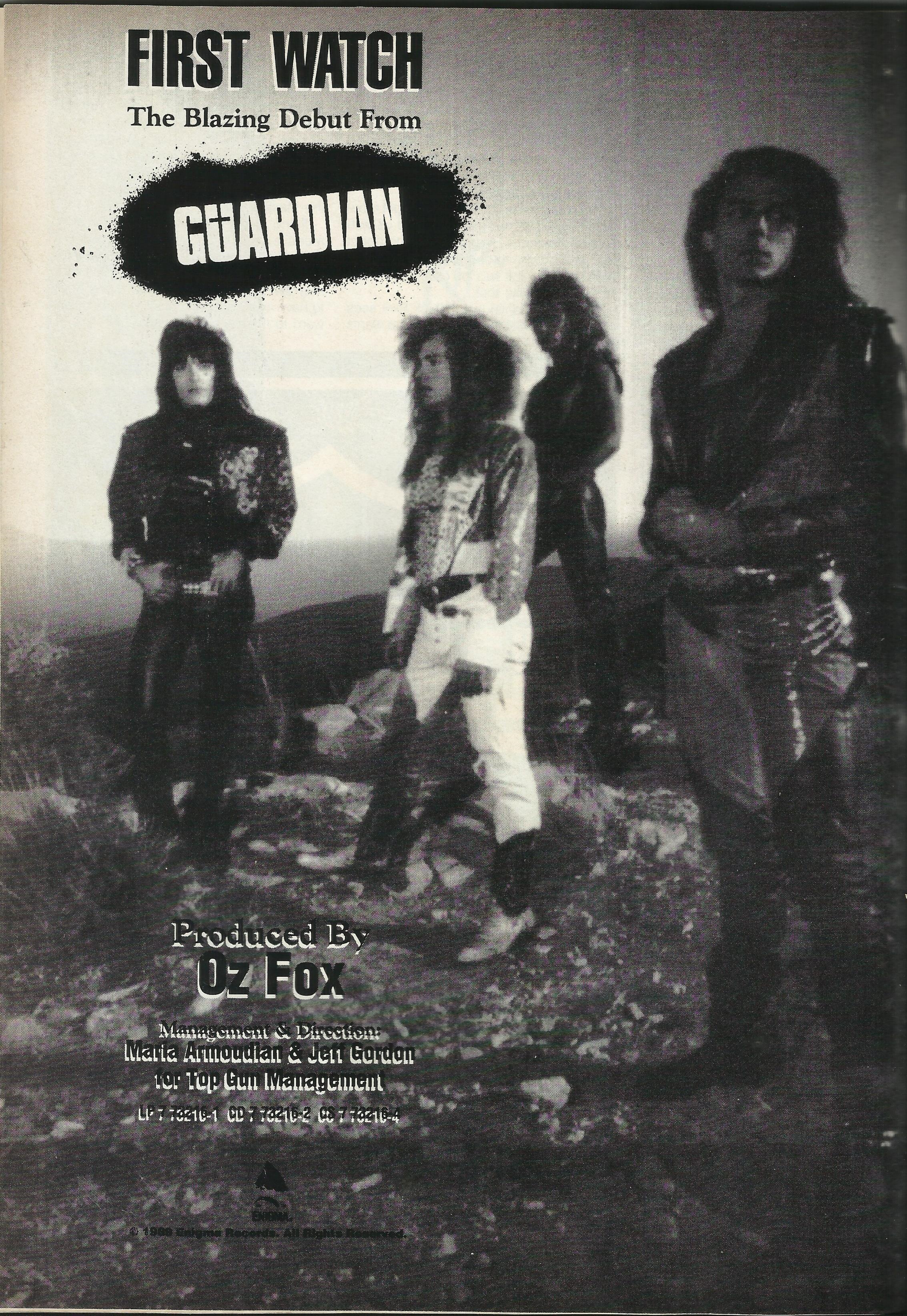
But exactly *what* tradition is Goss talking about? His conversation is studded with the names of a vast catalog of seemingly incongruous bands—the Velvet Underground, Sisters of Mercy, Van Der Graaf Generator, Joy Division, even Yes (he's a major fan)—whose styles have played a role in forming the Masters sound.

Trying to pin down Masters of Reality's music is a daunting task—one that even the group's frontman continues to grapple with.

"I still haven't figured that out," Goss admits after a lengthy pause. "I don't ever want to have it down, you know. I'm looking forward to the next experiment." ✗

VLTRA SHAPES
SEND FOR
STICKER+INFO

VLTRA SHAPES
198 NORTHLAND DR.
ROCKFORD, MICHIGAN
616-866-4415 49341



FIRST WATCH

The Blazing Debut From

GUARDIAN

Produced By

Oz Fox

Management & Direction:

Maria Armoudian & Jeff Gordon
for Top Gun Management

LP 7 73216-1 CD 7 73216-2 CS 7 73216-4

ENIGMA.

© 1988 Enigma Records. All Rights Reserved.

ROCK VAULT

edited by S.L. Duff

Fall in, you trivia addicts. You're in the Army, now! The Kiss Army, that is! Ya know, these rockin' 'n' thrashin' bands that fill up the sacred metal scriptures we affectionately call RIP all seem to cite the mighty Kiss as one of their main influences. Many string benders and skin pounders turned in their first performances playing "Rock and Roll All Nite" on air guitars in front of the mirror. Part One is for you basic rockers and metalheads, while Part Two will probably only be survived by field marshals of the Kiss Army. If you've gotta go AWOL, the answers are on page 97.

PART ONE (Beginners accepted):

1. Where was *Kiss Alive* recorded? Where was *Alive II* recorded?

2. What was Gene Simmons' last day job prior to hitting it big?

Richard Creamer/Photofeatures

Bonus: Gene had also been a public school teacher. What school did he teach at?

3. What was Eric Carr's day gig prior to landing the Kiss drum throne?

4. Kiss guitarist Bruce Kulick had previously been in a band with now-famous singer Michael Bolton. Name that band, and the band that Kulick joined following his partnership with Bolton.

5. Paul Stanley wore his star over which eye?

6. In what month and year did Kiss unmask?

7. What band did Peter Criss play in before Kiss? What label were they on?

Bonus: How did Peter come to the attention of Paul and Gene?

PART TWO (Kiss Army only!):

8. What song did Kiss open with at the Donington Festival in 1988? What was the usual set opener?

9. Where was the cover of *Dressed to Kill* shot?

10. The European greatest hits collection, *Killers*, contains four songs never released in the U.S. Name them.

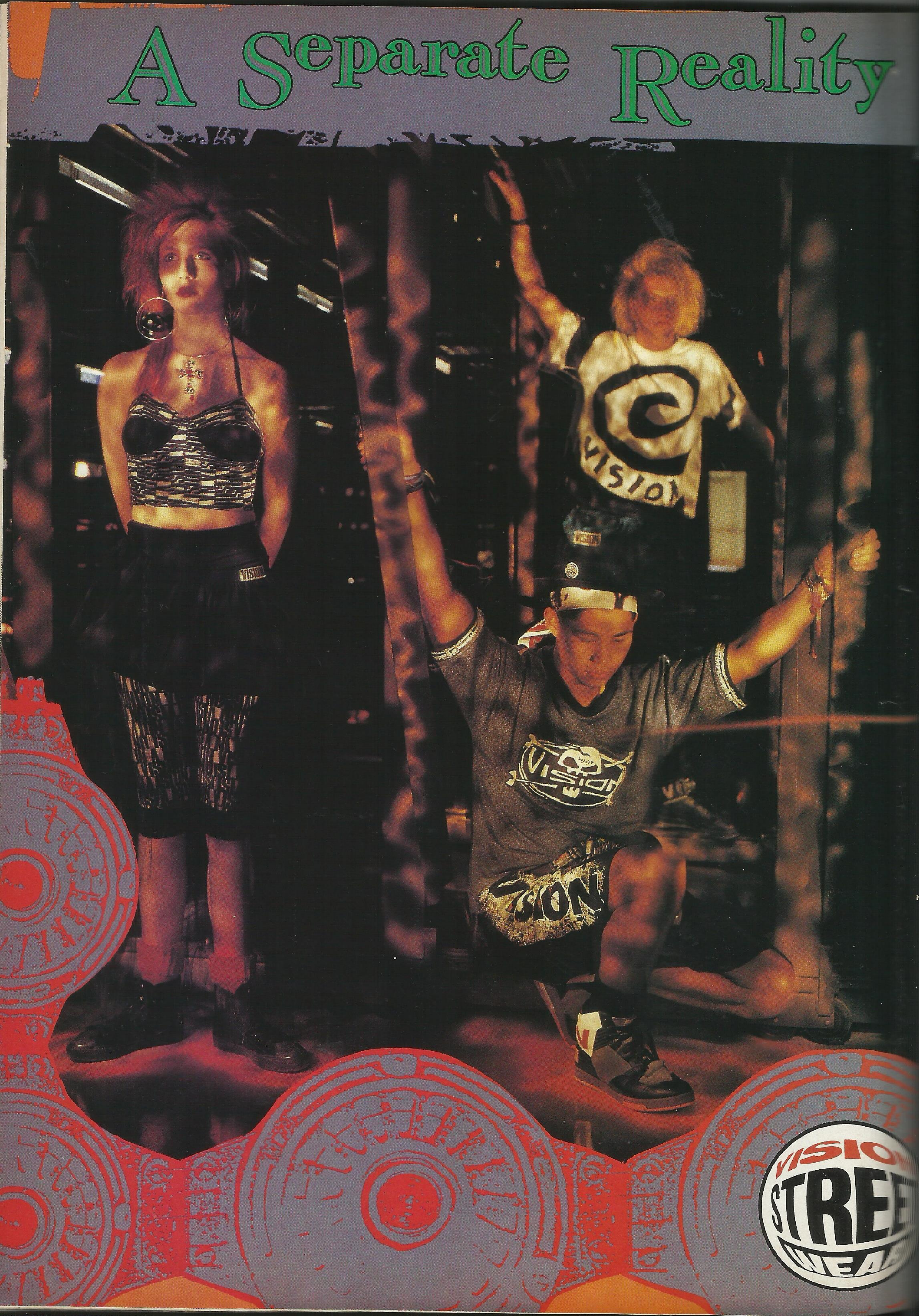
11. What was Vinnie Vincent's first record (prior to Kiss)?

12. Prior to Kiss getting a record deal, Paul and Gene sang backup on an LP for which they were paid in studio time. The studio time went toward the recording of the first Kiss demo. What record did they sing on (artist and title) and who ended up producing the demo?

13. Who is Chaim Witz?

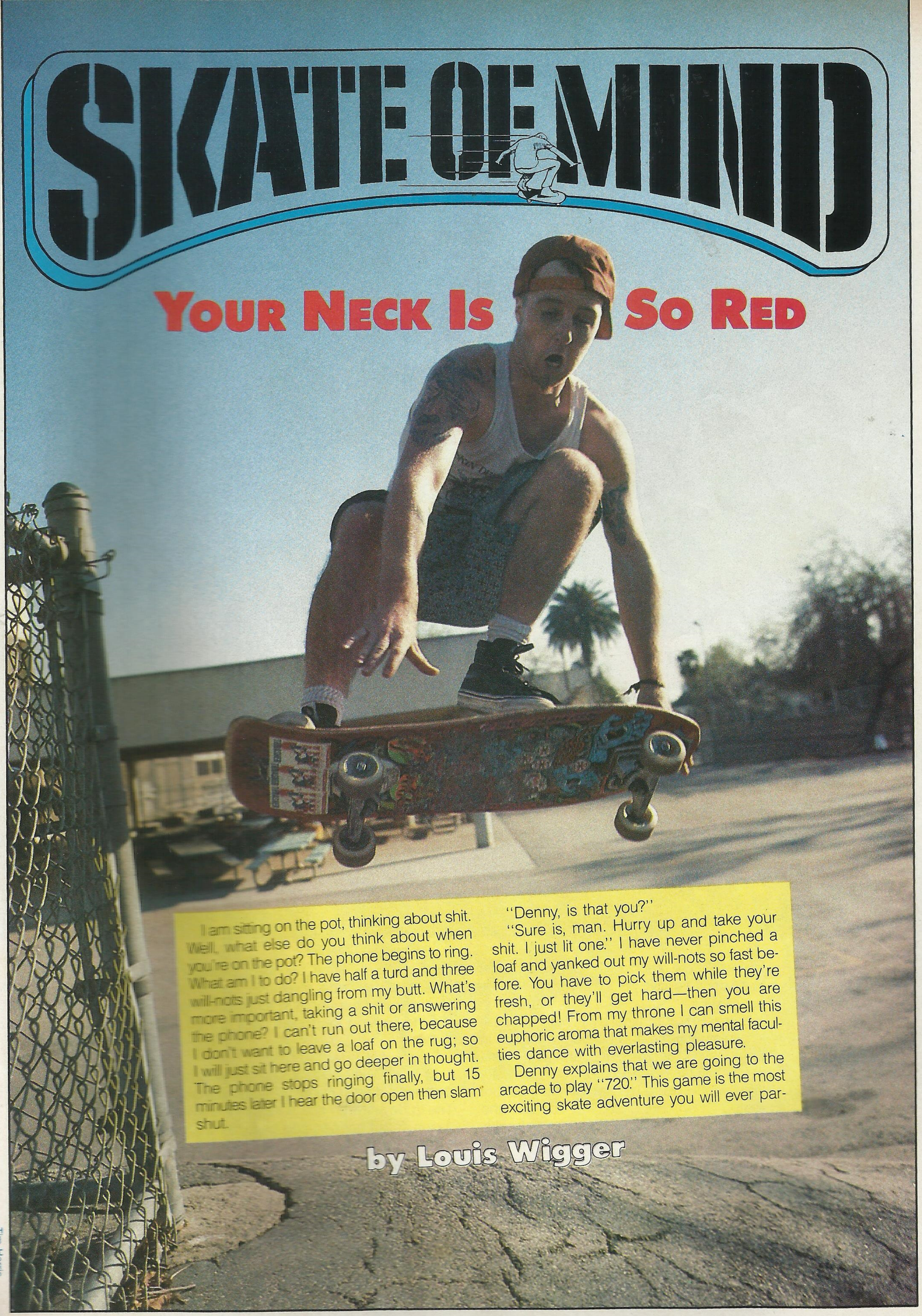
14. What was Kiss's highest charting single?

15. Who designed Kiss's logo?


A Separate Reality
VISION
VISIO
STREE
WEA

SKATE OF MIND

YOUR NECK IS SO RED



Tim Harris

I am sitting on the pot, thinking about shit. Well, what else do you think about when you're on the pot? The phone begins to ring. What am I to do? I have half a turd and three will-nots just dangling from my butt. What's more important, taking a shit or answering the phone? I can't run out there, because I don't want to leave a loaf on the rug; so I will just sit here and go deeper in thought. The phone stops ringing finally, but 15 minutes later I hear the door open then slam shut.

"Denny, is that you?"

"Sure is, man. Hurry up and take your shit. I just lit one." I have never pinched a loaf and yanked out my will-nots so fast before. You have to pick them while they're fresh, or they'll get hard—then you are chapped! From my throne I can smell this euphoric aroma that makes my mental faculties dance with everlasting pleasure.

Denny explains that we are going to the arcade to play "720." This game is the most exciting skate adventure you will ever par-

by Louis Wigger

Steve Keenan

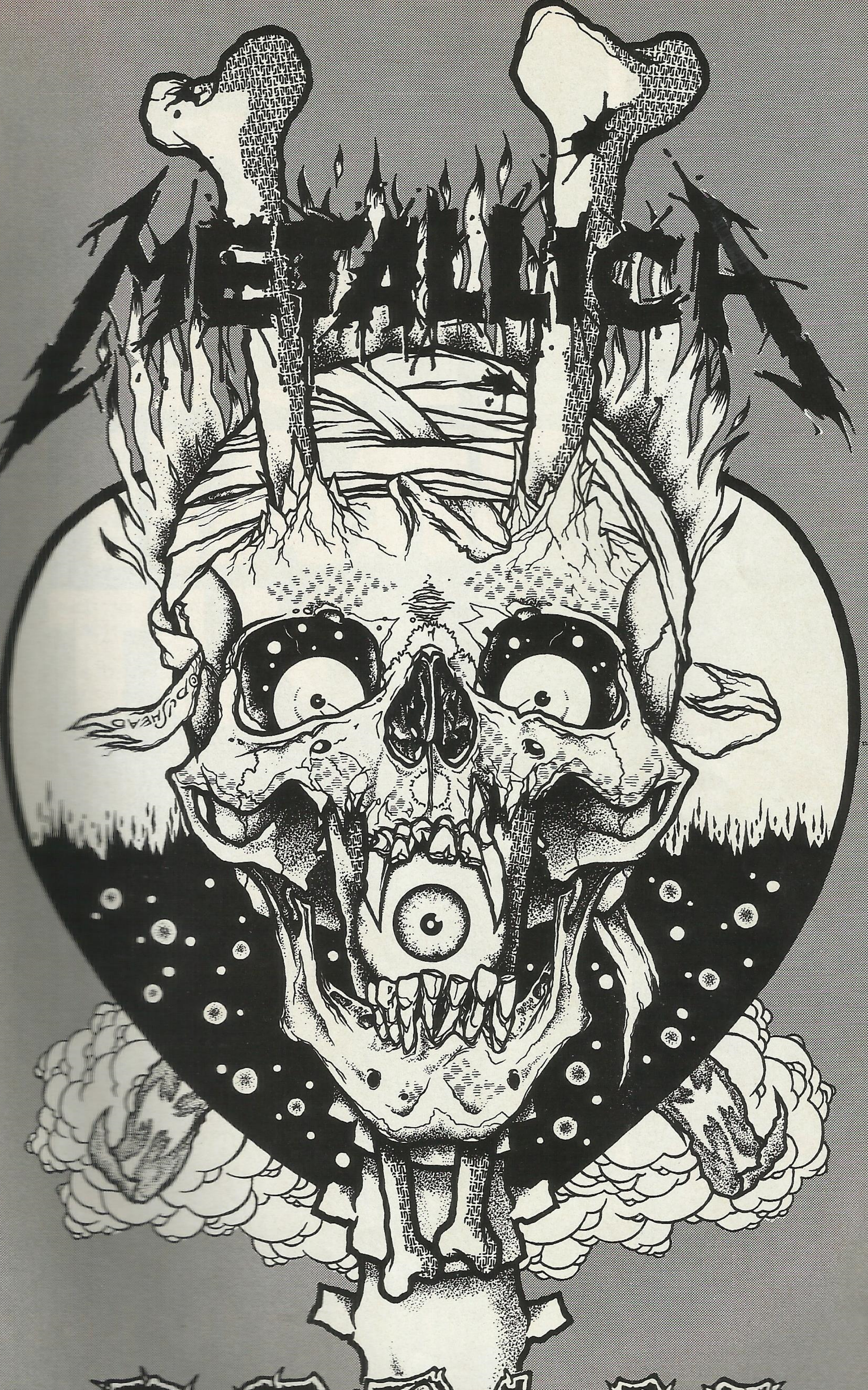
take in. Before reaching the door, the phone starts to ring again. For better or worse, I answer it.

"Hey, Roy Kip, what's up." He goes on to explain that he and his comrades are in Little Tokyo in search of the famous fountain banks that they found in front of a hotel. Before this they were hassled by the pigs, but skated for an hour or so. Tim was on hand to take pics. Then off to Mahoney's banks, named after that great tattoo artist Mark Mahoney. They are named this because you can hear the buzz of the tattoo gun, and what a sound this is. Chris was tearing the place apart with board slides two benches long.

After the arcade session with Denny, I am burnt out. We stop off at Corporate Deathburger for a feast. Before going home to deal with the little woman, we cut through the Cinerama Dome parking lot, heading toward a barricade of pylons and wood. Denny slams through it at full speed, leaving the parking lot dude's neck so red.

Randumb Notes:

MTV's "Week in Rock" featured the raddest tattoo artist in the world, Mark Mahoney. The dude is the smoothest cat in the world. Jason Jesse phoned and gave his respect to Mark for being on MTV. He deserves so much more for the amount of time and effort he puts into his work. He does not care much for the public eye. He says, "I love being underground. I only tattoo who and when I want." Beware, Motorpsycho is coming to your town soon, care of Mark Mahoney and crew. This is the Wigg. Don't smoke Mary Jane, it will make you go insane. Heeheeheehee!



ZORLAC
SKATEBOARDS

NEW PUSHEAD GRAPHICS, DECK SHAPE, T-SHIRTS & DECALS
SEND $3.00 FOR BLACK BULLWHIP BRACELET, CATALOG & PUSHEAD DECAL
TO : ZORLAC 7945 DUNBROOK RD. SAN DIEGO CA. 92126 (619) 578-4722 FAX (619) 578-4339

Hottest New Design For Summer of '89

"One Size Fits All" For Guys & Gals

Hit the beaches with Goldenboy's custom designed "New Attitude" shirt and get a *free* jar of brightly colored, waterproof NOSE STUFF with each shirt ordered in this special introductory offer!

Tired of smelling like a coconut? Try Goldenboy's exciting line of tanning products for that dark, attention getting tan!

GOLDENBOY TANNING PRODUCTS

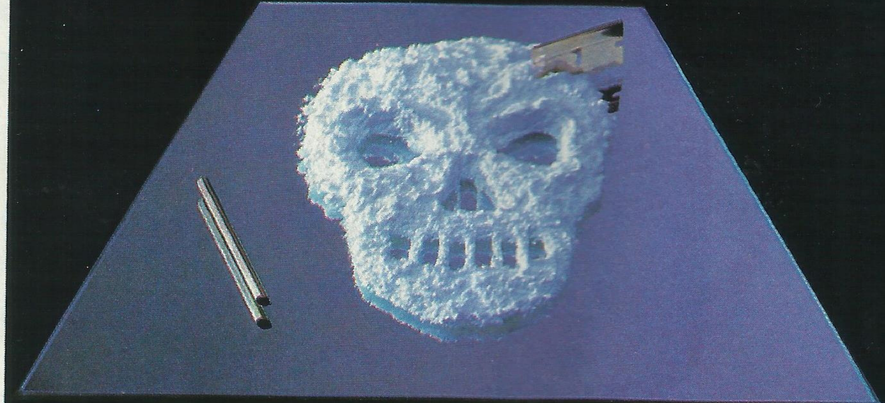
Special Offer

	oz.	no
$ 8.00 Super Dark Tanning Gel	8	
$ 6.00 Cool Moisture Replenishing Gel	8	
$ 6.00 Dark Tanning Lotion SPF 6	3	
$ 5.00 Face Protection Tanning Creme SPF 6	2	
SPORTS EDITION (Surfer Specials)		
$ 6.00 Waterproof SPF 15	3	
$ 7.00 Waterproof SPF 30	3	
$ 3.00 Waterproof "NOSE STUFF" (pink, blue, yellow, lavendar)	.25	
$19.00 Goldenboy "New Attitude" Shirt ($30.00 value) + Free "NOSE STUFF"		

Check ☐ Money Order ☐

Mail to:
Goldenboy Tanning Products
P.O. Box 1578
Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT



Drugs Are for Losers

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM RIP MAGAZINE

FREEZE FRAME

Edited by Barton Randall

Everybody here at RIP loves to watch videos while we crank out the tunes. Help feed our celluloid habits by sending us your band videos, horror-movie tapes, or whatever, at Freeze Frame, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210

D.R.I.: *Live at the Ritz*
(Metal Blade/Enigma)

D.R.I.'s *Live at the Ritz* video provides the chance to see the Bay Area's hardest metalcore band play New York, the city with the best hardcore scene in the country. The safety of one's own living room offers the advantage of not having to smell sweat or come in close physical proximity to sopping-wet moshers while watching the squirming scrunch of the slam pit and keeping scorecards on stage dives.

Nothing fancy here, just a basic jeans, T-shirt and sneakers style production. It's done well for a low-budget job. To vary the pace, songs are interspersed with footage of commentary from fans and the band explaining crossover and answering questions about hardcore. Thank God there's no pretentious rock-star trimmings, such as at-home schlock with bimbos and sports cars, a la Kiss or Motley Crue.

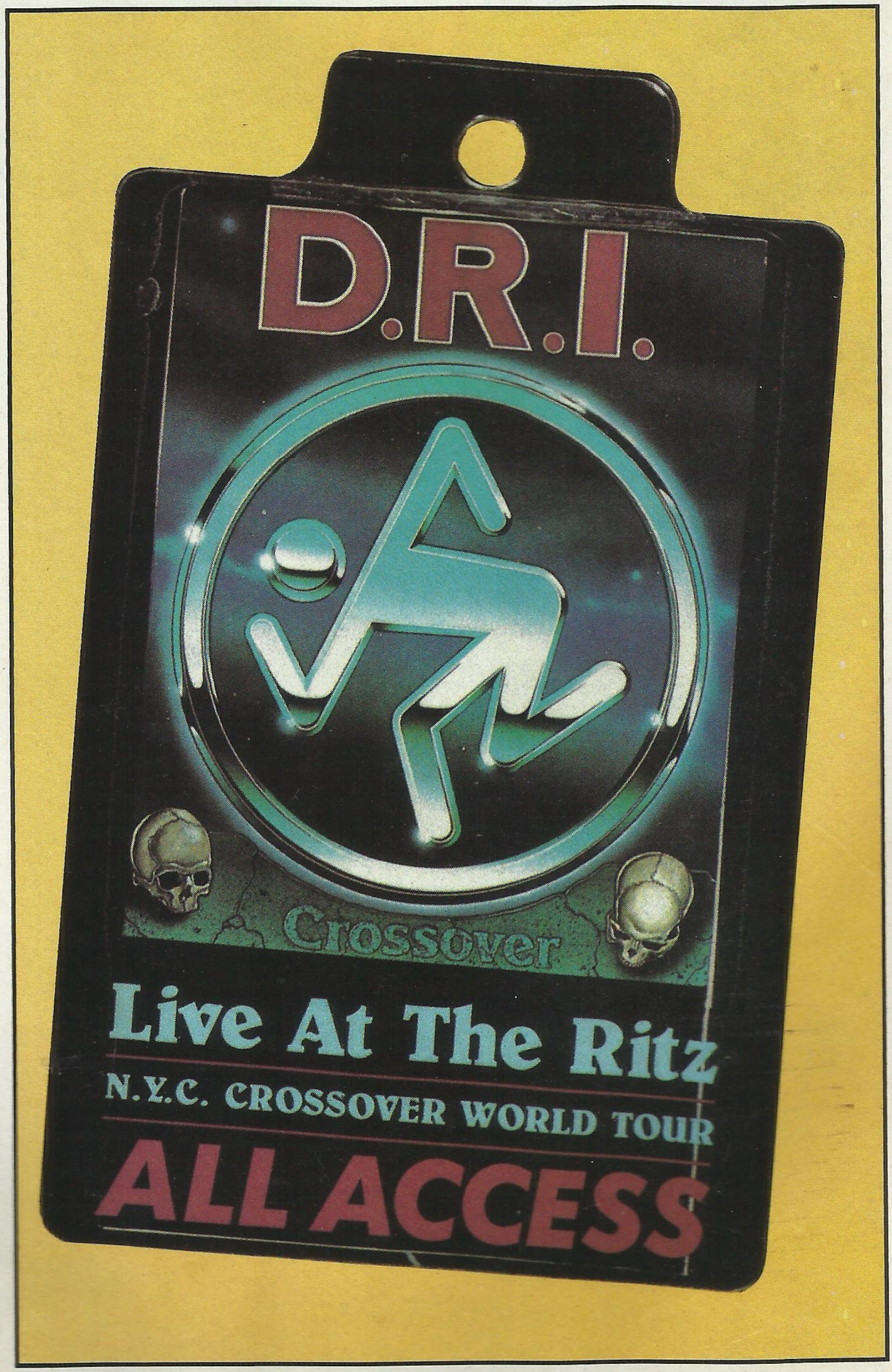
The only disadvantage is that it certainly ain't nowhere near as much fun as being there. Some types of spectacles don't translate well onto the screen, since cameras have a tendency to sanitize things a little bit. Regardless, the spirit of D.R.I.'s 1987 world tour comes crunching through. *—Stella*

ROCK 'N' ROLL MELTDOWN
(PolyGram Music Video)

Watching this ten-clip compilation, you can figure out the basic formula for making a music video with ease: 1) Showcase the band performing the song with leering grace and sensitivity; 2) Intercut lots of shots of beautiful babes, scantily clad and writhing in ecstasy; and 3) Make sure no shot lasts longer than three seconds. This has become the unwritten law of vids today, and with only a few exceptions, this group of songs follows the formula to a T. There's definitely a great sampling of metal monsters here—including the Scorpions, Cinderella, L.A. Guns and Kiss—but most of the clips are identical. The prime exception is the tape's opening contribution from Zodiac Mindwarp, the hilariously inventive video for "Prime Mover."

The clip has the band invading a Catholic girls-school dorm, where they proceed to turn the chaste young things into hussied-up groupies via neon guitar jolts of lust. They continue to trash the pad until the instructor and her henchwomen show up, but they are promptly dispatched by having their heads explode, a la *Scanners*. Anarchy reigns supreme in this wild visual feast, directed by none other than *The Young Ones'* Adrian Edmondson.

As far as skin goes, director Marty Callner is represented twice here, with the Scorps' "Rhythm of Love" and Kiss's "Rea-



son to Live," both featuring love dolls who could give Tawny Kitaen a run for her lingerie as the Sultana of Sex.

Kingdom Come's "What Love Can Be" and Yngwie Malmsteen's "Heaven Tonight" serve only as filler here, while Warlock's Doro Pesch steams up the screen with "All We Are," perched atop a car on a gridlocked freeway. Bon Jovi keeps alive their "we're just plain folks" image with "Wild in the Streets," an assemblage of shots of the band goofing around offstage.

Rock 'N' Roll Meltdown is best suited to be thrown on as background visuals at a party. To actually sit down and watch the 40-minute collection straight through proves a bit of an endurance contest, with little imagination to get you by. —*B.R.*

SCORPIONS: *To Russia With Love and Other Savage Amusements*
(PolyGram Music Video)

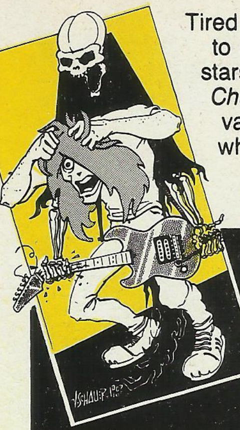
The last time the Germans invaded Russia, they got their collective heines kicked. Now, some 45 years later, it's the Germans doing the shredding in the form of the Scorpions, as this dizzying, dazzling video explodes with the force of a well-oiled Luftwaffe. Their *Savage Amusement* tour began in Leningrad, and as this 45-minute tape shows, things got off to a rockin' good start. Both the Scorps music and the Russian scenery share equal time, as we follow Klaus and the boys on a wild tour of the city. They're out on the street, going to stores, meeting the people and, in short, just spreading the gospel of rock 'n' roll. There's a live version of them playing "The Zoo" in a tiny Russian rock club and also doing a jam of "Long Tall Sally" with Gorky Park, Russia's premier rock band. "Don't Stop at the Top" is played over an indoor soccer game, as Klaus and the gang try their feet at the world's most popular sport, while concert videos of "Blackout," "Holiday," "Walking on the Edge" and "Media Overkill" were all made during their Soviet visit.

Scorpions fans might be a little disappointed that much of the music is presented in truncated form, but the way things are kept moving, one shouldn't really mind. You truly get a great sense of both the place and the people, with the fans looking and acting like any good moshers you'd expect to see back home. The only thing that seems a little jarring are the three Scorpions videos intercut into the proceedings. There's an uncensored version (meaning a little more skin) of "Rhythm of Love" stuck in there, and recut vids of "Believe in Love" and "Rock You Like a Hurricane" with footage of the Russian trip added.

Still, the entire tape works as both a high decibel/high energy boost *and* a unique social document. Now how many groups can say that about their video offerings?

—*B.R.*

CINDERELLA



Tired of listening to what some stuffy old rock critic has to say about your favorite performers? Well, let the stars speak for themselves! Every month here in *Idol Chatter* read what hot musicians have to say about various topics of the day, including who they are, what they play and whatever else comes to mind!

Edited by Charrie Foglio

IDOL CHATTER

I would assume that there isn't a metalhead around who isn't familiar with Motorhead, a name synonymous with gut-wrenching, teeth-clenching British rock 'n' roll. . .and the Titanic!

Motorhead's legendary frontman/comedian/storyteller Lemmy talks of one of his most treasured hobbies: digging up facts on the oceanliner Titanic. *Read on, this is pretty darn interesting.*

SECRETS OF THE TITANIC

by Lemmy Kilmister

I became interested in the *Titanic* when I was a kid. It was a great adventure story. I was really into the fact that it was the biggest, most luxurious moving object ever made by man, and it went down. All that women and children first stuff, and the people bravely stepping back from the rail to die—it was a fascinating thing. The story is that everyone behaved impeccably in the true British manner, but actually the people who behaved the best happened to be the Americans on board—so they say, anyway.

The *Titanic* sank 350 miles off the coast of Newfoundland on the 15th day of April, 1912. She was steaming full speed through an ice field, ignoring ice warnings. She heard nine warnings from other ships that had stopped, but she kept going at 22 knots, which was pretty good going for those days. She hit an iceberg on the starboard side, which carved a gash in her 300 feet long. She took 2½ hours to sink. That's where all the stories come from. Most ships go straight down, but she had time for all this drama to ensue.

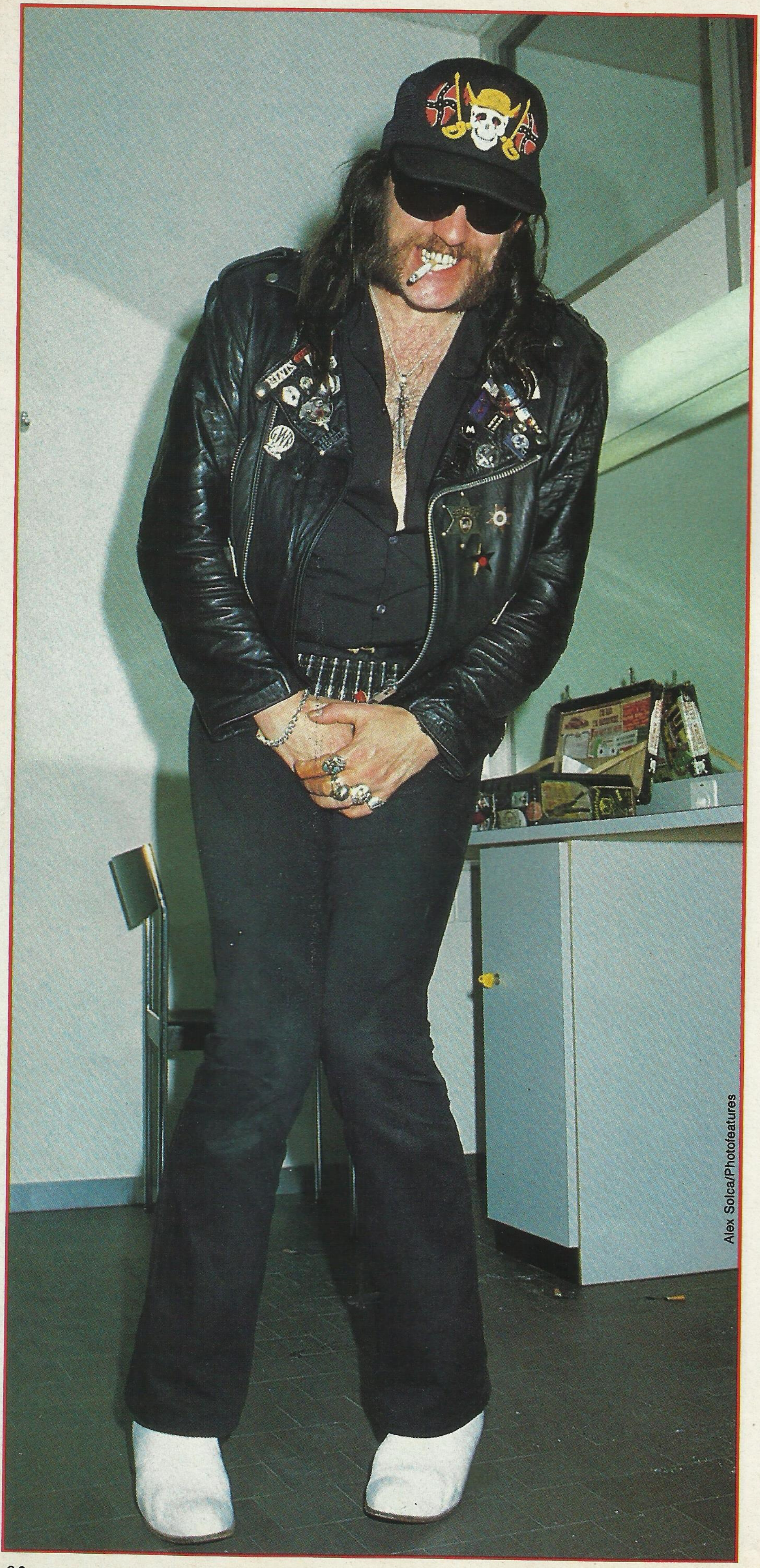
There were 2,200 people on board, and 700 came out alive. Fifteen hundred went down. There was enough time for a lot of them to get to the top of the boat, but there weren't enough lifeboats to save them all. The *Titanic* weighed 66,000 tons, and there were only enough lifeboats to accommodate a boat of 10,000 tons.

A lot of inquiries went on afterwards, both American and British. A big issue was the waterproof compartments. Those only went up to the fifth deck, and the *Titanic* had 11 decks, so the water just spilled over like it does in an ice tray. Her sister ship, the *Olympic*, which was the same size and was already in service, was called back in and had the waterproof compartments built right up to the top, and was then advertised that way.

They built three *Titanics* actually. There was the *Olympic*, which went first, sort of like a test; then the *Titanic*, which was more luxurious and had a few modifications; and then they built the *Gigantic*, which was later renamed the *Britannic*. Guess those big names went out of style.

motörhe
out to lunch

Mark Leialoha



Alex Solca/Photofeatures

There have been much bigger boats since the *Titanic*. The *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth* were both bigger, and the *United States* was bigger. There have been quite a few, but at the time she was the biggest. The industrial revolution had really gotten a hold of everybody, and everyone was applauding all these new things. Planes had just started, and boats were getting bigger, and trains were getting faster, and cars had just begun. Everyone was in love with all these mechanized things.

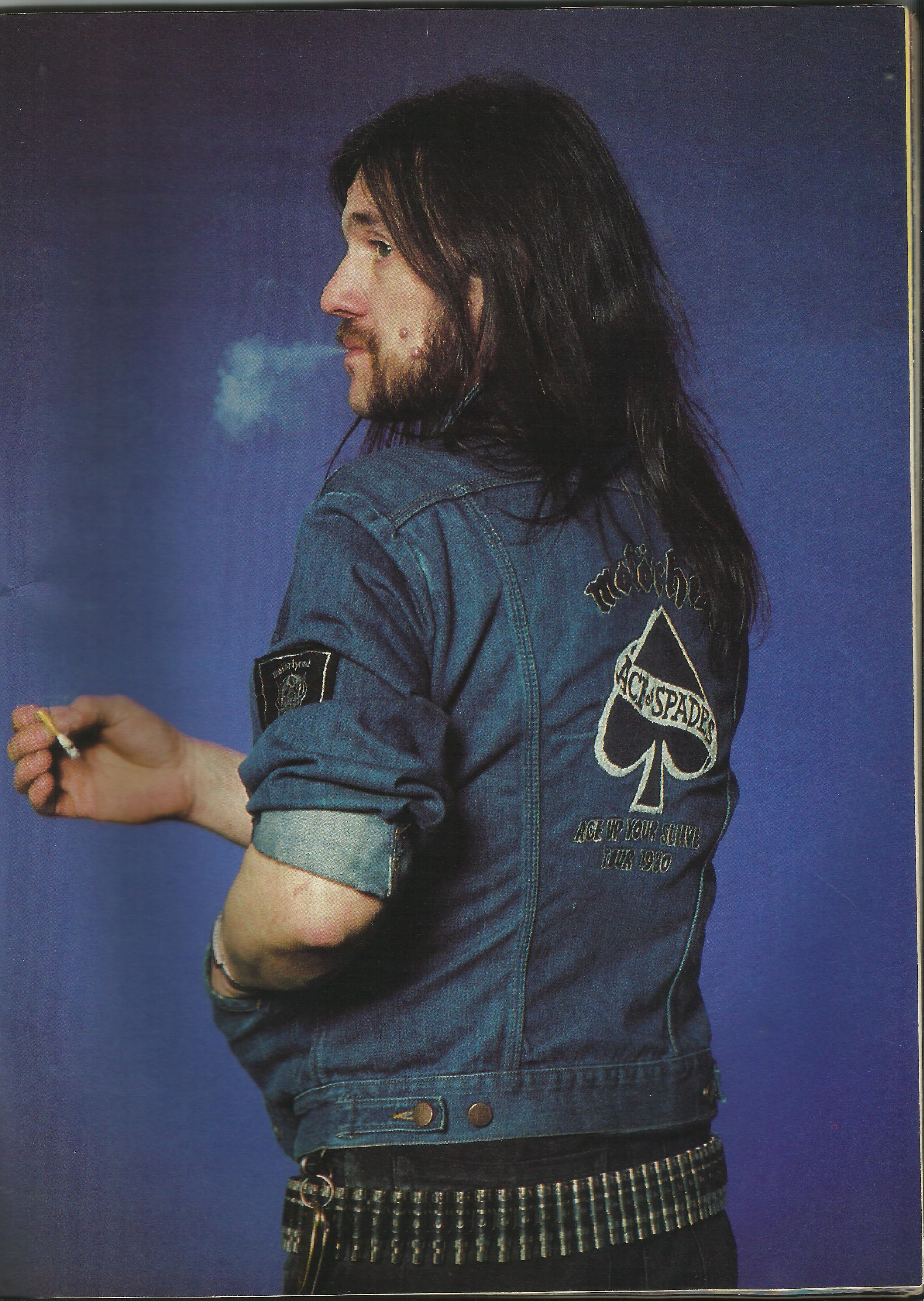
An interesting footnote: The *Olympic* serviced quite happily all her life. She went right into the first World War, and was broken up in the '30s. The *Britannic* was sunk in 1916 by a German torpedo off the coast of Greece. She only survived her sister by four years. There were two people, by the way, who were on all three of them. I forget what they did exactly. I think one was a stoker and the other a nurse. These two people were on the *Olympic* when she had the collision with the cruiser, then they were on the *Titanic* when she went down, and they were both on the *Britannic* when she was torpedoed. They both lived through them all, but I bet they can't get jobs on a ship anywhere.

When the *Olympic* first sailed, she did a few trips, and then was in a collision, I think in the Atlantic with a British cruiser, and she was holed in the bow and had to go back to Belfast, Ireland, to be repaired. It was the only place that was big enough to service those ships. The *Titanic* was there at the time, being built; so to repair the *Olympic*, they had to pull the *Titanic* out, thus delaying the maiden voyage of the *Titanic* by a month. That means, if the *Olympic* hadn't had the accident, the *Titanic* would have sailed on time and probably wouldn't have hit the iceberg. Talk about predestination.

There's a *Titanic* historical society run out of America, and they have chairs and carpets, but there isn't much memorabilia, 'cause it's all at the bottom of the sea. Well, it was when an American expedition with a man named Ballard found it. He wouldn't bring anything up—he refused. On his last dive he left a plaque on board. He hoped that everyone would leave it alone as sort of a graveyard, which is what it is. But the French expedition went down in '87 and cleaned it out. They don't really care about the principle of the thing. They have all of it in a museum in Paris.

The reason it took them so long to locate the ship was that she was 2½ miles down in the pitch darkness, and the pressure down there is six tons to the square inch. Modern technology only caught up to that these past few years. She also reported the wrong position when she went down. They found the ship ten miles away from the reported position.

You should get the *National Geographic* video, it's very good—*Secrets of the Titanic*. The film *A Night to Remember* is good as well. All the rest are pretty bad, and I wouldn't bother with them.


motörhead
motörhead
ACE OF SPADES
ACE UP YOUR SLEEVE
TOUR 1980

Mark Weiss

Glen La Ferman

YOU BEGGED FOR IT, YOU GOT IT!

Due to overwhelming demand, we've finally decided to part with a few of our super-cool RIP T-shirts. That's right, metal fans, now you too can rage in the shirt of choice for rock gods and goddesses around the world (just ask Metallica's Kirk Hammett). Impress your friends, violate your school dress code, and give us some free advertising. Just send $9.95 (plus $2.00 postage and handling), and we'll send you a shirt that'll make you the envy of the neighborhood and quite possibly change your life! Send your dough to RIP T-shirts—LFP, Inc., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067. Do it now!

OFFICIAL RIP T-SHIRT ORDER FORM

ONLY $9.95 WHILE SUPPLIES LAST!

Yes! Send me ______ T-Shirts

☐ SMALL ☐ MEDIUM
☐ LARGE ☐ EXTRA LARGE

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________ State ______________ Zip ______
☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED CHARGE MY: ☐ VISA ☐ MC
Card No. ______________ Exp. ______
Signature ______________________

Make checks payable to LFP, Inc., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067
Add $2.00 for postage and handling—Allow 4 to 6 weeks to process your order

VIXEN

in stockholm

Ray Palmer/Photofeatures

How SWEDE It Is!

From the moment the plane touched down at Arland Airport, all ignorant expectations of Sweden were quickly dispelled. Forget about sunny, Scandinavian skies. Although it was only about 9:00 a.m., the dusty pallor that hung over the city was to last for the duration of my four-day stay. With it came a damp cold that cut quickly through my "therma-lined" leather coat, chilling me to the bone. Mercifully my accommodations in the centrally located Stockholm Hotel provided the opportunity to thaw out.

What brought me to the land of strapping blond Svens? An overseas romance, perhaps? An insatiable sense of wanderlust? A bad turn on the New Jersey Turnpike? Naahhh. I just had to find out how a hard rock quartet fares abroad. Or, rather, how some broads fare. You see, other than your occasional Lita Ford or Doro Pesch, rockers with ovaries are few and far between. And a foursome of musicians with progesterone coursing through their veins is truly rare.

By Adrianne Stone

So when Vixen, the metal maidens from L.A., extended an invite to witness firsthand a typical few days on foreign soil, I RSVP'd by hopping the first jet across the Atlantic.

The band, fresh from a huge American launch celebrating their gold status (for their self-titled debut album on EMI), had just embarked on their arena-supporting slot for Teutonic road veterans the Scorpions three dates hence. Before that they entertained their foreign fans on their own. And before that U.S. audiences were the lucky recipients of the Vixen "Pretty Tough" tour. So to say that guitarist Jan Kuehnemund, bassist Share Pedersen, drummer Roxy Petrucci and singer Janet Gardner have been on a grueling merry-go-round of concert appearances is an understatement.

In one day they had three interviews, a record store appearance and a brief photo-session scheduled before soundcheck. I tried not to feel too sorry for them, though, since one of those interviews was with me, and I planned to tag along with them to the in-store, photo-session, soundcheck and show. That should qualify me for some sort of hardship merit, I figured.

Mark Weiss/MWA

Around noon the elevator doors opened and out spilled Vixen. Clad in a profusion of formfitting denims adorned with lace and sundry studded *tschatchkes*, they had the normally staid clientele doing double-takes, mouths agape. No bitchy attitudes or smug egos were evident. Besides, I couldn't help but feel an immediate kinship. After all, it appeared that we all wore the same purple and pink eyeshadows. (It's a female thing, what can I say?)

"Did you eat the fruit plate this morning?" asked Share of her companions. "It was the weirdest thing! I couldn't even identify some of the stuff in it."

"Oh, you mean those star-shaped things," said Roxy. "What were those?"

"Did you get the thing that looked like pickles?" counters Jan. "Like red pickles?"

"Yeah!" responds Janet, squishing her delicate features and laughing. "It was mushy and weird!"

Just a buncha musician pals far away from home, having a good time despite the many foibles of the road. And to hear 'em tell it, there's many a foible to be had.

Like the time in Canada when some horny guy just *had* to bug 'em. "I think it was in Toronto or somewhere," remembered Janet as she lit a cigarette. "We were just leaving [the venue], and it was really cold out. So we were all in the car, and this guy ran up to the car, and he was sticking out his tongue like, 'Hey, baby, baby!'

"Like, wow! That really turns us on!" she giggled sarcastically. "So when he stuck his tongue out, it just sort of stuck to the car as we drove away, because it was so cold!"

Roxy, who is the most garrulous of the bunch, remembered other incidents. "I've had underwear land on my head. I felt something land on my head when I was playing, and I went, 'Euuww!' and I pulled it off, and it's this guy's underwear!"

The conversation quickly became a session of "Can You Top This?" Janet said, "Hey, remember the time when some guy passed us this piece of ripped-up material, and we thought it was a piece of his T-shirt or something? We all autographed it happily, and it turned out it was a piece of his underwear!"

"And it was faded too!" laughed Share.

Roxy, ever raunchy, added, "Like, hey! What's this crusty stuff over here?"

The accommodations on the road haven't always been the best. "Oh, Tilburg, Holland, was the worst," said Janet. "My room smelled like bad men's cologne, and Roxy had the smelly room."

"Yeah!" laughed Roxy, "mine smelled like the toilet backed up. It smelled like shit. When I opened my door, the smell came out to the hallway. Share goes to me, 'Did you . . .?' I go, 'No! It's my room!' "

They laughed at these memories like soldiers swapping war stories. And in many ways, life for Vixen has become, well. . . if not a war, at least a battle. Most bands working their way up the ladder of success have to deal with the usual difficulties of earning a reputation and acquiring a sound and look original enough to get a record company to sign them. Well, EMI *did* sign Vixen, and their debut album, *Vixen, did* go gold. But even so, the mere fact that this quartet carries "X" chromosomes qualifies them for sexist remarks and behavior that they've learned to sidestep quite handily along the way.

"Germany is probably the most rocking country in Europe. Italy, too," said Jan. "In Europe our crowd is still a lot more guys than girls."

"And the Scorpions are just so cool," gushed Share. "They're the ultimate in professionalism." Imitating their Germanic accents, she added, "Yah, yah! Goot! It's going goot!" The Scorps demonstrated their civility by hosting a sit-down dinner with Vixen after their first show together.

But there're always a couple of chauvinistic jerks just waiting in the wings to rear their exceedingly ugly heads. Especially in Europe, where men are men and women are. . .uh. . .little more than reproductive machines.

Glen LaFerman

"The journalists always ask us the baby questions here," noted Roxie. "They say, 'What about babies? Shouldn't you be at home having babies? What are you doing playing rock and roll?' I go, 'Well, after the first break, I think I'll just go pop one out in the dressing room.' "

As if to prove the point, a male journalist who had been sharing this conversation asked if they would add a male member to the band. (A sexist question, since one would never ask an all-guy band the reverse.) Share responded, "I'll answer that with a question: Can you see Bon Jovi or Def Leppard with a female member in the band?" The journalist had no answer to that.

Actually, there is a male among the women. Michael Alemania, their onstage keyboard player, is literally the odd man out. Share agreed, saying, "He's not crew, and he's not band. We auditioned a lot of

people—girls and guys—and he was the best one." Michael travels on the bus with the band and is an esteemed colleague and friend, but when they did their in-store apearance, he was not present.

It was held at the Music Corner, in what is undoubtedly the hip part of town (I know this because the Scorpions were across the street, buying boots—and they have great taste in clothes), and the girls reigned over the fans who were crammed into the tiny store to purchase an autographed record. One girl brought her hot-pink guitar into the store and got it signed. Their manager, Lewis Kovac, proudly noted, "This isn't the first time I've seen that. Girls didn't used to have any role models to look up to except for Lita Ford." He added with some chagrin, "Now that they've gone gold, there'll be a whole series of copycat bands."

Perhaps, but the litmus test for any band is in the live performance. Several hours later we found ourselves at the Isstadium (Swedish for "Ice Stadium"). The 9,200-seat arena was sold out, and there were crowds of denim and sweatered fans milling around the front, awaiting entrance to the general admission show. A new Isstadium was being built next door, and the dirt from the construction mixed with the ever-present melting snow and drizzle to form a muddy quagmire.

Inside, Vixen changed into their onstage gear (a slightly flashier version of their usual garb). I took the opportunity to walk around the arena. Literally an ice rink, the management merely covered the skating surface with cheap carpeting. When the gates were opened, allowing the fans to race in for choice positions on the floor, one couldn't help comparing them to an American crowd. Had this event been held in the U.S., the carpet would have been ripped to shreds in moments, the kids would have been wedged chest-to-back near the front of the stage, and the bouncers would have been shoving them back.

But in Stockholm, civility reigned. A gate installed 20 feet from the stage is closed when the first section of the orchestra becomes too crowded. Those fans who didn't run fast enough to reach the front didn't even attempt to jump the gate. The guards, too, merely held their ground without resorting to the force that is so common with their U.S. counterparts.

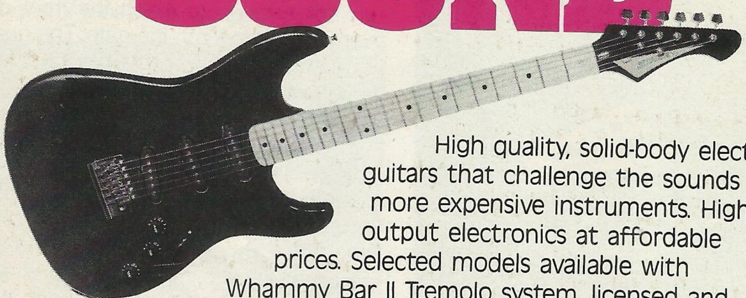
I returned backstage and found Vixen scampering madly down the hall to where a photographer had set up his equipment for a quick preshow session. "My gloves! Where are my gloves?" shouted Janet as she raced back to the dressing room to find her white lace accessories. But once in front of the cameras, their professional spirit emerged. Poised and prepared to contort their slim bodies for the cameraman, they were nearly as knowledgeable about lighting and angles as he was. When they were summoned to the stage for their set, they politely thanked him for his time.

As openers, their set was trimmed down to a mere 40 minutes. But for the full two-thirds of an hour they worked the crowd with unbridled fervor. Introduced by a tape of Jimi Hendrix's "Foxy Lady," the band was already in place when Janet skipped across the stage, grabbed her mike and launched into "Charmed Life." Their zeal was infectious, and the crowd was already jumping in unison when they began "Cruisin'." With all three Vixens providing strong backup vocals on the chorus, there was plenty of room for Janet to carry the song. Roxy exhibited an incredible sense of timing with well-placed drum fills and rolls, though where she got the power in her petite body to pummel her drum set is beyond me. Jan blasted guitar riffs and hooks with a sense of melody seldom found in these days of flash guitar. And Share's bass playing centered more on carrying a supportive melody line than going off in five directions at once.

This much was immediately obvious: Though their femininity was firmly intact throughout the set, never did they approach their purpose without a complete sense of out-and-out butt-kicking punch. When Share's jazz/fusion-styled bass solo wowed the doubters in the crowd, her "take that, sucker!" smirk summed up the attitude of the band while simultaneously satisfying the audience's need to be dazzled.

Although the *Vixen* platter was commercially viable radio-wise, it lacked the raw excitement of the live unit. Produced by David Cole, Rick Neigher and Spencer Proffer, the disc stressed their musicality but ignored their personality.

At any rate, the girls downplayed theatrics onstage, depending solely on their musical talents to win the hearts of these fans. And it worked. Lighters were held aloft at the first



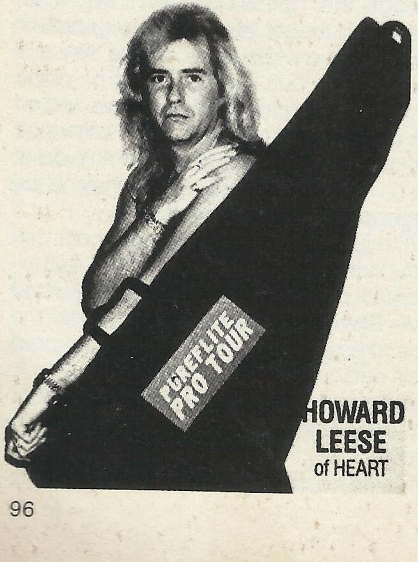
DYNAMIC SOUND

High quality, solid-body electric guitars that challenge the sounds of more expensive instruments. High-output electronics at affordable prices. Selected models available with Whammy Bar II Tremolo system, licensed and manufactured under Floyd Rose patents. See your authorized Martin/Stinger dealer, or write: The Martin Guitar Company, 510 Sycamore Street, Nazareth, PA 18064.

*Suggested retail price.

STINGER

THE MARTIN GUITAR COMPANY
Nazareth, Pennsylvania 18064 U.S.A.



PUREFLITE SYSTEMS™

GUITAR BAGS

High tech guitar bags feature padded, durable water resistant nylon. Either left/right shoulder strap. Includes accessory pocket/airline loop. Black only.

A. 6-STRING (Fits Strats)
B. BASS BAG
C. HEADLESS 6-STRING
D. HEADLESS BASS

$29.95 Plus $5.00 shipping/handling.

Fill out coupon and mail to:

PUREFLIGHT SYSTEMS
8033 SUNSET BLVD. · SUITE 628
HOLLYWOOD, CA 90046

Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ ZIP ____
Specify quantity ____ and
Style A___ B___ C___ D___

Send Check or Money Order.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED.

PUREFLITE PRO TOUR

HOWARD LEESE
of HEART

Glen LaFerman

keyboard notes of their hit single "Cryin'," and cheers of recognition broke out during "Edge of a Broken Heart." Delving into "Hell Raisers," Janet's voice, designed for such large arenas, reached far back into the depths of the stadium. When they entered the slower section of the tune, demonstrating a delicate balance between instruments, the audience clapped along without provocation. Their sole bit of choreography, when Janet emerged with a guitar during "I Want You to Rock Me," worked beautifully. The three axewomen, sandwiched sideways as they blasted out chords, had incredible visual impact.

Too soon their two-thirds of an hour was over. After they took their bows to the approving roar of the crowd, I expected them to return backstage and collapse. So when the lights went back up, I waited a bit before venturing into the tunnel leading to their dressing room. But inside I found them primping and practicing. "We're going to jam with the Scorpions on 'Long Tall Sally,' their encore," explained Roxy as she stood before a mirror, teasing and spraying her jet-black hair. Jan ran her Band-Aid covered fingers through some scales on her guitar while Janet lay on her back, catching her breath and discussing the nuances of some song that was played a bit differently that night.

Someone brought in a platter of food for Share, and she nearly fainted at the sight of the late dinner. "I'm starved," she said. "I didn't finish lunch. I had half a McDonald's salad, and when I returned to my hotel room, the maid had thrown it out."

I left her to devour her meal and noted aloud with some amusement that, according to my travel literature, Vixen was listed among the "Things To Do" in Stockholm. Roxy broke into peals of laughter. The others looked at each other and also went into hysterics. What had I said that was so funny? "If we were in West Germany," Roxy explained, "that would have been really funny! 'Vixen' means to. . .um. . .have fun with oneself sexually!"

Some girls just don't get no respect.

Neil Zlozower

THE CULT

(continued from page 87)

BILLY: There's a side to being in a band that few see. It's real easy to stay out on the road, wild out of your head, and forget everything else. Basically what happened was, during *Electric*, we began to feel that our affairs were not being taken care of.

IAN: How can you go out on the front line without the support of the people behind you? We're the ones who go up and do the gigs, make the records, write the material, live the lifestyle. You need the backup behind you, and at that time our backup was very weak; so we got rid of our old management. Now we've had like a year to regroup. We found a manager, Howard Kaufman, who's completely straight down the line. He's completely cool. He's very focused and doesn't interfere creatively. I think there are some groups that get dictated to by the record company and their management. They don't know quite enough about themselves, so they play that game. The winning formula type of thing.

BILLY: It all comes down to bucks. What it is, managers try to interpret what they think record companies—who don't know anything about anything creative—think and be the arbitrator. They try to steer you in a certain direction, and that's wrong. The musician sets the trend. Guns N' Roses are the prime example. That's [*Appetite for Destruction*] the same record they had when they came out on the road with us. The only way it'll happen for anybody in the music industry is by sticking to your guns, and if you're good enough, people will come around.

IAN: That's it. You just have to believe in what you're doing.

ROCK VAULT ANSWERS:

PART ONE

1. Cobo Hall, Detroit; Forum, Los Angeles.
2. Gene was an editorial assistant at *Vogue* Magazine. Bonus: PS-75, Manhattan.
3. Gas range and stove repair.
4. Blackjack; the Good Rats.
5. Right eye.
6. September, 1983 (on MTV).
7. Chelsea, MCA. Bonus: A classified ad in *Rolling Stone*.

PART TWO

8. "Deuce." The usual opener was "Love Gun."
9. Southwest corner of 23rd and 8th in Manhattan.
10. "I'm a Legend Tonight," "Down on My Knees," "Nowhere to Run" and "Partners in Crime."
11. *Treasure* (name of band and record). Vinnie was Vincent Cusano at that time.
12. *Lyn Christopher* by Lyn Christopher (Paramount Records); Eddie Kramer.
13. Gene Simmons. Upon moving to the U.S. from Israel, Chaim Americanized his name to Gene Klein.
14. "Beth," which reached No. 7 in '76.
15. Ace Frehley designed the logo a mere six days after joining the band. On the seventh day he rested.

DANZIG

(continued from page 37)

tion as they become creative. Danzig searches for interesting and seemingly obscure topics in literature to research. "I'll admit I am interested in a lot of things that people don't know about."

Is this any attitude for a band that has to conquer other markets? With a million amps in the bedrooms of America and bands sprouting up in every garage, dreaming of world domination, Glenn Danzig sees his mission as a real domestic affair. "As long as we sell records, I'm happy," he said. "Most bands sell a lot of records, and it's quite the opposite of what they expect. The more records you sell, the more pressure on you to do better. I've slugged it out in clubs for years. I could do it some more, but I'd probably get tired of it."

Will Danzig make their mark in the trendy land of England, where gossipy tabloids suck you up and spit you out at their leisure? "No, I hate England," he said, revealing an experience he obviously regrets. "I went there with Metallica, and the only reason I did was because I thought if we could go over with someone we liked, we'd have a blast. England and Europe are like third-world countries to me. I hated the people and the food. Food is supposed to taste like something, not like cardboard.

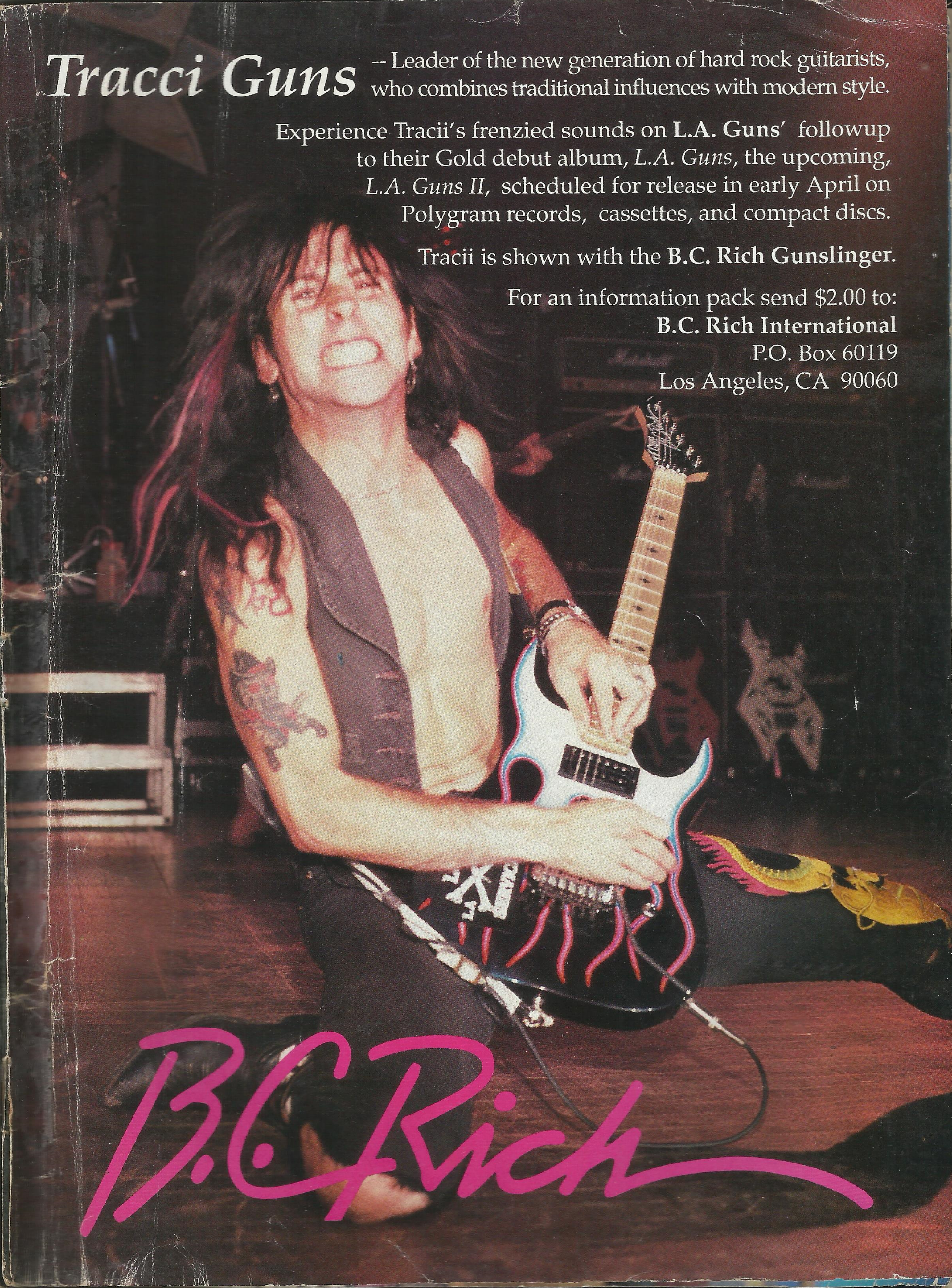
"I like overcast days. England has plenty of those, but I have no desire to go there again. It doesn't matter if we are big there and successful enough, I don't want to go to England." This may seem like a strong statement, perhaps too strong in this metal marketing community that has been pulled tight like a drawstring on a pair of sweatpants. Glenn Danzig doesn't shop at the store that sells those garments. He prefers to experiment at his own pace in life, drawing on knowledge gained early in his lifetime. "Kids have to experiment with life," he said adamantly. "If people try to keep them away from doing things, they will never learn. Nobody can learn for you. A little guidance is cool, but telling people what to do is not cool. I'm sure our parents didn't like to be told what to do, so why should we like it? Being rebellious is what being a kid is all about. It's funny, because they don't want kids to go crazy, but they want us to buy crazy things."

There's a lot to be said about Glenn Danzig's brutal logic and evaluations. There's probably even more to think about. "I wanted to make a record that would sound great to people ten years from now. I think we've achieved that," Glenn said. We should challenge him to his own test and whip out the CD in ten years time and see if "Mother," "Twist of Cain" or "She Rides" makes as much sense then as it does today. Methinks it will. Meet you in the next decade, and don't be late!

RIP T.M. TEASER

Living Colour: Yo!

Gene Ambo



Tracci Guns -- Leader of the new generation of hard rock guitarists, who combines traditional influences with modern style.

Experience Tracii's frenzied sounds on **L.A. Guns'** followup to their Gold debut album, *L.A. Guns*, the upcoming, *L.A. Guns II*, scheduled for release in early April on Polygram records, cassettes, and compact discs.

Tracii is shown with the **B.C. Rich Gunslinger.**

For an information pack send $2.00 to:
B.C. Rich International
P.O. Box 60119
Los Angeles, CA 90060

B.C. Rich

Kingdom Come

IN YOUR FACE

IN STORES NOW.

PRODUCED BY: KEITH OLSEN AND LENNY WOLF

©1989 POLYGRAM RECORDS, INC.

polydor

PolyGra